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In the

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by F. Scott Fitzgerald

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by Christian Gauss

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by Bernard Iddings Bell
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by Paul Hutchinson

If Judges Wrote Detective Stories
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by Gilbert Seldes

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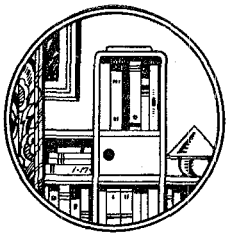

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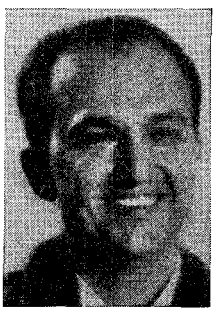

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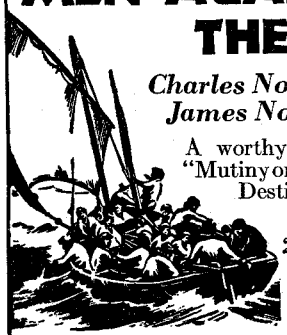

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In sum, *A Nest of Simple Folk* details the life-histories of three generations of Irishmen, and, once again the publisher's jacket to the contrary notwithstanding, "the Irish political struggle" is more than "one thread in a varied tapestry." It makes the character of Leo Foxe-Donnel as robust an individual as you're likely to encounter in or outside a book. It unmakes the happiness of his family and his relatives, dominating the entire development of their characters. This struggle O'Phelan makes more convincing than O'Flaherty ever has, though he keeps it in the background, and there is never more than a "faint, faint crackling of rifle-fire." There is excitement in it, excitement in merely watching old Leo in his paper-shop, poring over old political records, conspiring with his indefatigable cronies in tones that never

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OPPOSITE POLES

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Selected Poems. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

What is proletarian poetry? There have been many, as yet unsatisfactory, attempts to define it, and possibly there will never be a complete definition. For instance, there is not a complete definition for a form like the epic, which we can still best define by example, saying, the *Iliad* is an epic but the *Lady of the Lake* is not. As more and more poets set out to write proletarian poetry and as examples multiply we will perhaps be able to arrive at our definition, again by example.

Will it then be decided that it is chiefly content or chiefly form that makes a proletarian poem? Robert Gessner uses both. "We are the depression bastards" announces his subject matter at the opening. And his rough rhythm, his use of a straightforward, colloquial vocabulary, and his impetuous running stanzas project a proletarian form. Neither content nor form is carried out consistently. The vocabulary changes from time to time, the stanzas turn neater, and often it is not a depression bastard speaking but an intellectual, appearing as spokesman and, against his will perhaps, speaking for himself. What gives the poem its stirring quality is its furious indignation, the proud strength of its defiance. Though many poets for years have written with studied unrestraint, few have managed to release so much vigor. The revolutionary movement should welcome a voice so strong and challenging; for too much of revolutionary poetry, till now, has lacked the confident note and been merely bitter and sad and complaining.

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Such Is My Beloved. By Morley Callaghan. Scribners. $2.

If you look for economic bias in Morley Callaghan's new novel, as you do look these days in the works of young and honest writers, you can either find it or not find it, as you are minded. In this book is the straightforward stuff of life, the mere stories of people, unbiased and, therefore, stained with the evil of social stupidity and class greed.

Morley Callaghan's plan, obviously, is to write about what his people do and say, thereby to delineate, by unmistakable inference, what they are, what the nature of the world in which they live. He holds to his plan perfectly, achieving an admirably well written novel. He writes with an accuracy of anthropological observation, with a dispassionate understanding, with a simplicity that is always unaffected. *Such Is My Beloved* has, also, the mark of its author's special department of genius, his unsurpassed ability to have his characters speak in fiction as their prototypes do in life. This quality gives them an uncanny verisimilitude, and brings them into intimate acquaintance with the reader.

The plot would have made a good short story, but it needed the space of a novel. A young priest, with saintly love in his heart, undertakes to save two street-walkers from their miserable profession. Seeking to help them, he comes to love them, asking himself how, if he love not them, can he love mankind? He visits them nightly, ignoring the danger of disgracing the cloth, nobly

(*Books—continued on page 12*
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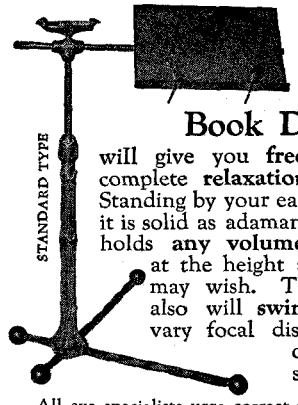

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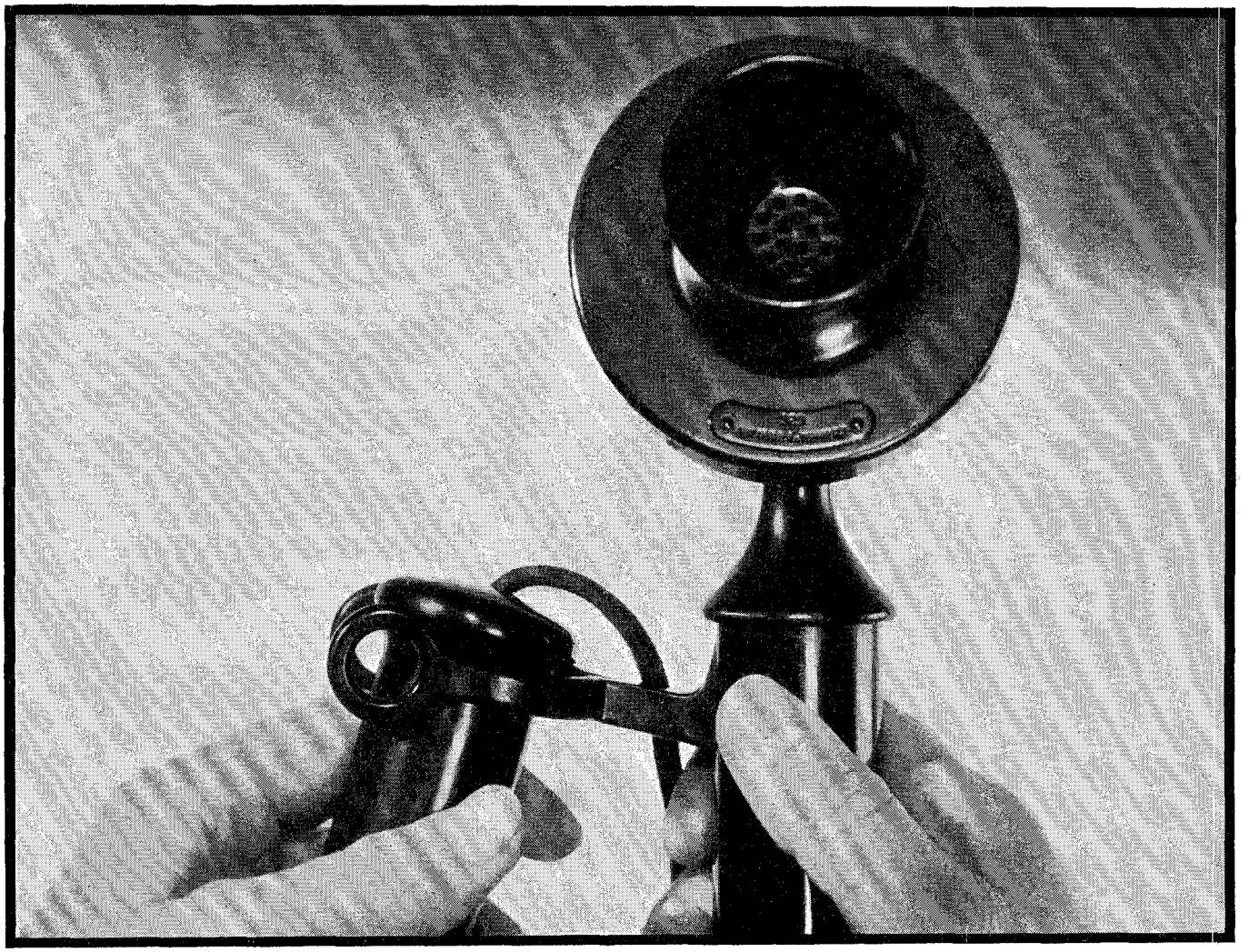

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XCV MARCH, 1934 NO. 3

Property in the Power Age

By Stuart Chase

Concepts of property have undergone rapid change with the growth of industrialism. Technological progress has precipitated a crisis which demonstrates the difference between property for use and property held by absentee owners without responsibility of management. Mr. Chase discusses the future of absentee property.

In feudal times property was tangible: land, a house, a castle, gold, jewels, horses, tapestries, tools, slaves. If the accumulation was large it was protected by armed retainers. The armed retainers were hearty eaters and so diminished the net value of the property. The insurance rate was high. When gunpowder and the printing-press overthrew feudalism, capitalism gradually substituted law for private retainers. The protection of property was socialized; one community police force replaced the liege lord's mercenaries. Thus protected, property became more fluid and vendible.

Early law regarded property as something with which a man "hath mixed his labor." Knut Hamsun's great novel, *The Growth of the Soil,* provides a perfect illustration. Isak arrives with an axe in the Norwegian wilderness. He clears ground, builds a hut, and plants a crop. Patiently, sturdily, year by year, he adds to his homestead. Ultimately, he acquires a few clumsy farm machines, but never any inanimate energy, beyond firewood and kerosene. If ever property rightfully belonged to a human being, it was this farm. Every foot of soil, every stone, every beam, every pound of supply was mixed with Isak's labor.

All the early settlers of America were his blood brothers. Why is the Western farmer the most belligerent of citizens today? Because depression is depriving him of property with which he has mixed his sweat and toil. "When a man is thrown off his farm," says A. A. Berle, Jr. (SCRIBNER'S for June, 1933), "it is a fighting, tearing, weeping matter. All the human bonds are working overtime. . . . More than one mortgagee who has tried to foreclose on a farm in recent years has discovered that the transaction was not purely financial. But when a man loses his money in General Electric, although everybody is sorry for him, and the personal consequences may be disastrous, the human bonds do not work. . . ."

As pioneering gives way to civilized communities, and specialization of labor grows, property ceases to be so much a tearing, weeping matter; the proportion of labor mixed with it declines. One's possessions are largely fabricated by others. In so far as the property is personally used, however, the attachment remains close. One may not dynamite bridges for it, like Iowa farmers, but one will fight for it after his fashion.

Here on my little Connecticut farm I note only the woodpile, some slight land improvements, and a few built-in bookcases and benches, which are the result of my physical labor. Yet house, furnishings, orchard, garden, and personal effects are *mine,* in a deep, emotional way. They become, with the years, a kind of *alter ego.* I would not sell them; their vendibility means

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little; but I would furiously resist being deprived of them.

Use property attaches to the individual, or to the family, in a cardinal, human way. To socialize such property is truly against human nature, as the Russians have been forced to learn. Collectivization among the peasants can go to certain psychological limits only. The old iron-master, the early entrepreneur, retained something of this feeling. It was *his* shop, his little factory, his store. He often lived in it. He knew every corner of it. He was *responsible* for it. A broad definition of use property would be that for which one is actively responsible.

Socialists in spreading their propaganda have not always been careful to make the distinction between use property and the commercial property of absentee owners. Their opponents have been quick deliberately to confuse the two. "Ah!" they cry, "Socialism means dividing up. Would you, my good Republican farmer, share your house, your pigs and poultry, with wastrels from the city?" The good Republican farmer emphatically would not. When the opponent desires to be particularly nasty, he pushes the conception to the point of dividing up the ladies. Of course, no collective program —unless the program makers are quite mad—should lay a finger on use property; rather, it should seek to safeguard and extend it. Money, be it observed, is not use property. It has no use as such. Gold has use to goldsmiths, but little to ordinary citizens. Paper money makes an indifferent material with which to light fires.

In modern cities some aspects of use property are declining. A hospital surgeon, for example, may use professional tools which do not belong to him. He may live with his family in an apartment which he rents furnished, be conveyed to his work in a public cab, perform operations wearing a white uniform which has the name of the hospital embroidered upon it, but which is owned and cared for by a service company. To a degree this depersonalization of property can be extended, but there must remain a minimum of strictly private possessions.

II

With the conception of use firmly in mind, it is easy to see how property came to be legally regarded as a "natural right." It was long, however, before one had the power to sell that right in all circumstances. Even today, in parts of Europe, an heir cannot sell an entailed estate. The interest-bearing function of property was unknown. The notion that wealth must increase at any "ordinary" rate per year would have been regarded as necromancy three hundred years ago. The increase of wealth was a purely fortuitous matter.

The chief financial agent in the spread of the free market was the contract. By this legal instrument, property could be transferred expeditiously and widely. Incidentally, it was assumed that the unit of money, which measured most contracts, would remain stable; otherwise long-term contracts would have been too hazardous to undertake. Before the industrial revolution, money did remain relatively stable.

With the rise of technology and a maturer capitalism, property concepts began to grow beyond the simple natural right of use and of contract for the delivery of tangible goods. Under the pressures of a system based on vendibility, the legal mind evolved a sublime property metaphysic, a veritable triumph of pure reason. Property rights were finally to be found in physically indivisible oil pools under the earth, and in air waves over the earth; in factories and railroads that owners had never seen—let alone mixed their labor with, or personally used; in the industrial output of generations yet unborn; in good-will which represented nothing one could kick with his foot but only earning power in excess of average earning power; in the labor of street-railroad mules which died fifty years before; in all manner of intangibles and grotesques. Furthermore, as Berle says: "It was never quite clear where the kind of property you could hit with a hammer ended, and the kind of property you could see only with an imaginative vision began."

The law surrounding corporations has been particularly lush in providing new metaphysical and intangible concepts of property. For one thing, it removed personal responsibility. The stockholder (nominal owner) of a corporation was held not liable for its debts. This was an impressive step forward for vendibility. Good old Adam Smith regarded the joint-stock company—as the corporation was first called—with precisely the same horror with which Mr. Hoover regards socialism. It was a hit below the belt of sturdy individualism; ownership without responsibility.

Today corporations dominate American economic activity. Robert R. Doane, in *The Measurement of American Wealth,* gives these figures:

TOTAL VOLUME OF EXPENDITURES—1929

	Corporate PER CENT	*Non-corporate* PER CENT
Agriculture	1	99
Professional work	20	80
Trade	39	61
Construction	55	45
Mining	64	36
Finance	79	21
Transportation	94	6
Manufacturing	95	5
All activity	60	40

Furthermore, in 1928, 6 per cent of the corporations did 90 per cent of all corporate business, and one-half of

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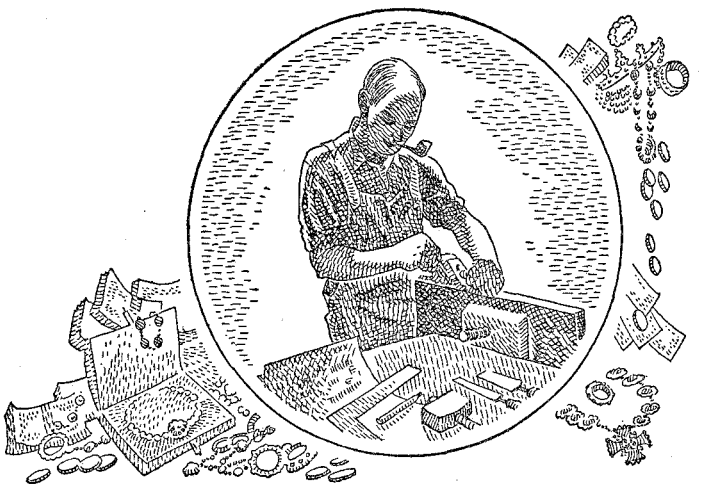
1 per cent of them collected 54 per cent of all corporate profit.

The corporation was the legal mechanism which above all others furthered absentee ownership. (Absentee ownership of land, of course, was relatively ancient.) It came to provide the main reservoir for profitable investment. "Absentee ownership," says Veblen, "is the ownership of an industrially useful article by any person or persons who are not habitually employed in the industrial use of it." There are many one-man corporations where the owner of the stock runs the enterprise, but such corporations represent only a small fraction of American business.



Under absentee ownership, property, which takes the form of stocks, bonds, notes, mortgages, leaseholds, becomes extremely liquid, readily passing from hand to hand. As the only measure is money, it can be instantly converted into other forms of wealth. The stock market operator "owns" Steel in the morning and Coca Cola in the afternoon. Wealth is less and less in a form to be employed directly by the owner. Only through sale in the market can he obtain ultimate use—by exchanging his property for money with which to buy consumers' goods. Ownership is thus tied to the market, particularly the stock market, as never before. Doane says: "The development of the negotiable instrument with its element of high convertibility permitting a daily flow of capital from one corporate security to another has given to capital a sensitive volatileness far from any exact correlation with its actual or original nature." Seventy-five per cent of all profit-bearing wealth is of this character today. The total in 1929 was appraised—for the moment—at 238 billions of dollars. In the depression of 1893, only 20 per cent of income-producing wealth was of this highly convertible and volatile nature. The cardinal importance of the stock market in modern capitalism is thus thrown into bold relief. It is a gambling joint, yes, but it is also the wheel on which the whole vendibility system turns.

The owner of corporate property has a token—a bond or a share of stock. The professors in their textbooks make impressive distinction between bonds, preferred stocks, common stocks. Actually, as Berle and Means point out, in their *Modern Corporations and Private Property,* the distinction becomes increasingly academic. The token acquires value primarily because of its liquidity. Property in non-liquid form (the factory itself) is worth one price; in liquid form (securities covering the factory) another price—higher or lower, as the case may be. "Tersely, the shareholder has a piece of paper with an open market value, and as holder of this paper may receive from time to time, at the pleasure of the management, periodic distribution. He is forced to measure his participation, not in assets, but in a market quotation; and this market quotation 'discounts' or appraises the expectation of distribution. This idea does not accord with the popular or the legal concept of a shareholder. Economically, however, it seems inescapable."

You own a piano. You can play it or not as you please. You can keep any one else from playing it. It is use property and the arrangement seems fair enough. You also own a factory employing 500 men. You can work it or not as you please, and keep any one else from working it. Such is the law. The factory, unlike the piano, is not for your use and pleasure. You may know nothing about its technical operation. When you refuse to operate it, not only is your income cut off, but also that of 500 others—who probably are more dependent on the factory income than are you. Or it may be the only factory in the country making a certain essential preparation for hospitals. When you shut it down, hospital patients suffer. Perhaps, again, you own only 51 per cent of the stock of the factory corporation. The other stockholders desire to keep the factory running, but you order it closed. You have that legal right. Absentee ownership is thus deeply involved with the public interest; factories are not pianos for owners to play upon.

If you own a factory, not only can you legally keep others from using it, but also, if it is held to be worth a million dollars at a given time, you have a theoretic right to the usufruct of a million to perpetuity. On this quaint conceit rests the whole theory of public-utility regulation, according to Donald Richberg. Utilities are allowed 6 per cent or 8 per cent on a "fair value." Yet there is no such thing as fair value in the capitalist system. "Physical properties have no intrinsic value. All material values are in the nature of illusions. The wealth of yesterday is gone tomorrow. A factory or a railroad that cost ten millions yesterday may hardly be worth the price of destruction today. . . ."

When prices were rising, from 1915 to 1929, the utility

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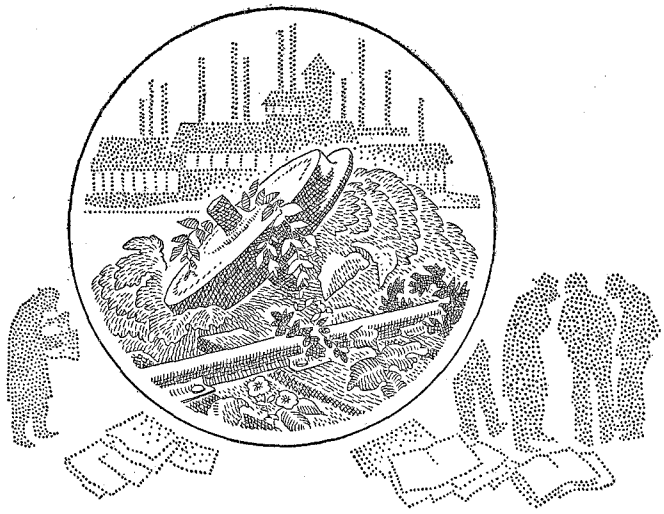

gentlemen, with their learned counsel and their agile accountants, were demonstrating beyond peradventure, indeed with tears in their eyes, that the fair value of their gas companies and street railroads meant the cost of reproduction today. As costs were now higher, value would be higher, and the permitted 8 per cent fatter. When prices fall—as in the depression—the utility experts leave "cost of reproduction," like rats a sinking ship, and swim stoutly back to a valuation based on "original cost." Pity the poor Interstate Commerce Commission. It spent fifteen years and millions of dollars trying to find the "fair value" of the railroads. Along came the falling prices of the depression and reduced the whole computation to waste paper. In the last analysis, the only value of a commercial property is its earning power, duly capitalized. It has no use value as such. It is just an orderly junk heap of cement, steel, and lumber unless it is operating. It is junk to absentee owners unless it is operating at a profit. Sixty per cent of all debt, according to the calculations of Mr. Doane, is now dependent entirely upon future income.

Industrial property, then, has got away from labor value, away from use value, away from all tangible foundation in many cases, to become a mathematical abstraction. The courts follow, panting, in the wake of corporation lawyers. A flow of dollar income to absentee owners is now about all that gives such property validity. A piano is a piano, but stocks and bonds are bundles of pious hopes. The hopes were realized, by and large, when expansion of markets and of population were holding the capitalist formula together.

III

We now approach the holy of holies—the operations of finance capital. All that has gone before in the way of property transvaluations is petty change. The absentee owner is very small fry compared with the magnificos of finance capital, where the principle of vendibility reaches its climax, and the concept of property is furthest removed from reality. Corporation lawyers performed the miracle, and they should have their due. In fact, they got it. Veblen, in *The Theory of Business Enterprise,* anticipated the story thirty years ago; Berle and Means superbly documented it from the available records; the Banking and Currency Committee of the United States Senate is now engaged in adding a rich deposit of case material hitherto unpublished.

The principle of finance capital is very simple. There is more money to be made in manipulating the securities which represent tangible property than in manipulating tangible property.

Commercial operations began with simple barter, the exchange of goods for goods. Vendibility was hardly discernible. Then came the free market, the contract, absentee ownership, where goods were sold for money and vendibility grew strong. At last appeared finance capital to buy and sell *the presumptive evidence of future earning power.* Vendibility, like the curve of compound interest, soars out into the stratosphere, with Orion as its goal.

"The ultimate conditioning force in the conduct and aims of business," wrote Veblen, "is coming to be the prospective profit-yielding capacity of any given business move, rather than the aggregate holdings, or the recorded output of products." As the conditioning became more pronounced, the businessman began to lose his fear of debt, and borrowed more freely. By borrowing, he could turn his own capital more rapidly. If he was turning at 10 per cent and borrowed at 5 per cent, he added 5 per cent to his capital gain. The banks were glad to issue new money on the prospect, and bank credit began to soar. The technic became very general—and contributed its bit to making bigger and better business cycles.

Above all it blurred the line between the capital of the owner and the capital he borrowed. Capital began to mean the "capitalized putative earning capacity expressed in terms of value, and comprised the use of all feasible credit extension." The value fluctuated from day to day, and bore only a remote relation to the underlying physical equipment. Good-will now becomes the most important item—though it may not appear on the balance sheet at all. It always signifies some variety of monopolistic advantage; something which yields a rate of return over and above the normal, or freely competitive, rate. All enterprising new corporations begin immediately to collect good-will—in patents, trade-marks, clientele, consolidations, tariffs, brands, advertising campaigns, what not. The word "halitosis" was worth millions in good-will. "The substantial foundation of the industrial corporation is its immaterial assets."

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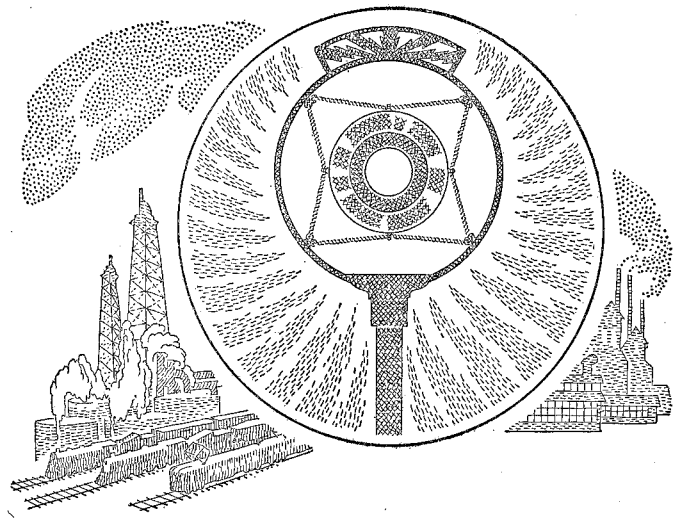

In the world of finance capital—which appeared with the turn of the century and reached its apogee in the United States in 1929—the manipulation of immaterial assets is all-important. "Commodities bought and sold on the goods market are the outcome of a process of production, and are useful for a material purpose; those bought and sold on the capital market are the outcome of a process of valuation and are useful for the purpose of pecuniary gain." The capital values which are the stock in trade of the process depend on the *tension of the market,* and on the presumptive future earnings.

. . . "Gentlemen, with this merger consummated and destructive competition eliminated all down the line, the yield on class B common cannot be less than $5 a share. Here are the figures, carefully prepared by Yessir, Yessir, and Pleesir, Certified Public Accountants." The gentlemen glance at the figures and put in long-distance calls to their brokers. . . .

Fluctuations in the capital market turn upon imagined future events. The Senate Committee on Banking and Currency brings out a typical case. The International Projector Corporation carried a book value of $2,225,000. When taken over by the General Theatres Equipment Company (connected with the Chase National Bank), it was valued at $28,489,000, a mark up, made overnight, with no change in tangible assets, of more than $26,000,000, or 1000 per cent. When asked the reason for this huge increase, Harley L. Clark, who had engineered it, said that it was "based on prospective earnings."

Capital is subject to constant revaluations and reappraisal—as the ticker moves on the stock market. The distinguished financiers who manipulate it are only rarely the owners of the property. They constitute what is known in Wall Street as the "control." The group in the United States consists of some 2000 individuals all told. Of the 200 largest non-banking corporations in the country in 1930, Berle and Means find that real power, as distinguished from legal ownership, lodged as follows:

	Per cent of Companies
Controlled by management	44
By legal device	21
By minority of stockholders	23
Total	88
By owners (majority of stock, etc.)	11
In receivers' hands	1
Total	100

Thus 88 per cent of our greatest non-financial corporations are controlled by gentlemen other than their legal owners, through management agreements, voting trusts, non-par-value stock, minority blocs, and other devices of the legal faculty. Incidentally, the 200 corporations account for one-half of all corporate wealth in the country, and showed combined assets of 81 billion dollars in 1930. In only 11 per cent of cases did the owners have anything mandatory to say about "their" property. "Ownership of wealth without appreciable control, and control of wealth without appreciable ownership, appear to be the logical outcome of corporate development."

Not the owners, but the control knows whether a corporation is over- or under-valued on the stock exchange; the information of the outsiders does not coincide with the information of the insiders. The insiders are privy to the appropriate time to sell short or to sell long. The properties which they manipulate are managed primarily with a view to profitable sale in the capital market, and not with a view to the future prosperity of the company. So there come to be *three* sets of interests involved:

1. The public at large, which is interested in a maximum of serviceability in terms of output.
2. The corporation and its legal owners, who are interested in long-term stability and steady dividends.
3. The control, which is interested in maximum disruptions looking to a profitable sale, long or short, of the corporation's securities.

Finance capital thus bisects the heart of capitalism—a point the Marxists have never properly assimilated. The owner—popularly known as the investor—is exploited by the control only to a less degree than worker and consumer are exploited. In case after case cited by Berle and Means, the control achieves its end by deliberately wrecking the company. (If the stock stands at 100, and you have private knowledge that the corporation will presently be insolvent, you sell short at 100 and cover at 35. Boy!) "Profits at the expense of the corporation become practically clear gain to persons in control, and the interests of a profit-seeking control run directly counter to the interests of owners." Witness the wreck-

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ing of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, the Pere Marquette, the Rock Island, the New Haven, and the 'Frisco. Witness Max Lowenthal's superb case study of the St. Paul, in *The Investor Pays*.

The chief methods whereby the control can damage the company or the owners, or both, are these:

1. Forcing the company into receivership.
2. Shifting profits from parent to a subsidiary company, in which the control has personal interest.
3. Diverting profits from one class of stock to another in which the control has personal interest.
4. Amending the corporate charter—a very important last resort of the control.
5. Inside information, enabling the control to buy low from present stockholders and sell high to future stockholders.

As the power of the control grows, the traditional defense of capitalism takes a strange twist. The historic argument has run that when each man pursues a maximum of private profit, the community is best served. There is something to be said for it when competition is freely operating. There is less to be said for it when 200 great corporations more or less monopolize the community's supply of food, shelter, and clothing. Still, if dividends are to be regular, it is to the interest of the owners of these corporations to keep them operating. Now comes the irony. It may or may not be to the interest of the control to keep them operating. *Private profit for the group of 2000 men who direct corporate property is frequently best served by wrecking the corporation, and is always best served by a maximum of disruption resulting in shifting valuations on the stock exchange.* It is not to be understood that the control is *always* ruthless in respect to the interests of stockholders and the public. Sometimes it is very polite; but when it is polite, it is acting against its own best (profitable) interests.

The connection of these supermen with any individual enterprise is often transient. It can be terminated speedily and silently. At the same time we must remember that the owner can terminate *his* connection speedily on the stock exchange. The investor has no sentimental affection for his patent-medicine plant or railroad, and we must beware of becoming too sentimental concerning his plight. It is a metaphysical game all around; a far, far cry away from the realities of use property.

Finance capital first appeared in railroad securities, and spread rapidly to industrials, utilities, and even to merchandising corporations like chain stores. Through the New Era, mergers and investment trusts claimed the imperial attention. Up to the collapse of the formula of capitalism in 1929, it would be unjust to call the controlling gentlemen speculators. They had a sure thing. Here we find the reason for the unparalleled size of American fortunes. A mere trading in tangible property could never have produced them—only trading in the moonbeams of presumptive future earning power. "Nothing so effective for the accumulation of private wealth is known to the history of human culture."

IV

Our success story has apparently led us away from the specific effects of the power age on property. The effects are there, luminous beneath the shifting papers of high finance. Advancing technology was responsible for the corporation, as railroads, steamships, quantity production, forced larger business units, opened wider markets. The old proprietorship and partnership were not adequate in high energy conditions. Technical complexity and specialization inevitably divorced ownership from operation. One set of men built and ran the industrial plant; some eighteen million stockholders (including duplications) in the United States owned the plant. Their property came to mean chiefly a right to a conventional dividend, and a proxy which they forgot to mail. Owners, under power age conditions, normally know nothing about operating management. To put elevators into a modern skyscraper now requires an extensive use of the very abstruse mathematical theory of probabilities. Imagine your Aunt Susan, with an Empire State bond, following Bassett Jones as he covers page after page with Einsteinian equations, working at his job of installing the vertical transportation in that building. Heaven and hell are not farther apart than typical owner and typical operator. A hundred years ago, they were one and the same person.

Finally, the very fact of this cleavage, for which technology is responsible, has made the dispersed and unorganized owner the inevitable prey of a slick financial control. But the story does not stop here, as October, 1929, proved. Technology indirectly made the control possible, but the control proceeded to make a functioning technology impossible—by using these billions of fixed assets as counters in a money game with marked cards. The control, seeking a "maximum of disruption," repeatedly violated the physical laws upon which the great far-flung network of modern industry rests, and finally forced it to half speed. For four and a half years, the industrial system has been breaking its heart at half speed, when the laws of its spinning require capacity operation. President Roosevelt toils painfully to start it up again, but the task is gargantuan. The control did its bit to wreck the industrial system, but industry on half-time means no presumptive future earnings, and so the financial game has been wrecked in revenge.

If for one reason or another the flow of free income dries up, what becomes of the modern concept of property? Let us see, specifically:

Good-will, as the most ephemeral element on the

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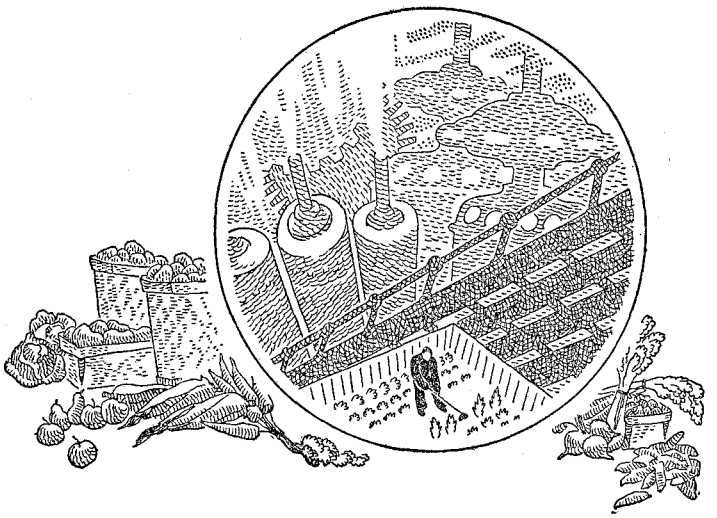

balance sheet, vanishes first, depriving the control of its chief asset. The promulgation of mergers, the profitable pyramiding of securities through investment trusts, comes to a halt. The distinguished gentlemen are driven to the dreary and uncertain business of organizing pools on a declining stock market. Their great days are over. Some go to Greece, some go to rejoin their Heavenly Father, some go to jail—and some sit tight, waiting for the formula of capitalism to revive, while manipulating the aforesaid pools.

As for the physical properties themselves—the steel mills, the great machine shops, the railroad lines—they become, *with any permanent collapse in the formula,* valueless to their owners. One cannot camp out in them; one cannot consume a tithe of the output. Under a vendibility system, they have value as a source of money income, but not otherwise. If there is no income, their owners have no further use for them. These great plants with their trained labor and their operating technicians are left, in the end, homeless; swinging in an industrial vacuum. Even if the workers and engineers should seize them, they too would be helpless without a market. The product is too specialized to be consumable by the operating staff, save to a very small degree. Tires might be consumed by tire makers, but hardly tappet valves by valve makers.

No such impasse has come as I write, but it must come unless the formula of capitalism be revived. Corporations cannot go on paying interest and dividends out of surplus indefinitely. In 1932, according to Doane, American corporations were 6.6 billions in the red, and 1933 will show no great improvement. Use property is as important as ever, indeed more important. *Rentiers* with no *rentes* are retreating to little houses in the country, preparing to dig in for the worst. The root cellar and the garden patch look better to them than a safe-deposit box full of mortgages. Vendible property is no longer vendible, over great areas.

The Economy of Abundance promises presently to socialize the bulk of commercial and industrial property. If the owners have no use for it, the community has. Without its regular operation, the community must starve and freeze. The corporate owners have never been responsible for either its debts or its regular operation; finance capital even less so. The community will have to become officially responsible if the community is to survive, and I doubt if either workers or technicians will demur. Perhaps even the Supreme Court will not demur. I quote from Vol. CLXIX, page 393, of its records:

"It is a settled principle, growing out of the nature of well-ordered civil society, that every holder of property, however absolute may be his title, holds it under the implied liability that its use may be so regulated that it shall not be injurious to the equal enjoyment of others having an equal right to the enjoyment of their property, nor injurious to the rights of the community."

In the Economy of Scarcity, a responsible owner of tangible property was protected by the law. Must it follow that an irresponsible owner of more or less intangible property, who has surrendered the control of his wealth to expert manipulators, must also be protected to the full? This is the weak link in the corporate structure. Deny the protection to "owners"; deny the right of the "control" to make personal profits by depth-bombing the company—and the whole mechanism must automatically fall into the hands of the community. It has nowhere else to fall. Observe, furthermore, that the question of compensation by the community to the owners does not appear in the premises. If the formula of capitalism collapses, the properties are worth nothing to the owners. Why should they be paid for assets they carry on their books at zero?

Finally, it is highly improbable that the technical operation of the physical properties could be managed worse by agents of the community, than by the agents of finance capital. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive of a method more sinister from the standpoint of efficiency than that of managing industrial property with a view single to a profitable turnover of imagined future earnings on the stock market.

Next month: "The New Economic Morality" by the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell

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Part Three of

by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Tender Is the Night

A romance by the author of "The Great Gatsby" and "This Side of Paradise."

A novel which goes beneath the apparently smooth and beautiful surface of the life of rich Americans in Europe.

FOR our readers who may have missed the first part of the novel, the following notes are made:

Dick and Nicole Diver, the principal characters of the novel, are first seen through the eyes of Rosemary Hoyt, a young, beautiful, and ingenuous motion-picture star, at a small Riviera resort where she has come with her mother. On the beach the first day, she finds herself between two groups of people. The first is composed of five Americans including Mr. McKisco, a literary critic, and his wife. In the second are the Divers, Abe North, a musician, and Tommy Costello, a soldier of fortune. Rosemary instinctively feels drawn to the Divers and she finds that the other group is envious of them and of their circle. Dick Diver attracts her unaccountably. On the third day of her stay, the Divers ask her to join them, and then plan a party to which the other group is invited. During the party, Mrs. McKisco comes upon a scene involving the Divers, and twice when she attempts to tell about it Tommy Costello cuts her short. The reader becomes aware that, beneath what Rosemary imagines to be a beautiful relationship between the Divers and the unusual loyalty and affection which they evoke from their friends, there lurks something strange and mysterious.

The Divers go to Paris to bid good-bye to Abe, who is returning to America and his wife, who is going to Salzburg. Rosemary accompanies them. Dick at first regards her as a lovely child and refuses to take her seriously when she offers herself. Collis Clay, a young Southerner from New Haven, who admires Rosemary, turns up. Later, Dick realizes that he is in love with her but, he tells her, "That doesn't change what I said last night. . . . Nicole mustn't know—she mustn't suspect even faintly. Nicole and I have got to go on together."

Abe, instead of sailing, spends a drunken night in Montparnasse during which he gets in trouble with a group of negroes. Next day, a negro who had assisted him comes to Abe for protection. Abe appeals to Dick. Rosemary going to her room finds the negro, murdered, lying on her bed. Dick attempts to hush up the affair. The shock is too much for Nicole. Rosemary, hearing the sounds of Nicole's hysteria, realizes the nature of the mysterious thing Mrs. McKisco has seen on the night of the party.

The reader is led back to 1917. Nicole, then 16, member of the wealthy and powerful Warren family of Chicago, is brought to a sanitarium in Switzerland. Her case is diagnosed as "schizophrenia, acute and down-hill phase of the illness. The fear of men is a symptom of the illness and is not constitutional." Under questioning of the physician, her father admits that he is the precipitating factor responsible for his daughter's state. Dick, at twenty-six, is completing his medical studies abroad. He visits the sanitarium, where his friend Franz is resident pathologist, and meets Nicole. They correspond and he becomes interested in her case. Returning in 1919, he finds her improved and obviously much interested in him. Dick has ambitions to become a great psychologist. Franz and the head of the clinic confer with Dick, who confesses he is "half in love with her" and had thought of marriage. Franz warns him of the danger to his career. It is decided that Dick must gradually break with her. He finds it difficult, especially when he meets her on the way to Caux. She is with her sister, "Baby" Warren, who believes the solution of the family trouble is to "buy a doctor" and marry him to Nicole. Dick's decision to break away is shaken when Nicole definitely shows her love for him.

A note from Baby Warren next day makes him believe he is the doctor selected for purchase, although such is not the case. On the way back to Zurich Dick realizes that he is going to make Nicole's problem his.

VI

IN Zurich in September Doctor Diver had tea with Baby Warren.

"I think it's ill advised," she said. "I'm not sure I truly understand your motives."

"Don't let's be unpleasant."

"After all I'm Nicole's sister."

"That doesn't give you the right to be unpleasant." It irritated Dick that he knew so much that he could not tell her. "Nicole's rich, but that doesn't make me an adventurer."

"That's just it," complained Baby stubbornly. "Nicole's rich."

"Just how much money has she got?" he asked.

She started; and with a silent laugh he continued, "You see how silly this is? I'd rather talk to some man in your family——"

"Everything's been left to me," she persisted. "It isn't we think you're an adventurer. We don't know who you are."

"I'm a doctor of medicine," he said. "My father is a clergyman, now retired. We lived in Buffalo and my past is open to investigation. I went to New Haven; afterward I was a Rhodes scholar. My great-grandfather was Governor of South Carolina and I'm a direct descendant of Mad Anthony Wayne."

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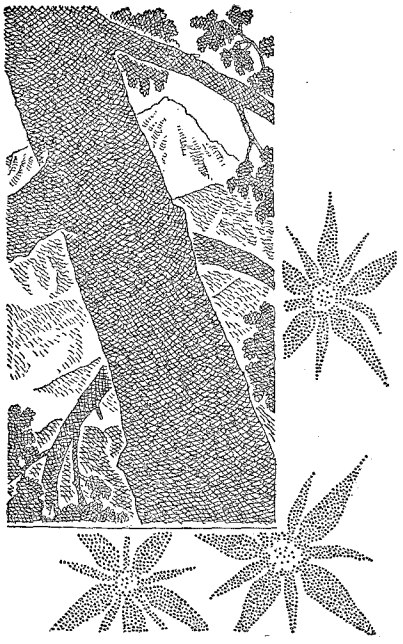

"Who was Mad Anthony Wayne?" Baby asked suspiciously.

"Mad Anthony Wayne?"

"I think there's enough madness in this affair."

He shook his head hopelessly, just as Nicole came out on the hotel terrace and looked around for them.

"He was too mad to leave as much money as Marshall Field," he said.

"That's all very well——"

Baby was right and she knew it. Face to face, her father would have it on almost any clergyman. They were an American ducal family without a title—the very name written in a hotel register, signed to an introduction, used in a difficult situation, caused a psychological metamorphosis in people, and in return this change had crystallized her own sense of position. She knew these facts from the English, who had known them for over two hundred years. But she did not know that twice Dick had come close to flinging the marriage in her face. All that saved it this time was Nicole finding their table and glowing away, white and fresh and new in the September afternoon.

How do you do, lawyer? We're going to Como tomorrow for a week and then back to Zurich. That's why I wanted you and sister to settle this, because it doesn't matter to us how much I'm allowed. We're going to live very quietly in Zurich for two years and Dick has enough to take care of us. No, Baby, I'm more practical than you think— It's only for clothes and things I'll need it . . . Why, that's more than—can the estate really afford to give me all that? I know I'll never manage to spend it. Do you have that much? Why do you have more—is it because I'm supposed to be incompetent? All right, let my share pile up then . . . No, Dick refuses to have anything whatever to do with it. I'll have to feel bloated for us both . . . Baby, you have no more idea of what Dick is like than, than— Now where do I sign? Oh, I'm sorry.

. . . Isn't it funny and lonely being together, Dick? No place to go except close. Shall we just love and love? Ah, but I love the most, and I can tell when you're away from me, even a little. I think it's wonderful to be just like everybody else, to reach out and find you all warm beside me in the bed.

. . . If you will kindly call my husband at the hospital. Yes, the little book is selling everywhere—they want it published in six languages. I was to do the French translation but I'm tired these days—I'm afraid of falling, I'm so heavy and clumsy—like a broken roly-poly that can't stand up straight. The cold stethoscope against my heart and my strongest feeling "Je m'en fiche de tout."—Oh, that poor woman in the hospital with the blue baby, much better dead. Isn't it fine there are three of us now?

. . . that seems unreasonable, Dick—we have every reason for taking the bigger apartment. Why should we penalize ourselves just because there's more Warren money than Diver money. Oh, thank you, cameriere, but we've changed our minds. This English clergyman tells us that your wine here in Orvieto is excellent. It doesn't travel? That must be why we have never heard of it, because we love wine?

The lakes are sunk in the brown clay and the slopes have all the creases of a belly. The photographer gave us the picture of me, my hair limp over the rail on the boat to Capri. "Good-bye, Blue Grotte," sang the boatman, "come again soo-oon." And afterward tracing down the hot sinister shin of the Italian boot with the wind soughing around those eerie castles, the dead watching from up on those hills.

. . . This ship is nice, with our heels hitting the deck together. This is the blowy corner and each time we turn it I slant forward against the wind and pull my coat together without losing step with Dick. We are chanting nonsense:

"Oh—oh—oh—oh
Other flamingoes than me,
Oh—oh—oh—oh
Other flamingoes than me——"

Life is fun with Dick—the people in deck chairs look at us, and a woman is trying to hear what we are singing. Dick is tired of singing it, so go on alone, Dick. You will walk differently alone, dear, through a thicker atmosphere, forcing your way through the shadows of chairs, through the dripping smoke of the funnels. You will feel your own reflection sliding along the eyes of those who look at you. You are no longer insulated; but I suppose you must touch life in order to spring from it.

Sitting on the stanchion of this life-boat I look seaward and let my hair blow and shine. I am motionless against the sky and the boat is made to carry my form onward into the blue obscurity of the future, I am Pallas Athene carved reverently on the front of a galley. The waters are lapping in the public toilets and

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the agate green foliage of spray changes and complains about the stern.

. . . We travelled a lot that year—from Woolloomooloo Bay to Biskra. On the edge of the Sahara we ran into a plague of locusts and the chauffeur explained kindly that they were bumble-bees. The sky was low at night, full of the presence of a strange and watchful God. The poor little Ouled Naïl, and night was noisy with drums from Senegal and flutes and the whining camels, and the Arabs pattering about in shoes made of old automobile tires.

But I was gone again by that time—trains and beaches they were all one. That was why he took me travelling but after my second child, my little girl, Topsy, was born everything got dark again.

. . . If I could get word to my hubsand who has seen fit to desert me here, to leave me in the hands of incompetents. You tell me my baby is black—that's farcical, that's very cheap. We went to Africa merely to see Timgad, since my principal interest in life is archeology. I am tired of knowing nothing and being reminded of it all the time. Even the nurse reminds me—me, born hating the smell of the fingers washing me.

. . . When I get well I want to be a fine person like you, Dick—I would study medicine except it's too late. We must spend my money and have a house—I'm tired of apartments and waiting for you. You're bored with Zurich and you can't find time for writing here and you say that it's a confession of weakness for a scientist not to write. And I'll look over the whole field of knowledge and pick out something and really know about it, so I'll have it to hang on to if I go to pieces again. You'll help me, Dick. And we'll live near a warm beach where we can be brown and young together.

. . . This is going to be Dick's work house. Oh, the idea came to us both at the same moment. We had passed Tarmes a dozen times and we rode up here and found the houses empty, except two stables. When we bought we acted through a Frenchman but the navy sent spies up here in no time when they found that Americans had bought part of a hill village. They looked for cannons all through the building material, and finally Baby had to twitch wires for us at the *Affaires Etrangères* in Paris.

No one comes to the Riviera in summer, so we expect to have a few guests and to work. There are some French people here—Mistinguet last week, surprised to find the hotel open, and Picasso and the man who wrote *Pas sur la Bouche*.

. . . Dick, why did you register Mr. and Mrs. Diver instead of Doctor and Mrs. Diver? I just wondered—it just floated through my mind.—You've taught me that work is everything and I believe you. You used to say a man knows things and when he stops knowing things he's like anybody else, and the thing is to get power before he stops knowing things. If you want to turn things topsy-turvy, all right, but must your Nicole follow you walking on her hands, darling?

. . . Tommy says I am silent. Since I was well the first time I talked a lot to Dick late at night, both of us sitting up in bed and lighting cigarettes, then diving down afterward out of the blue dawn and into the pillows, to keep the light from our eyes. Sometimes I sing, and play with the quiet animals, and I have a few friends too—Mary, for instance. When Mary and I talk neither of us listens to the other. Talk is men. When I talk I say to myself that I am probably Dick. Already I have even been my son, remembering how wise and slow he is. Sometimes I am Doctor Dohmler and one time I may even be an aspect of you, Tommy Costello. Tommy is in love with me, I think, but gently, reassuringly. Enough, though, so that he and Dick have begun to disapprove of each other. All in all, everything has never gone better. I am among friends who like me. I am here on this tranquil beach with my husband and two children. Everything is all right—if I can finish translating this damn recipe for chicken à la Maryland into French. My toes feel warm in the sand.

"Yes, I'll look. More new people—oh, that girl—yes. Who did you say she looked like . . . No, I haven't, we don't get much chance to see the new American pictures over here. Rosemary who? Well, we're getting very fashionable for July—seems very peculiar to me. Yes, she's lovely, but there can be too many people."

Doctor Richard Diver and Mrs. Elsie Speers sat in the Café des Alliés in August, under cool and dusty trees. The sparkle of the mica was dulled by the baked ground and a few gusts of mistral from down the coast seeped through the Esterel and rocking the fishing boats in the harbor pointed the masts here and there at a featureless sky.

"I had a letter this morning," said Mrs. Speers. "What a terrible time you all must have had with those Negroes! But Rosemary said you were perfectly wonderful to her."

"Rosemary ought to have a service stripe. It was pretty harrowing—the only person it didn't disturb was Abe North—he flew off to Havre—he probably doesn't know about it yet."

"I'm sorry Mrs. Diver was upset," she said carefully.

Rosemary had written: *"Nicole seemed Out of her Mind. I didn't want to come South with them because I felt Dick had enough on his Hands."*

"She's all right now." He spoke almost impatiently. "So you're leaving tomorrow. When will you sail?"

"Right away."

"My God, it's awful to have you go."

"We're glad we came here. We've had a good time,

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thanks to you. You're the first man Rosemary ever cared for."

Another gust of wind strained around the porphyry hills of La Napoule. There was a hint in the air that the earth was hurrying on toward other weather; the lush midsummer moment outside of time was already over.

"Rosemary's had crushes but sooner or later she always turned the man over to me—" Mrs. Speers laughed, "—for dissection."

"So I was spared."

"There was nothing I could have done. She was in love with you before I ever saw you. I told her to go ahead."

He saw that no provision had been made for him, or for Nicole, in Mrs. Speers' plans—and he saw that her amorality sprang from the conditions of her own withdrawal. It was her right, the pension on which her own emotions had retired. Women are necessarily capable of almost anything in their struggle for survival and can scarcely be convicted of such man-made crimes as "cruelty." So long as the shuffle of love and pain went on within proper walls Mrs. Speers could view it with as much detachment and humor as a eunuch. She had not even allowed for the possibility of Rosemary's being damaged—or was she certain that she couldn't be?

"If what you say is true I don't think it did her any harm." He was keeping up to the end the pretense that he could still think objectively about Rosemary. "She's over it already. Still—so many of the important times in life begin by seeming incidental."

"This wasn't incidental," Mrs. Speers insisted. "You were the first man—you're an ideal to her. In every letter she says that."

"She's so polite."

"You and Rosemary are the politest people I've ever known, but she means this."

"My politeness is a trick of the heart."

This was partly true. From his father Dick had learned the somewhat conscious good manners of the young Southerner coming north after the Civil War. Often he used them and just as often he despised them because they were not a protest against how unpleasant selfishness was but against how unpleasant it looked.

"I'm in love with Rosemary," he told her suddenly. "It's a kind of self-indulgence saying that to you."

It seemed very strange and official to him, as if the very tables and chairs in the Café des Alliés would remember it forever. Already he felt her absence from these skies: on the beach he could only remember the sun-torn flesh of her shoulder; at Tarmes he crushed out her footprints as he crossed the garden; and now the orchestra launching into the Nice Carnival Song, an echo of last year's vanished gaieties, started the little dance that went on all about her. In a hundred hours she had come to possess all the world's dark magic; the caffein converting physical into nervous energy, the mandragora that imposes harmony, the belladonna that blinds the eyes.

With an effort he once more accepted the fiction that he shared Mrs. Speers' detachment.

"You and Rosemary aren't really alike," he said. "The wisdom she got from you is all moulded up into her persona, into the mask she faces the world with. She starts high up on the trapeze, she announces her repertoire and then she fascinates you by living up to it. She doesn't think; her real depths are Irish and romantic and illogical."

Mrs. Speers knew too that Rosemary, for all her delicate surface, was a young mustang, perceptibly out of Captain Doctor Hoyt, U. S. A. Cross-sectioned, Rosemary would have displayed an enormous heart, liver and soul, all crammed close together under the lovely shell.

Saying good-bye Dick was aware of Elsie Speers' full charm, aware that she meant something more to him than merely a last unwillingly relinquished fragment of Rosemary. He could possibly have made up Rosemary—he could never have made up her mother. If the cloak, spurs and brilliants in which Rosemary had walked off were things with which he had endowed her, it was nice in contrast to watch her mother's grace knowing it was surely something he had not evoked. She had an air of seeming to wait, as if for a man to get through with something more important than herself, a battle or an operation, during which he must not be hurried or interfered with. When the man had finished she would be waiting, without fret or impatience, somewhere on a high stool, turning the pages of a newspaper. She was another man's woman, another jar to be filled with wine.

"Good-bye—and I want you both to remember always how fond of you Nicole and I have grown."

Back at the Villa Diana, he went to his work-room, and opened the shutters, closed against the mid-day glare. On his two long tables, in ordered confusion, lay the materials of his book. Volume I, concerned with Classification, had achieved some success in a small subsidized edition. He was negotiating for its reissue. Volume II was to be a great amplification of his first little book, *A Psychology for Psychiatrists*. Like so many men he had found that he had only one or two ideas—that his little collection of pamphlets now in its fiftieth German edition contained the germ of all he would ever think or know.

But he was currently uneasy about the whole thing. He resented the wasted years at New Haven, but mostly he felt a discrepancy between the growing luxury in which the Divers lived, and the need for display which apparently went along with it. Remembering

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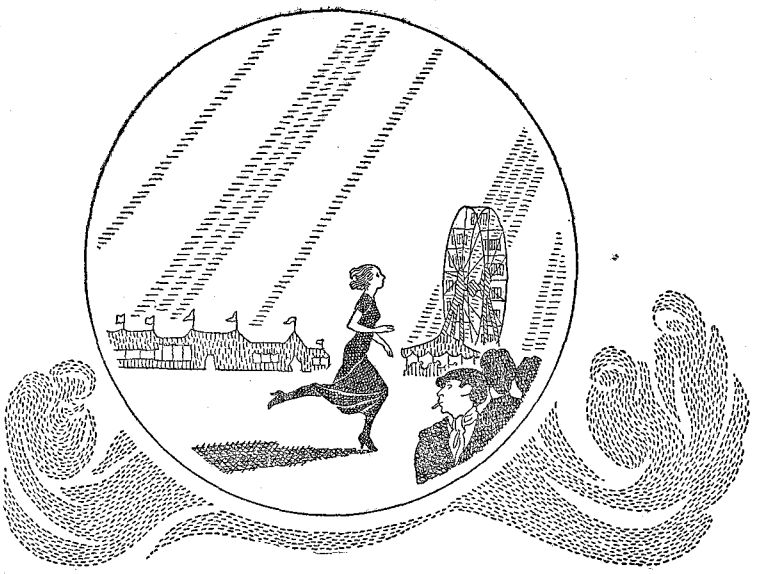

his Rumanian friend's story, about the man who had worked for years on the brain of an armadillo, he suspected that patient Germans were sitting close to the libraries of Berlin and Vienna callously anticipating him. He had about decided to brief the work in its present condition and publish it in an undocumented volume of a hundred thousand words as an introduction to more scholarly volumes to follow.

He confirmed this decision walking around the rays of late afternoon in his workroom. With the new plan he could be through by spring. It seemed to him that when a man with his energy was pursued for a year by increasing doubts, it indicated some fault in the plan.

He laid the bars of gilded metal that he used as paper weights along the sheaves of notes. He swept up, for no servant was allowed in here, treated his washroom sketchily with Bon Ami, repaired a screen, and sent off an order to a publishing house in Zurich. Then he drank an ounce of gin with twice as much water. Contrary to popular opinion a long drink was more immediate in effect than a strong drink.

He saw Nicole in the garden. Presently he must encounter her and the prospect gave him a leaden feeling. Before her he must keep up a perfect front, now and tomorrow, next week and next year. All night in Paris he had held her in his arms while she slept light under the luminol; in the early morning he broke in upon her confusion before it could form, with words of tenderness and protection, and she slept again with his face against the fresh warm scent of her hair. Before she woke he had arranged everything at the phone in the next room. Rosemary was to move to another hotel. She was to be "Daddy's Girl" and even to give up saying good-bye to them. The proprietor of the hotel, Mr. MacBeth, was to be the three Chinese monkeys. Packing amid the piled boxes and tissue paper of many purchases, Dick and Nicole left for the Riviera at noon.

Then there was a reaction. As they settled down in the wagon-lit Dick saw that Nicole was waiting for it, and it came quickly and desperately, before the train was out of the ceinture—his only instinct was to step off while the train was still going slow, rush back and see where Rosemary was, what she was doing. He opened a book and bent his pince-nez upon it, aware that Nicole was watching him from her pillow across the compartment. Unable to read, he pretended to be tired and shut his eyes but she was still watching him, and though still she was half asleep from the hangover of the drug, she was relieved and almost happy that he was hers again.

It was worse with his eyes shut for it gave a rhythm of finding and losing, finding and losing; but so as not to appear restless he lay like that until noon. At luncheon things were better—it was always a fine meal; a thousand lunches in inns and restaurants, wagon-lits, buffets, and aeroplanes were a mighty collation to have taken together. The familiar hurry of the train waiters, the little bottles of wine and mineral water, the excellent food of the Paris-Lyons-Méditerranée gave them the illusion that everything was the same as before, but it was almost the first trip he had ever taken with Nicole that was a going away rather than a going toward. He drank the full bottle of wine save for Nicole's single glass; they talked about the house and the children. But once back in the compartment a silence fell over them like the silence in the restaurant across from the Luxembourg. Receding from a grief, it seems necessary to retrace the same steps that brought us there. An unfamiliar impatience settled on Dick; suddenly Nicole said:

"It seemed too bad to leave Rosemary like that—do you suppose she'll be all right?"

"Of course. She could take care of herself anywhere—" Lest this belittle Nicole's ability to do likewise, he added, "After all, she's an actress, and even though her mother's in the background she has to look out for herself."

"She's very attractive."

"She's an infant."

"She's attractive, though."

They talked aimlessly back and forth, each speaking for the other.

"She's not as intelligent as I thought," Dick offered.

"She's quite smart."

"Not very, though—there's a persistent aroma of the nursery."

"She's very—very pretty," Nicole said in a detached, emphatic way, "and I thought she was very good in the picture."

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"She was well directed. Thinking it over, it wasn't very individual."

"I thought it was. I can see how she'd be very attractive to men."

His heart twisted. To what men? How many men?

—Do you mind if I pull down the curtain?

—Please do, it's too light in here.

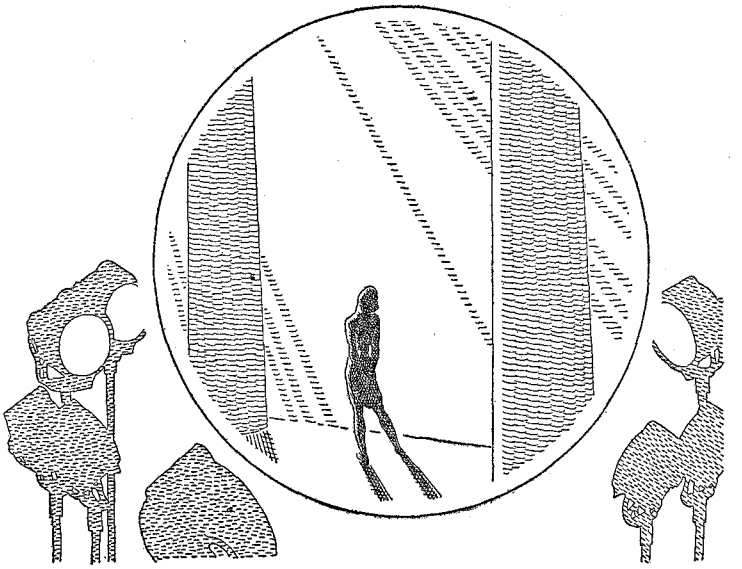
Where now? And with whom?

"In a few years she'll look ten years older than you."

"On the contrary. I sketched her one night on a theatre program, I think she'll last."

They were both restless in the night. In a day or two Dick would try to banish the ghost of Rosemary before it became walled up with them, but for the moment he had no force to do it. Sometimes it is harder to deprive oneself of a pain than of a pleasure and the memory so possessed him that for the moment there was nothing to do but to pretend. This was more difficult because he was currently annoyed with Nicole, who, after all these years, should recognize symptoms of strain in herself and guard against them. Twice within a fortnight she had broken up: there had been the night of the dinner at Tarmes when he had found her in her bedroom dissolved in crazy laughter telling Mrs. McKisco she could not go in the bathroom because the key was thrown down the well. Mrs. McKisco was astonished and resentful, baffled and yet in a way comprehending. Dick had not been particularly alarmed then and afterward Nicole was sorry. She called at Gausse's hotel but the McKiscos were gone.

The collapse in Paris was another matter, adding significance to the first one. It prophesied possibly a new cycle, a new *pousse* of the malady. Having gone through unprofessional agonies during her long relapse following Topsy's birth, he had, perforce, hardened himself about her, making a cleavage between Nicole sick and Nicole well. This made it difficult now to distinguish between his self-protective professional detachment and some new coldness in his heart. As an indifference cherished, or left to atrophy, becomes an emptiness, to this extent he had learned to become empty of Nicole, serving her against his will with negations and emotional neglect. One writes of cicatrices healed, a loose parallel to the pathology of the skin, but there is no such thing in the life of an individual. There are open wounds, shrunk sometimes to the size of a pinprick but wounds still. The marks of suffering are more comparable to the loss of a finger, or of the sight of an eye. We may not miss them, either, for one minute in a year but every so often we might have liked to crook the finger around something, or see what was happening miles away.



He found Nicole in the garden with her arms folded high on her shoulders. She looked at him with straight gray eyes, with a child's searching wonder.

"I went to Cannes," he said. "I ran into Mrs. Speers. She's leaving tomorrow. She wanted to come up and say good-bye to you, but I slew the idea."

"I'm sorry. I'd liked to have seen her. I like her."

"Who else do you think I saw—Bartholmew Tailor."

"You didn't."

"I couldn't have missed that baby's-bottom face of his. He was looking over the ground for Ciro's Menagerie—they'll all be down next year. I suspected that Mrs. Abrams was a sort of outpost."

"And Baby was outraged the first summer we came here."

"They don't really give a damn where they are, so I don't see why they don't stay and freeze in Deauville."

"Can't we start rumors about cholera or something?"

"I told Bartholmew that some categories died off like flies here—I told him the life of a suck was as short as the life of a machine-gunner in the war."

"You didn't."

"No, I didn't," he admitted. "He was very pleasant. It was a beautiful sight—he and I shaking hands there on the boulevard. The meeting of Sigmund Freud and Ward McAllister."

Dick didn't want to talk—he wanted to be alone so that his thoughts about work and the future would overpower his thoughts of love and today. Nicole knew about it but only darkly and tragically, hating him a little in an animal way, yet wanting to rub against his shoulder.

"The darling," Dick said lightly.

He went into the house, forgetting something he wanted to do there, and then remembering it was the piano. He sat down whistling and played by ear:

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"Just picture you upon my knee
With tea for two and two for tea
And me for you and you for me——"

Through the melody flowed a sudden realization that Nicole, hearing it, would guess quickly at a nostalgia for the past fortnight. He broke off with a casual chord and left the piano.

It was hard to know where to go. He glanced about the house that Nicole had made, that Nicole's grandfather had paid for. He owned only his workhouse and the ground on which it stood. Out of three thousand a year and what dribbled in from his publications he paid for his clothes and personal expenses, for cellar charges, and for Lanier's education, so far confined to a nurse's wage. Never had a move been contemplated without Dick's figuring his share. Living rather ascetically, travelling third-class when he was alone, with the cheapest wine, and good care of his clothes, and penalizing himself for any extravagances, he maintained a qualified financial independence. After a certain point, though, it was difficult—again and again it was necessary to decide together as to the uses to which Nicole's money should be put. Naturally Nicole, wanting to own him, wanting him to stand still forever, encouraged any slackness on his part, and in multiplying ways he was constantly inundated by a trickling of goods and money. The inception of the idea of the cliff villa which they had elaborated as a fantasy one day was a typical example of the forces divorcing them from the first simple arrangements in Zurich.

"Wouldn't it be fun if—" it had been; then, "Won't it be fun when——"

It was not so much fun. His work became confused with Nicole's problems; in addition, her income had increased so fast of late that it seemed to belittle his work. Also, for the purpose of her cure, he had for many years pretended to a morality from which he was drifting away, and this pretense became more arduous in this effortless immobility, in which he was inevitably subjected to microscopic examination. When Dick could no longer play what he wanted to play on the piano, it was an indication that life was being refined down to a point. He stayed in the big room a long time listening to the buzz of the electric clock, listening to time.

In November the waves grew black and dashed over the sea wall on to the shore road—such summer life as had survived disappeared and the plages were melancholy and desolate under the mistral and rain. Gausse's Hotel was closed for repairs and enlargement and the scaffolding of the summer Casino at Juan les Pins grew larger and more formidable. Going into Cannes or Nice, Dick and Nicole met new people—members of orchestras, restaurateurs, horticultural enthusiasts, ship-builders, for Dick had bought a dinghy, and members of the Syndicat d'Initiative. They knew their servants well and gave thought to the children's education. In December, Nicole seemed well-knit again; when a month had passed without tension, without the tight mouth, the unmotivated smile, the unfathomable remark, they went to the Swiss Alps for the Christmas holidays.

With his cap, Dick slapped the snow from his dark-blue ski-suit before going inside. The great hall, its floor pock-marked by a decade of hobnails, was cleared for the tea dance and fourscore young Americans, domiciled in schools near Gstaad, bounced about to the frolic of "Don't Bring Lulu," or exploded violently with the first percussions of the Charleston. It was a colony of the young, simple, and expensive—the Sturm-truppen of the rich were at St. Moritz. Baby Warren felt that she had made a gesture of renunciation in joining the Divers here.

Dick picked out the two sisters easily across the delicately haunted, soft-swaying room—they were poster-like, formidable in their snow costumes, Nicole's of cerulean blue, Baby's of brick red. The young Englishman was talking to them; but they were paying no attention, lulled to the staring point by the adolescent dance.

Nicole's snow-warm face lighted up further as she saw Dick. "Where is he?"

"He missed the train—I'm meeting him later." Dick sat down, swinging a heavy boot over his knee. "You two look very striking together. Every once in a while I forget we're in the same party and get a big shock at seeing you."

"You're thanked," said Baby. She was a tall, fine-looking woman, deeply engaged in being almost thirty. Symptomatically she had pulled two men with her from London, one scarcely down from Cambridge, one too old and hard with Victorian lecheries. Baby had certain spinsters' characteristics—she was alien from touch, she started if she was touched suddenly, and such lingering touches as kisses and embraces slipped directly through the flesh into the forefront of her consciousness. She made few gestures with her trunk, her body proper—instead, she stamped her foot and tossed her head in almost an old-fashioned way. She relished the foretaste of death, prefigured by the catastrophes of friends—persistently she clung to the idea of Nicole's tragic destiny.

Baby's younger Englishman had been chaperoning women down appropriate inclines and harrowing them on the bob-run. Dick, having turned an ankle in a too ambitious telemark, loafed gratefully about the "nursery slope" with the children or drank kvass

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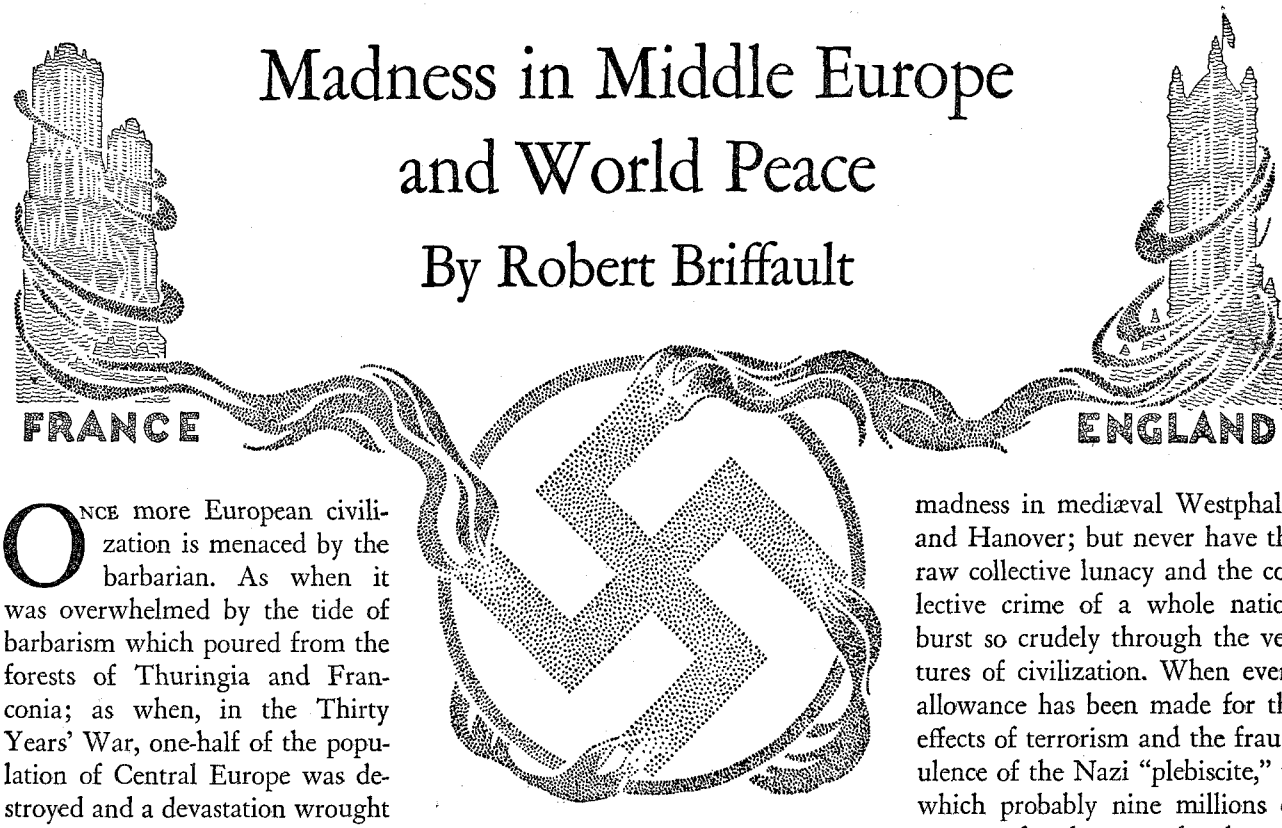
Madness in Middle Europe and World Peace

By Robert Briffault



The burning question in Europe is—Hitler or Moscow? World peace is involved in the issue. The excesses of Hitlerism exhibit in exaggerated form excesses everywhere present in contemporary Europe, declares Doctor Briffault, and the fuse in the powder magazine leads, as in 1914, to Austria.

Once more European civilization is menaced by the barbarian. As when it was overwhelmed by the tide of barbarism which poured from the forests of Thuringia and Franconia; as when, in the Thirty Years' War, one-half of the population of Central Europe was destroyed and a devastation wrought which trailed its effects over three centuries; as in the outbreaks of German aggression under Wilhelm I, Bismarck's blood-and-iron policy; and, finally, in the fatal bid of the Hohenzollern empire for world-power, Germany is today the cradle of the barbaric forces which defy and threaten the civilization of Europe. The spokesmen of German arrogance retort to the denunciatory epithets of "barbarians," "Goths," "Huns," by defiantly accepting them. "We Germanic men of the primeval forest, *Urmenschen,* Barbarians," they reply, "have, with the frightfulness of Huns, imposed our prepotence over the weakling and decadent civilizations of Rome and the Latinized West."

Despite the flights of German metaphysics, the meticulousness of German science, the emotionalism of German music, the drill-sergeant efficiency of Prussian organization, criticism discerns in the ponderous crudeness of German culture its recurrent cult of force, the dictatorial dogmatism and pedantry of its thought, its humorless megalomania, its unbalanced emotionalism and lack of fineness, the rough-hewn mentality of Gothic barbarism. That underlying crudeness is today made concretely manifest in the spectacle of a whole people infected with the dementia of Hitlerism.

History offers no parallel, on a similar scale, to the phenomenon. There have been reigns of tyrannic terror in plenty, there have been outbreaks of dancing madness in mediæval Westphalia and Hanover; but never have the raw collective lunacy and the collective crime of a whole nation burst so crudely through the vestures of civilization. When every allowance has been made for the effects of terrorism and the fraudulence of the Nazi "plebiscite," to which probably nine millions of voters refused to accede, there is little doubt that more than half the people of Germany are genuinely certifiable Nazis. Although the spread of Hitlerism has been backed by powerful interests, militarist, junker, and financial, the outbreak which these have used as their tool is essentially a movement of youth, ignorant and bewildered, who have not seen the face of war, and who are confronted with the blank of a future that holds out no prospects and no ideals. Questioned as to what he and his fellows would do in the event of foreign intervention, a young Nazi replied with wild melodramatic gestures: "Let them but dare to come," indicating a readiness to face tanks and howitzers with knives and fists if need be. The woeful comic figure of Adolf Hitler supplants in the excited imagination of a whole people every haloed messianic image. Bishop Mueller, the Metropolitan of the "German Christian Church," declares his intention to "found the Church in Germany upon the authority of Hitler." The Thuringian Christians issue a proclamation declaring that "Divine revelation has not come to an end in ancient times. God is living amongst us today, and our *Führer,* Adolf Hitler, is His mouthpiece and instrument at the present time." German *Backfisch* passionately proclaim that they would die happy were they once vouchsafed the supreme blessing of kissing the hand of the ineffable *Führer.* No revivalist camp meet-

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ing, no mediæval or Mahdist outbreak of fanaticism, has displayed the spectacle of gregarious mental aberration on the scale presented by Nazi Germany. Never have its manifestations been more sanguinary. The physiological and mental derangement of an entire people finds an outlet in sadistic delirium. Procopius, the historian of the Goths, says that he refuses to soil his pages with the particulars of their brutality and barbarism. It is not possible to recite the record of Nazi Germany without a similar sense of shame.

To set down German barbarism to race would be to endorse the ignorant ethnological theories of Hitlerism, which fly in the face of science and common sense. Barbarism and civilization are cultural, not racial, phenomena. The Rhine and the Danube, which marked of old the boundaries of the cultural influence of Rome, still remain the frontiers of that traditional civilization whence what is termed the European world draws its heritage of qualities and faults, of good and evil. The native rudeness of the Germanic tribes was confirmed by their victory over civilization, and the arrogance of the barbaric conquerors "despised culture because it weakens the spirit." The Middle Ages were prolonged in Germany by some two centuries, while the rest of Europe passed through the critical period of growth of the Renaissance. The reign of robber barons and bandit bands lingered on amid strife and anarchy, and precluded the development of a centralized culture. Germany eventually developed under the dominance of Prussian power, the most brutal and backward element among the Teutonic rulers. It only assumed hastily the veneer of eighteenth-century French culture. The German people have never known democratic liberty. In the opinion of many, the democratic régime has outlived its usefulness; but whatever judgment may be passed upon its present expediency, it must be agreed that it has served as an invaluable schooling. Germany has never gone to that political school. It has grown under feudalism and autocracy.

The effects of the Versailles treaty, the rankling of humiliation, the despair produced by economic stress, are insufficient to explain or excuse the present menace of German barbarism without taking into account also the streak of untamed savagery in the political and cultural tradition of the German people. The menace was as great, to say the least, when Germany was the most powerful and prosperous nation on the European continent. Pity for the depth of its downfall aroused sincere sympathy for vanquished Germany. But events have shown that such sympathy needs qualification. In any consideration of the future of Central Europe, allowance has to be made for the lurking taint of barbarism in the traditional German mind.

Germany is today, as it has been for the last fifty years, the chief menace to European peace, but it is not out of its defiance of civilized principles that the menace arises. International conflicts have never been produced by purely moral and ideal causes. Even the crusades and the religious wars had their roots in economic and political interests. If that were not so, if moral motives and the defense of cultural interests as such could unleash the forces of war, Hitlerite Germany would have already provoked its outbreak. Even Nazi madness is not, however, so stupid as to suppose that moral indignation can cause war. It knows that barbarism can indulge in pogroms, organize hooliganism, distribute knuckle-dusters to school children, burn the libraries, put a price on the heads of thinkers, terrorize, gag, and lie, without thereby endangering for a moment international peace. The principle of non-interference in another nation's internal affairs is sacred—so long as vital economic interests are not endangered by the infectious appeal of subversive logic. The rulers of Nazi Germany know that they need take little account of moral indignation. If Hitler and his accomplices can sit tight for a year, those who frown today upon the Brown pestilence will smile and fawn upon the established fact of consolidated power, and will have something to say about the interest of the Hitlerite "experiment," efficiency, and the punctual running of trains, as has happened before in the case of Signor Mussolini. Even ridicule does not kill. All Europe was, ten years ago, splitting its sides over the antics and struttings of the burlesque Italian Cæsar-Pulcinello. Today the same people speak with awe of the great man, transformed from a mountebank into a miracle of genius by the mere sustained pertinacity of unabashed effrontery. Hitler can rest assured that the Aryan grandmother and the obligatory German bride with forget-me-not eyes and flaxen braids will live down whatever amusement they may be causing, and that Nazi massacres, Reichstag-fire trials, concentration camps, and Jew baitings will fade from the short memory of the European conscience as have Fascist assassinations, proscriptions, and castor oil.

The unpleasant fact should not be blinked at that no European country can, in truth, assume with a quiet conscience an attitude of pure righteousness towards Nazi Germany. The excesses of Hitlerism exhibit in an exaggerated form phenomena which are everywhere present in contemporary Europe, in the same manner as the aberrations of a lunatic merely accentuate tendencies present in the partial sanity of the individual who passes as normal. The outbreak of German barbarism, the collapse of the pretenses of civilized restraint, the breakdown of culture and decency, are but magnified manifestations of diseased conditions the germs of which are incubating in every European country today. Therein lie the peculiar lesson and

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the essential danger of the Mid-European madness.

Therein also lies the strength upon which Nazi leaders chiefly count. That strength is reflected in the perplexed attitude of other governments toward Nazi Germany. Even those countries, such as Austria and Switzerland, which are most directly endangered, and which are openly on the defensive against the menace, exhibit a strange consideration with reference to Hitlerism. Literature attacking or criticising it is practically suppressed by Swiss and Austrian police censorship. The full German edition of the *Brown Book* of documents on the Reichstag fire and Nazi terrorism—which the *Volkische Beobachter* recently informed the German public is written by Professor Einstein(!)—is unprocurable on the open market in Vienna, and although printed in Switzerland, its circulation and even its transit by post are interfered with by the Swiss authorities. The same caution applies to anti-Hitlerite literature generally, and prudent restraint is expected of any commentator on the Nazi régime in the press. On the other hand, the whole range of Nazi literature, including Hitler's *Mein Kampf,* is conspicuously displayed on every bookstall, and special bookshops in the main streets of Vienna are exclusively devoted to its sale. A German scientific society, affiliated with the University of Frankfurt, which was suppressed by the Nazis, and has taken refuge in Switzerland, although not directly prohibited by the Swiss Federal government, has been subjected to such restrictions and vexations that it is being compelled to transfer its quarters. All this despite the fact that both Austria and Switzerland are ostensibly engaged in combating Nazi propaganda and are fortifying their defenses against the danger of German aggression.

In France, the country which regards itself as most vitally concerned with the menace of German nationalistic revival, the same seemingly strange inconsistency is only slightly less conspicuous. As early as the time of Hitler's accession to power, when the announcements of German election results were being flashed on the boulevards, the police silenced any expressions of hostility. Anti-Hitlerite meetings, lectures on the Leipsig trial, are regarded by the French police in the light of seditious gatherings. German refugees selling anti-Nazi publications are roughly hustled off the sidewalks.

Those scruples are not due to any customary conventions of international courtesy. No such delicacy is shown in the case of the violent attacks on the Soviet Union published daily in the Paris *Renaissance,* the organ of the Russian white guards, which under General Miller and his staff is permitted to agitate and to drill, in flagrant breach of the terms of the Franco-Sovietic pact, or in the case of the similar publications and agitations of the Coty press. When questioned concerning their inconsistency, the French, Swiss, and Austrian authorities are explicit enough in their answers. "Anti-Hitlerite propaganda," they reply, "is tantamount in practice to communist propaganda." The refugee German savants, referred to above, who actually are innocuous liberals of the mildest type, are given to understand that they are under the heinous suspicion of communism on account of their known lack of sympathy with the Nazi régime.

That apparently silly reply points, in truth, to the knot of the whole present European situation.

Ever since the war had to be brought to a premature conclusion by the abandonment, to their bitter disappointment, of the cherished plans of Clemenceau and Foch for the military annihilation of Germany, owing to the imminent danger of its sovietization, one supreme consideration has dominated every measure and decision in European politics—the menace of communism. Unspoken, disclaimed, dismissed in silence or with an affectation of casual and scornful negligence, that obsessing consideration has been the ultimate determining factor in every political action and scheme. It dictated the design of the map of Balkanized Europe, the *"cordon sanitaire"* of buffer states, and of the little entente, the expensive nursing of their militarism and fascism. It has been taken into account in every combination and alliance.

Hitler has given loud voice to the muted leitmotiv of European politics by proclaiming himself the coryphæus of anti-sovietic aggression. But for his assumption of that part, the adventurer's enterprise would have been futile. He could not have become the *Führer* of the German people, had he not at the same time declared himself the St. Bernard of the anti-sovietic and anti-communistic crusade. By the assumption of that function he paralyzed both internal opposition and external interference. He has been enabled, thanks to it, to defy Europe with secure confidence in the impunity of his effrontery.

The policy of thus palsying international opposition, which had already been successfully followed by Mussolini, by Japan, and to a less extent by Poland, has from the first been clearly understood in France. Writing on the morrow of the Nazi *coup,* a French writer said: "Hitler's deep and sincere abhorrence of Russian bolshevism and all its emanations offers a bridge by means of which the European nations and German nationalism may become united. If the world is alive to its obligations and to the present opportunity, it can accomplish a useful work. A power is being born in Germany endowed with the indomitable will to liberate the world from the communist nightmare. That is the first, and, I believe, the chief aim of the new Germany. It challenges the weakness of those governments which do not dare to rise ferociously against the Soviet Union." (*Hitler, ou le guerrier déchainé,* by Frédéric

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Hirth.) Rosenberg, the chief of the Department of Foreign Affairs of the Nazi Reich, has many times exposed the thesis. "All the people of Europe are today equally menaced with decadence," he lately wrote. "Paris itself is surrounded by workers' quarters which are entirely communist. Marxism is not, by a long way, crushed in other countries. It would be frivolous to infer from the apparently normal rhythm of daily existence among nations that order is established. Germany and Italy alone have surmounted the crisis and can look into the future with confidence." The title of a recent French book sums up the argument and the dilemma presented by Nazism: *Hitler or Moscow.*

It is that dilemma which Hitlerite Germany is holding like a gun at the head of western Europe. The proposals of its policy are simple, definite, and explicit: compensation for the Reich's territorial war-losses by the partition of Soviet territory to be secured by joint action. The plan, developed in Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf,* and laid before the London Economic Conference, but vetoed at the time as being irrelevant to the business in hand, constitutes the unvarying refrain of Nazi foreign policy, of the "conversations" and "agreements," to which Hitler, bearing the olive branch, invites Europe. According to a Berlin correspondent, Hitler is reported to have said in his first conversation with the French ambassador, M. François-Poncet: "We have proclaimed our aims and our wishes before the whole world. There now only remains to come to a clear understanding by individual conversations." In his book, Hitler writes, "When we speak today of new territory in Europe, we are thinking in the first place of Russia and her subject states." At a conservative gathering in London Doctor Rosenberg said: "In a few months the world will understand more clearly our aims. Not only will no opposition be offered to the rearming of the Reich, but every effort will be made to assist the Reich in rearming in order that it may accomplish its glorious destiny: namely, to rid the world of the hammer and sickle."

French policy has been hanging suspended between the horns of that dilemma. Sympathy with Hitler's point of view could not be more strongly affirmed than it was by the President of the short-lived Sarraut administration: "Communism, that is the real enemy." The attractiveness of the Hitlerian anti-sovietic proposals is abundantly shown by the weight of official and unofficial opinion in support of the "conversations" and "understandings" with Hitlerite Germany. The Spirit of Locarno and Briand's United States of Europe are recalled, imparting a magnanimous and pacific flavor to the contemplated Franco-German understanding. Hitler himself has assumed the part of an apostle of peace, in the same manner as, while carrying out his coup d'état, he stressed his respect for "legality." The *Temps,* the official mouthpiece of the Quai d'Orsay, has published a series of anonymous articles, generally known to be from the ex-premier Daladier, openly advocating the full adoption of the Rosenberg plan, and of a Franco-German anti-sovietic alliance.

In that attitude, French foreign policy is strongly encouraged by England, whose lead France is more and more inclined to follow. In closing the debate on the King's speech, Mr. Baldwin renewed the exhortations, repeatedly urged on France by Sir John Simon, to enter into an understanding with Germany, and he gave utterance to the strongest expression of Anglo-French solidarity which has been voiced by an English statesman since the war. That declaration was immediately followed by an article by Lord Rothermere in *The Daily Mail,* advocating a complete Franco-British Alliance, and the adoption of the Hitler-Rosenberg plan. "The new bond between France and England," he wrote, "would turn Germany's territorial ambitions in the direction where they can do least harm and most good—towards the east of Europe. Germany must have elbow-room. The gigantic reservoir of German nationalist energy is developing pressure that demands an overflow. It is to the thinly populated areas of western Russia that the National Socialist Government looks for an outlet. I can see no danger to western Europe in this tendency. . . . The diversion of Germany's reserves of energy and organizing ability into Bolshevist Russia would help to restore the Russian people to a civilized existence."

But, on the other hand, a more clear-sighted view discerns formidable obstacles in the way of the realization of those ideals. In whatever direction the energies of a rearmed Germany might at first be directed, the diversion could afford only a transient security, and would restore the problem of the German menace to where it was in 1913. The loud professions of Hitler's preliminary campaign of conciliation, which have gone the amusing length of denouncing indignantly any doubts as to his sincerity as due to "the machinations of armament manufacturers," stand in glaring contrast with his declarations in *Mein Kampf,* as well

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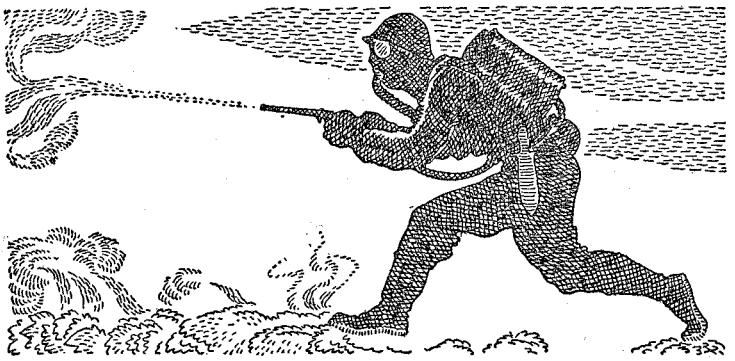

as with Goebbel's instructions to his American agents, published by the *Petit Parisien*. They can deceive only those who have a very strong desire to be deceived. The restoration of German military power would mean the restoration of an intensified policy of *Weltmacht*. Hitler has exposed it at length in his book: "We national-socialists"—such is his conclusion—"resume the true path of German development which had been abandoned for six centuries.[1] We discard the pre-war commercial and colonial policies, and we pass on to a policy of territorial conquests. In that policy lies the future of Germany."

A lively nudge has been applied to the hesitant, temporizing French administrations, by the bold move with which Hitler has sought to force their hands by entering into direct negotiations with Poland. The importance of that event has been discreetly minimized. Poland, going behind the back of its patron, and without even notifying or consulting France, received Hitler's overtures with excessive enthusiasm. The Pilsudski autocracy fell into the arms of the Nazi autocracy as into those of a long lost brother. The Polish press raised a chorus of praise and rejoicing, showing very scant consideration in its references to France, over "the Polish-German agreement, which," says the official *Gazeta Polska,* "is but the beginning of a long period of consultation and co-operation" And it has, in fact, been immediately followed by a conference between Von Moltke, the German ambassador to Poland, and Marshal Pilsudski. "Hitler is the first statesman who has used the right language," comments the semi-official *Kurjer Poranny*.[2]

The tenor of that language has been made amply clear. "France," said Doctor Rosenberg in an interview to the English *Star,* "is apt at any moment to leave Poland in the lurch. Poland will then be glad to restore the Dantzig corridor to us. She will receive compensations in the Ukraine. The Ukraine must become an independent state with zones of influence reserved to Germany and Poland. By accomplishing this we shall paralyse the Soviet Union, and mass against it all the hatreds and all the forces of the Great Powers." The policy has long since been the object of active preparation. With its rich deposits of iron ore and manganese, its coal mines, its oil wells, its agricultural land capable of serving as the granary of Europe, the Ukraine is the richest portion of the Soviet Union. "Western industrial enterprise," writes a French journalist pleading for the Hitlerite plan, "dreams of the iron mines, the new Sovietic factories which, in our hands, would reach an unexampled degree of prosperity; they dream of that Ukraine of Skoropadski which would become an inexhaustible granary. . . . But they do not stop at dreams. They study the practical means of translating them into a solid reality and their plans of campaign are complete." A widespread organization of German agents in touch with Berlin has been rounded up by the Soviet authorities in Ukraine. Sabotage, the spread of "nationalistic" propaganda, the manufacture of false reports, which have taken in even such well-informed journalists as Mr. Louis Fisher, have been organized under Nazi direction and Sir Henri Deterling's financing. The German White Russian society, ROND (Russian Movement for National Liberation), at first conducted by the German actor Pelchau, was dissolved by the Nazi in order to be reconstituted under the leadership of Pavlo Skoropadski, "Hetman of all Ukraine," the friend of Goering and Deterling, whose luxurious villa at Grünwald is the headquarters of Nazi-Ukranian conspiracy. The exchange of Dantzig and Gdynia for Odessa as Poland's outlet to the sea offers a far more attractive prospect than the French suggestion of compensation in Lithuania and at Memel.

Other, and even more direct, means of forcing the hand of Western Europe, lie at Hitler's disposal. Only the strongest preventive measures, which would precipitate a conflict the consequences of which cannot be foreseen, and which no one is desirous of risking, could prevent the eventual realization of Nazi Germany's Pan-Germanic plans.

The fuse of the European powder magazine leads, as in 1914, to Austria. The fulfilment of the Nazi aim of Austro-German *Anschluss,* seemingly an indispensable condition for the consolidation of a restored Germany's aggressive power and prestige in self-assertion, appears inevitable, either through penetration or through internal Nazification by which Austria would be equally *gleichgeschaltet* with German policy. The same factors which assured the triumph of Nazism in Germany are pres-

[1] The allusion is to the sanguinary raids on Russian populations by the Teutonic Knights, the most brutal bandits in recorded history.

[2] So acute an observer as Mr. G. D. H. Cole has proved completely mistaken in supposing that the Nazi government, in order to bring a recalcitrant Poland into conformity with the Reich's plans, would find it necessary to "attack" her. That error of so able and well-informed a judge should be a warning against making light of the Hitlerite government's chances of achieving the *Gleichschaltung* of other governments, not excluding the French, with its plans by pacific persuasion.

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ent in Austria: the recklessness of an ignorant post-war generation with no discernible future, and the inherent weakness of the resistance which can be offered to its impetuosity by facing-both-ways administrations condemned by their inconsistent position to hesitancy and compromise. From thirty to fifty per cent of the Austrian population is probably Nazi in sympathy. The backward country population and that of the small towns are overwhelmingly so. It is only in Vienna that resistance to the infection is offered by the old imperial city's shrinking from the prospect of Prussian tyranny. Vienna, the pompous capital of an empire which regarded itself as the successor of Rome, lies stranded high and dry without an empire or so much as the equivalent of a kitchen-garden to feed its two millions, which amount to about a third of the shrunken country's population. Doomed to absorption, with no means of recovery, the last wreckage of its wealth rapidly dwindling through the continuous flight of capital, its position is far more tragic than much-pitied Germany's ever was. The old insouciance of the Hapsburg pleasure city pathetically persists, and the contrast of its attitude with Germany's is well summed up in the current Viennese saying: *"In Deutschland ist die Stelle ernst, aber nicht hoffnungslos; in Oesterreich ist sie hoffnungslos, aber nicht ernst"*—the situation in Germany is serious but not hopeless, in Austria it is hopeless but not serious. Shortly after the great Nazi jamboree was held in Nüremberg, with its orgy of goose-stepping cohorts, flag-waving, Heil salutes, and tub-thumping oratory, I saw a national festival demonstration in the Viennese Hofburg, likewise designed to stimulate patriotic sentiment. The large good-humored crowd drank beer and gaped wistfully at side-shows picturing old Viennese life, at a pathetic parade of Heimwehr half-uniformed in cheesecloth tunics over a miscellaneous assortment of civilian pants, and other symbols of national pride. It listened politely to the drone of ministerial speeches and to the singing of the old national anthem. But it was not aroused from its smiling apathy till six ballet girls appeared and danced to the strains of the Blue Danube, when for the first time it burst into wild enthusiasm.

Other things remaining equal, it appears to be only a question of a little time till the resistance of the clerical government of Chancellor Dollfuss, supported by the Vatican, which is loth to see its ancient Austrian stronghold of piety fall under the questionable influence of the votaries of Wotan, will yield under the inevitable pressure, unequal to the task of stemming the Nazi tide while at the same time holding down the intelligent socialist party led by Doctor Bauer. The englutition of Austria by German Nazism and the loss of the last traces of its independence are only held in abeyance by the double dealing of Mussolini, who is unwilling to see the extension of German aggressiveness to his northern frontier.

As soon as such a tangible extension of Nazi power takes place, it will be increasingly difficult for France to preserve an attitude of non-committal hesitancy and to wink at the dissolution of the Versailles treaty. A Fascist block stretching across Europe will separate her from her Eastern allies, whose allegiance is already notably weakened. The foreign policy of France during the succession of transient administrations absorbed in the formidable task of wresting sous from frantically recalcitrant *petits bourgeoisie,* has shown of late a singular negligence and incapacity in regard to her own interests. In the negotiation of the Four-Power Pact and the disarmament conference, France has flouted the objections of her allies at Warsaw and Prague, and, anxious above all to cultivate the goodwill of England, has neglected her eastern allies to such an extent that her influence has suffered a serious diminution. Poland is already virtually lost to that influence. The active consultations between King Alexander of Yugoslavia and the other Balkan Fascist king-dictators appear to indicate a tendency on their part to look after their own interests without placing too much reliance on French tutelage. Czechoslovakia, which has up to now enjoyed the tempering influence of the venerable old liberal, Masaryk, cannot count on that advantage much longer, and the Fascist forces hitherto held in check are growing there into prominence.

Mussolini, for all his pretensions as universal European adviser, may be trusted to follow the traditional Italian policy of seeing which way the cat jumps before committing himself, and to adapt his views on Italian expansion to the development of the situation. The renegade socialist and renegade anti-clerical, who is always ready to adjust principles to policy, and is equally prepared to make common cause with the Vatican or with Moscow, as may suit his immediate purpose, is solely concerned with nationalistic and personal interests; whereas Hitler is no less fanatical in his anti-socialism than in his nationalism. Not Mussolini, but Hitler, is the candidate for European dictatorship.

World peace is admittedly in a delicate state of unstable equilibrium, which relatively trifling incidents may at any time upset. The situation lacks some of the gross factors of danger which were present in 1914. German barbarism then menaced civilization, clad in the "shining armor" of overwhelming military strength. Today it defies it relatively disarmed, while its traditional antagonist across the Rhine stands armed to the teeth. But Germanic barbarism holds the trumps of a policy which may prove even more effective than did the mailed fist of imperial Germany. It is commonly remarked that Mussolini is a cleverer scoundrel than Hitler. While the former has subtly contrived to

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conciliate foreign opinion and to aggrandize his influence in European politics, the German adventurer appears to have been deliberately creating a vacuum of hostility about him by the blundering brutality of his defiance. But Machiavellian politics, which first developed into a fine art in Italy, and of whose traditions Mussolini is an accomplished exponent, has frequently in the past defeated its own ends by the circuitousness of its cat-like evolutions round the saucer of milk. It was Bismarck who remarked that frankness is the most baffling diplomacy. In the present age of intensified public propaganda, the efficiency of diplomatic Machiavellism is greatly lessened, that of bold bluff and persistent suggestion enormously increased. Crude directness of purpose, however extravagant its aims, may well count for more in the end than the tortuosities of concealed policies. It is by no means unlikely that the blatancy of a Hitler may ultimately prove of more import than the devious stratagems of a Mussolini. Certainly no one is likely to underrate the capacity of the Nazi rulers of Germany for mendacity. The touching praises of Hitler's "sincerity" in the French journalistic interview which prepared the way for the secret Franco-German "conversations" called forth amused smiles. But in an essential political sense, the outspoken consistence of Hitler's foreign policy presents a quality of brutal frankness which stands in contrast with the cautious indefiniteness and unctuous ritual formulas of non-committal European diplomacy. Hitler has given voice to that which, while constantly present as an undercurrent of determining motive in every consideration, whether of internal or external policy, was by common consent left unspoken or concealed in the obscurity of diplomatic ritualism, and was as tabu in political language as are the facts of life in the emotional erotics of a romantic novel. It is that frankness, that "realism" in the Japanese sense, which gives Hitler's policy and his whole position an incalculable advantage.

It is highly doubtful whether the declared objectives of Nazi foreign policy, the adjustment, namely, of European differences at the expense of the Soviet Union, through combined action against it, will readily be put into actual practice by the western powers without the occurrence of some determining occasion. That conflict is an event which is inevitable sooner or later; but it is unlikely that without the accession of new developments, France and England would be at present prepared to espouse openly and in cold blood the undertaking. They are above all reluctant to disturb the perilous equilibrium of the status quo, and to enter into any enterprise the ultimate outcome of which cannot be foreseen. The material strength and preparedness of the Soviet Union are not underestimated. The peculiar geographical advantages of Russia in resistance against foreign aggression are too well known to be easily forgotten. It is a no less historically established fact that armies inspired by enthusiastic devotion to an ideal cause are apt to prove superior in fighting power to troops goaded on by their officers. Doubt further exists as to what might be the dangerous effects of such a conflict on the more disaffected sections of western populations.

Those restraining considerations might, however, be overruled by the force of circumstances if Germany and Poland, with perhaps some members of the Little Entente and the Baltic states, should recklessly and impetuously take the matter in their own hands without the official sanction of the Great Powers. The Nazi rulers, it must be remembered, are playing against time, whereas the whole policy of other powers and of Fascist Italy is in the direction of temporizing.

But there is another contingency which, even more surely, may overrule obvious counsels of prudence, should Hitler succeed in obtaining from the western powers the adoption, in principle, of his proposals. An attack on the Soviet Union by Japan would have an overwhelming effect as an inducement to carry out the policy, and the force of prudential considerations would be greatly lessened in the case of a combined attack on a double front. It need scarcely be pointed out how close is the possibility of such an event and of the maturation of the Haraki plan on the part of Japan, heavily backed and subsidized by England and France. French armament factories are at present working as feverishly on behalf of Japan as formerly in the task of arming Poland and the Little Entente. Upon the contingency of a Soviet-Japanese conflict on the Amur rests ultimately the chance of Hitler's ability to carry out his policy, and his position would be strengthened thereby more than by any other circumstance. That he is fully alive to these circumstances is amusingly illustrated in the draft for the new penal laws intended to secure the preservation of the purity of the Germanic race, which has been drawn up on behalf of the Nazi government by Doctor Hans Kerre, the Prussian Minister of Justice. In this entertaining document the various sexual offenses against "racism," by intercourse of German women or men with members of alien races, more particularly Jews and Negroes, but foreigners generally, are enumerated in great detail. An interesting exception is however mentioned to the severe enforcement of the principle of the preservation of racial purity. "For the purposes of this law," the document provides, "Japanese are not to be accounted members of a colored race, but are to be regarded as equivalent to Aryans." Even Aryan ethnology must yield to politics!

On the Pacific lies the determining factor in the intricate tangle of the precarious European situation. It is an invariable law that the configuration of any large-

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scale international conflict is determined, not by any of the minor interests which may be put forward as causes of war, but by the predominant and most general political, social, and economic interests in which the ultimate motives of the participants are most deeply involved, and which, as often as not, are not even avowedly formulated. Whatever the course which the many elements of the present instability of European peace may take in their development, it can be confidently predicted that the final alignment in any universal conflict, however originated, will be in accordance with the dominant concern of post-war social and political preoccupations. The great strength of Hitler lies in the fact that his consistent policy is in complete accord with that preoccupation.

In that situation, America again holds the balance of power. The firmness of America's attitude toward Japan constitutes the most important element and guarantee in the maintenance of world peace. The establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union has counted for more in the direction of the maintenance of peace than all the conferences of Geneva and all European pacts. It has greatly checked the immediate danger of a Japanese adventure.

The Soviet Union is the most reliable, consistent, and tenacious pacifist power in the world today. Its stable and consolidated power can no longer be ignored, in any respect, in world affairs. There is no denying that the development of a powerful socialist state constitutes, by its very existence and example, a permanent menace to anti-socialist states. But the wisdom of the pacifist principles which have consistently guided the foreign policy of the Soviet executives, and which have been so much criticised by communists, especially of the Trotskyite school, has been amply justified. The internal issues between socialist and anti-socialist forces in any country cannot be adequately and effectively settled by mere external interference. Such issues must mature through the operation of internal social processes and factors, for which no external interference can ever be an adequate substitute. All questions of social principle apart, it would be as great a folly for the Soviet Union to attempt to impose social revolution as for other states to attempt to impose a Tzarist restoration or a capitalistic democracy on the Soviet Union. Social issues will inevitably be determined everywhere by intrinsic conditions. The developed power of the Soviet Union will make its weight felt when the reckless madness of militarism, inevitably contingent on competitive strife governed by motives of profit, will have proved its incapacity to bring about anything but its own ruin, as well as death and devastation to mankind.

In checking by its very attitude the suicidal ambitions of the Eastern barbarians, the United States of America will at the same time exert the most powerful of possible influences upon the barbarians of Middle Europe who are endangering the peace of the world. Doubtless that precarious peace is too unstable for any action to save it. But the more the factors of disturbance are restricted, the more localized and the more self-paralyzed will be the conflict. America's traditional policy of non-interference in what appear from a distance the petty squabbles of the European cockpit is probably a wise one at the present juncture. But in a world shrunken in size by the interlocking of all interests, there exists no longer any geographical isolation. There is no isolated Europe, from which any political interests can fancy themselves detached by distance. The eastern Pacific coast is as much a part of the configuration in which civilization is menaced by the barbarism of military aggression as is Central Europe. It is the fortunate position of America to be able to exercise a weighty and determining influence on the threatening consequences of the madness of Middle Europe without at the same time undertaking any questionable interference in the troubled tangle of European intrigue.

THE TRAMP

By David McCord

Her papers read 'The Duchess' out of Sydney,
And I have seen her like along the quays:
Old tonnage of a similar salt kidney,
Differing only as a tree from trees.
But this was one green sunny day she drove
Into the gulf in red paint and black patches,
With the lake iron from an inland cove,
And a strong sea washing down her hatches.
An oiler and the cook leaned over the after
Rail, and they and a stiff beard at the wheel
Kept to themselves a bit of ribald laughter
And the fine business of an even keel.
When she went down that night, they said a rocket
Shone like an eyeball reddening in its socket.

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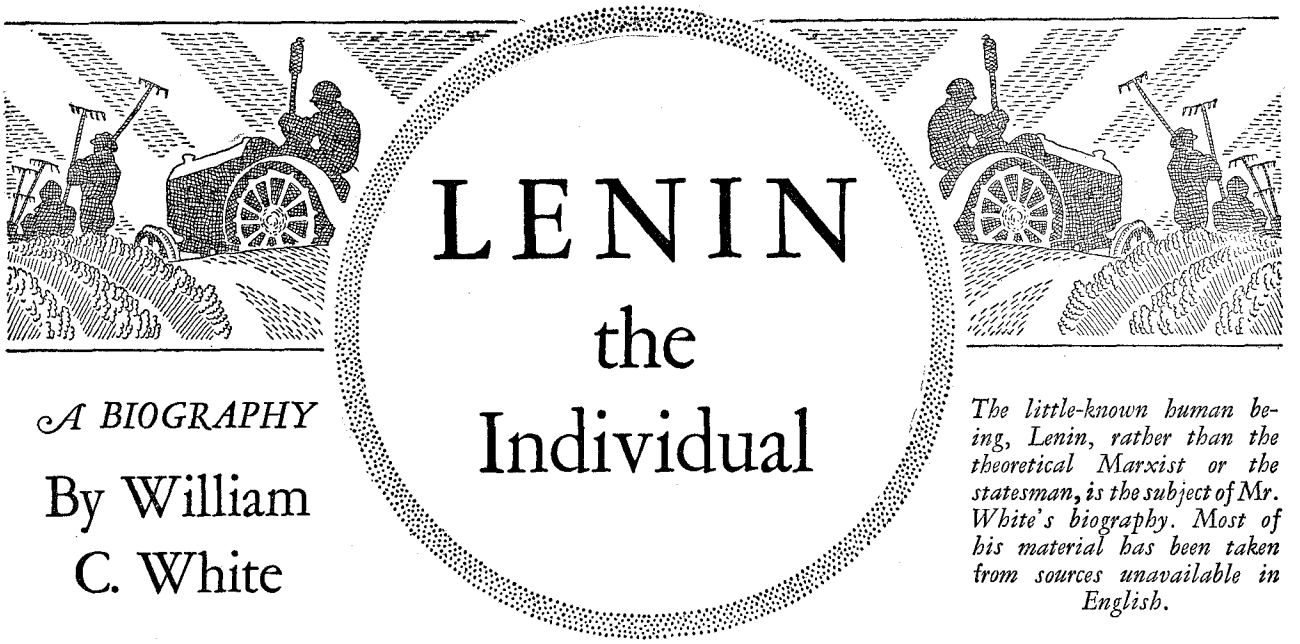

LENIN the Individual

A BIOGRAPHY

By William C. White

The little-known human being, Lenin, rather than the theoretical Marxist or the statesman, is the subject of Mr. White's biography. Most of his material has been taken from sources unavailable in English.

Philosopher Hegel was right: life progresses in contradictions, and living contradictions are much richer, more varied and profound, than the human mind can at first grasp.

LENIN (from a letter to Gorki).

On a misty night in April, 1917, cheering crowds waited at the railroad station in Petrograd for the arrival of Vladimir Ulyanov, whose *nom du révolution* was Lenin. *Pravda,* the Social Democrat newspaper, had announced his coming. Officious reception committees strutted around the platform. There were honor guards of soldiers and bands, weary of having played the *Marseillaise* over and over again each day for the past two months. Receptions for returning revolutionaries were common in these days. Men long lonely were treading frozen roads in Siberia toward the nearest railroad station, while others, pacing the pavements in Paris, London, and New York, oblivious of passers-by, thought only of Russia and a way back. Their exile was over. The Tsar was overthrown. The heroes, not of action but of patience, could return.

Lenin was returning from ten years' exile in western Europe. Outside of the circle of professional radicals he was unknown. To many members of his own party he was only a name. The great masses of the Russian people had never heard of him.

His arrival on this April night was to be the most important event in the revolution. Had this little-known man not come there would be no Soviet Union today.

Most of the returning exiles and émigrés were more myths than men to the crowds who gathered to cheer their return. Everywhere was the hysteria of the Incredible. From the distance the wind brought the music of marching bands and the shouts of paraders. The city was forever parading in these days of political Mardi Gras. The Tsar had been overthrown; anything, everything seemed possible. There was a temporary government with a half-dozen programs; a bit of confusion was, of course, natural. A group of ambitious factory workers, soldiers, and professional radicals had combined into a Soviet, a "council," divided into a dozen different cliques. Its rôle seemed as vague as its name.

Russia was going somewhere; an orator on every street corner was saying so and another was waiting until he had finished so that he might repeat it. The war, of course, would be fought to a victorious end. Business, having passed through the uncertainty of threatening revolution, was again booming. Chaliapin was singing at the State Opera in better voice than ever. Grain was scarce in the villages but the villages were not the city.

The crowd at the station saw the long-awaited train come through the mists on this April night. Lenin and thirty other people stepped down from the cars. Men separated for more than a decade embraced once more. The unattractive woman, as shapeless as a bag of rye flour, who walked beside Lenin, his wife, was given an armful of red roses. A half-dozen welcoming speeches were begun simultaneously.

Lenin and his group were led to waiting automobiles. He climbed to the roof of the first one, an armored car. The crowd saw a little man, well proportioned, wrapped in a black overcoat with an astrakhan collar. His hands were small and delicate and passed surely from one gesture to another. His face was long, and a short red beard, which would have been comic on a round face, seemed a patrician touch. His brow sloped into the baldness of his long head. The fire in his eyes offset their smallness.

The crowd cheered. It was twelve years since Lenin had heard the roar of a Russian crowd and the crackle

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of colloquial Russian speech. He started to speak. The crowd expected platitudes. It mattered little what an orator said in these days. Listeners would cheer from joy of being able to listen to what they chose without having to glance back lest Cossacks be riding round the corner.

On this night they heard no platitudes. "What has happened in Russia is not all that the Proletariat need," he said. "The temporary government is only a bourgeois government, serving as clerks for the capitalists of France and England. We need the victory of the working class! Russian workers, what have you done with the power seized from the Tsar? You have given it to the landlords and capitalists. Long live the International Socialist Revolution!"

What Lenin said, in these simplest of sentences, fell like a knout on most of his own party members who had been hysterically joyful a moment before. These remarks were blatantly out of tune. "The victory of the working class—!" Was not the overthrow of the Tsar enough, far more than had been hoped for? Would Lenin never learn that there is a great gulf between theory and reality?

"He is, as usual, a demagog," one of the Socialist papers reported on the following day. "He has been so long away from Russia that he has forgotten the realities of the Russian people."

II

In 1893 Vladimir Ulyanov came to St. Petersburg to practise law in the office of one Volkenstein. Russia, more than any other land, is a "one city nation." So the young men and women of the provincial cities had only one goal, The Capital.

No young lawyer ever brought with him a more curious equipment. He was twenty-three years of age. He was self-taught and had passed the bar examinations two years before. "He read German, French, and English well," a friend said. "He knew *Capital* and other Marxist literature. He was politically mature." He brought a dubious recommendation for successful practice in Tsarist courts—a small reputation for revolutionary activity in the provincial city of Samara.

He showed little interest in finding clients. He was far more eager to make the acquaintance of various groups of young intellectuals who were conducting night schools for illiterate factory workers. Vladimir Ulyanov (he took the cliché Lenin in these first years in St. Petersburg) had never been inside a factory; he had probably never spoken with a factory worker.

Yet to the young revolutionaries in the capital he said, "The Russian revolution will be successful as a working-class movement or not at all." His listeners knew this was far from the fact: the smallest class in Russia was the factory working class; all previous revolutionary movements had aimed at arousing the peasantry. But he spoke with a seriousness, a determination, and a certainty that none of his new friends had ever known among themselves and he was not laughed at. He argued Marx with a knowledge that none of them possessed. They spoke of revolution "if—". He spoke of revolution "when—". For many in these intellectual circles talk of revolution was an avocation; for this young red-headed provincial lawyer it was, clearly, a profession. And he was not all theory; no one was quicker or more agile in finding ways to outwit the St. Petersburg police.

A meticulous biographer will set forth everything in Lenin's background that might help to explain the maturity of purpose and of ambition which so impressed every one who met him in these first months in St. Petersburg.

Among Anglo-Saxon peoples the revolutionary is a rare and scarcely understood character. Knowing Lenin's background, Anglo-Saxon people are inclined to ask, "What made him revolutionary?" It would be better to ask, considering the spirit of the time in Russia, "How could he have avoided it?" The atmosphere of the years after 1870 was such that for the intellectual whose roots were not grounded deeply in inherited property or tradition, there were only two choices—to accept things as they were and to sink into the blackest pessimism, or to hope and to work for change. If the latter, what change was desirable?

There was something uniquely Russian—the verb could be put into the present tense about the Moscow Communists today—in the Russian revolutionary spirit. It was seldom founded on personal ambition or inspired by personal hurt. Every nation has its examples of selflessness in works of charity and mercy but selflessness in politics is rare; the Russian revolutionaries had it. Their revolutionary spirit was not the result of ill-adjustment to environment. It was not built on emotion but on the coldest logic. It was not an attitude assumed in order "to be different."

These people grew up in a land where individual life is of little value, where millions swarm across the broad plains and a thousand or a hundred thousand are never missed. Setting up as their ideal the betterment of human life, they were willing to wipe out ruthlessly any human life that might be necessary to attain their ends. They considered any other valuation of humanity a sign of immaturity and sentimentality. But they were consistent; they were even willing to wipe out themselves.

The western Europeans and particularly the Anglo-Saxons always assume that any great selfless devotion to an idealistic cause implies a touch of insanity, which they describe by the word "fanatic." To dismiss Lenin

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with that adjective is to reveal that smugness which comes from contented ignorance.

Lenin became a revolutionary because of forces within him. The world around him determined the type of revolutionary which he was to be.

He was born April, 1870, in the town of Simbirsk, on the middle Volga. There was no railroad nearer than a hundred miles. The classes in the town, merchants (of whom few were Jewish), various officials, and a few landowners, were as separate as the floors of a building and a hundred years of tradition had solidified that division. There were peasant craftsmen but no factories. The town dozed under the sterile spirit of government service in which each man knows that merely by keeping alive and "respectable" his promotions, his salary, and a place for his son will come in due season. The arrival of a new dress, a travelling "important bird" from some government chancellery, a bit of gossip from "Peter" were the subjects of conversation. There were thirty churches in the town, crowded on the 150 feast days each year. Their altars and their ikons were hung with cloths embroidered by the local housewives. The noblemen of the district were mostly of low rank. Their chief occupation was fretting about their mortgaged lands. The peasant background to the town was as colorful and unreal as an opera chorus. Occasionally there was a rick-burning on some estate, but such fractures of the peace were rare.

The Ulyanov family had recently come from Astrakhan, one of the Russian cities where East and West do meet and mingle on the streets. If family pictures can be trusted, there was an oriental strain somewhere back in the family. The father had known the sensitive poverty of the moneyless intellectual; he had been educated while his elder brother worked. He had entered the school service and advanced to district school inspector, a promotion that brought the award of the St. Vladimir cross and the title of nobleman, without the estate, that could be inherited by his two sons. It meant little to him. More important was the achievement of opening more than 400 new schools, many of them against the wishes of the local nobility who felt that education for the peasant was a greater luxury than soap.

There were five children and a small income. It was a Spartan household. Yet, by the standards of the town, the Ulyanovs were well fixed. They kept much to themselves; the father read aloud to the family, encouraged discussions, and was pleased that the children were all serious-minded. Young Vladimir, taught to read at five, first went to school when he was ten. The principal, the father of Kerensky, said of the boy, "He was especially talented, continually diligent and accurate. But he had a certain awkwardness with his acquaintances, both in school and out, a general sort of unsocialness." The boy showed tremendous will power and a great gift of concentration.

He preferred the company of his elder brother Alexander to any of his school friends. Their days together were interrupted in 1883 when Alexander went to the university in St. Petersburg to study natural science. He studied hard. "More than sixteen hours a day I cannot work," he wrote home. In the summers when he returned, he and Vladimir must have talked of life there, of secret political clubs, the chief extra-curricular activity, and of student heroes, the revolutionaries, many of whom were now in exile. Vladimir was reading everything he could get. Alexander may have spoken to him of Marx, "the appearance of whose first volume made an impression on the youth comparable only to that of the first appearance of Darwin." During one summer Alexander was trying to write an essay on Marx. Whatever effect Alexander may have had on the younger brother, it was he who first took Vladimir's imagination beyond the confines of the orchard valleys and the river banks of the little town. At fifteen Vladimir threw away his orthodox cross and stopped going to church. His father and mother did not comment.

Vladimir's father died in 1886 and his mother received a state pension. In addition she had some pieces of property inherited from a relative. At the beginning of 1887 the boy was looking forward to graduating from the local school and entering a university. It was expected that the gold medal for the best work done in the school would be his. Schoolmaster Kerensky was very proud of him.

On a February day in 1887 a girl handed Vladimir a letter. He read it and blanched. "This may be very bad for my brother," he said. "I've got to go home and prepare mother for it." His brother and four others had been arrested in an attempt to bomb the Tsar and had been sentenced to death.

That evening an old man who came nightly for a chess game with the boy stayed away. Neighbors cut the members of his family on the streets. The priests, once glad to come for tea, did not call. This quiet family circle had spawned a would-be regicide. The boy's mother prepared to start for the capital. No one in the town would accompany her on the hundred-mile horseback ride to the railroad. She went alone. In her absence one or two neighbors did come to look after the younger children, but only at night and behind closed shades. They came, too, to Lenin in 1918 to ask for help; they got it.

The mother reached St. Petersburg. She was told that if her son would ask for mercy it would probably be granted.

He refused. "I can't—that would be insincere."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked him.

"Send me Heine's poems!"

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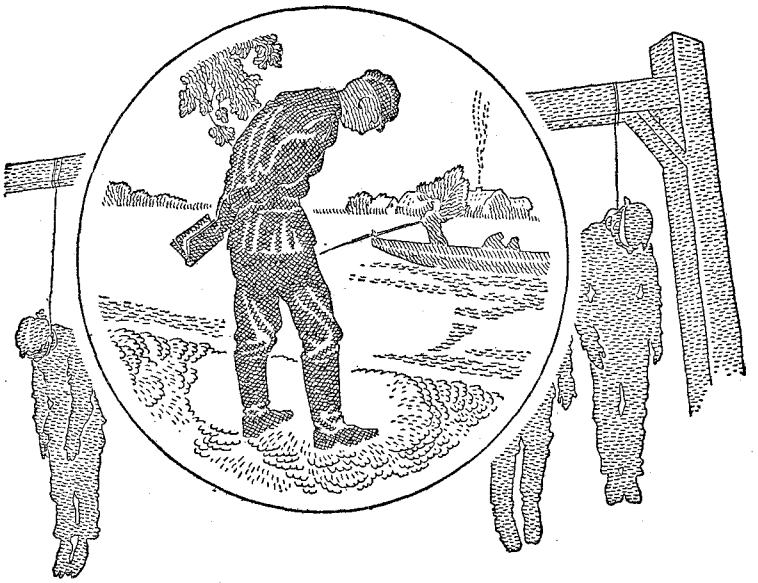

She went to the prison on a rainy night in April. Again she asked him in a calm voice, neither pleading nor entreating, whether he would not ask pardon. He refused, for the last time. She understood and she walked away, without a tear. He was hanged at dawn.

Vladimir finished his last months at school shunned by his companions. He turned in a final essay with a sentence, "In order to be useful to society a man must be honest, trained to real labor and, that his labor may bring as great results as possible, a man needs reason and knowledge of his business." There was some doubt about the propriety of giving him the gold medal, but he received it. In the autumn the family moved to Kazan, hoping that, in a larger city, perhaps, their unwitting crime might be overlooked. It was not. They were immediately put under police observation.

The effect of Alexander's execution on Vladimir is easy to overemphasize. Because of it he passed immediately to maturity, without ever knowing adolescence. It gave him a softness toward his mother which he showed to no other person. She had collapsed and, from this time on, he and his elder sister had to "mother" her. He seldom spoke again of his brother. But it was not this experience that made Vladimir a revolutionary as people who seek an emotional background to Lenin's character often say. For, as he told his wife once, "One summer when Alexander came home he was absorbed in writing a paper on earthworms. He studied them day and night. I thought then, 'Any one who gets as absorbed as that in earthworms will make a poor revolutionary.'"

In the autumn of 1887 he entered Kazan University. Three months later student spies reported that he had joined a secret political group and he was expelled, with the whole group, from the university. He was four years younger than any other member. Permission to study in St. Petersburg or to go abroad was refused. He moved to a little village near Kazan, his university days over forever, there to live quietly with his family and to educate himself.

He had known, at seventeen, more of the heavy hand of government than most men know in a lifetime.

III

For three years he, his mother, and his three sisters lived to themselves. There was enough money to live simply and to buy books. There were ice-crusted meadows for skiing in winter and woods where mushrooms might be gathered in summer. The family made no friends, for they were conscious of the brand the police had put upon them. They moved to Samara for a time; then, when his mother was nervous lest the police again interfere, they hurried to another village. These were the years of the education of Lenin; his self-imposed schedule was strict but it enabled him to pass his bar examinations, in St. Petersburg, in 1891.

Law books, however, were not his chief interest during these years. These books were kept ostentatiously on the table or in the bookcase. The books and tracts from which his real education came were hidden beneath mattresses, for discovery of possession of them meant exile to Siberia. These were the works of Karl Marx and the tracts of Plekhanov. And these set the problem which all of Lenin's generation were facing.

By the end of the eighties a revolutionary cycle, begun twenty years before, had swung full round. Its leaders and followers had been of the intelligentsia, men and women from families like the Ulyanovs, lacking contacts with the masses. Its chief interest had centred in the peasantry, who were the great majority in Russia. The problem was how to lead them.

These revolutionaries aimed at "Russian socialism," at the nationalization of the land for the peasant. They knew a complete change in the political structure was necessary to break the power of the landlords who eagerly supported the system under which the "emancipated" peasantry were forced to make annual payment for their land. The favorite revolutionary weapon was "the terror," assassinations, planned by a few, carried out by individuals such as Alexander Ulyanov. At no time was there any mass movement, any nation-wide party. After the repression, which followed the successful bombing of Alexander II, in 1881, there was only futility.

Typical of the revolutionaries who fled abroad in the eighties was one George Plekhanov. He knew that factories, attracting workers from the villages to the cities, were just beginning to appear in Russia. In Germany factory workers were becoming politically conscious. He, like others of the Russian intelligentsia, knew of the

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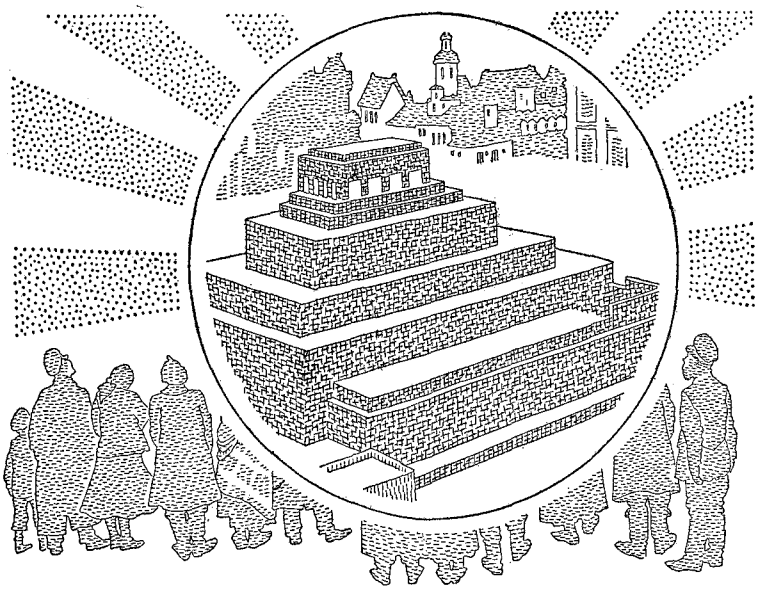
German Social Democratic Party with Marxism as its final goal.

Abroad, the German labor movement interested him. He read Karl Marx. And he began to think of a Russian labor movement which should have political reform, as well as economic reform, as its object. This was new. His friends had insisted that "History, while putting the factory question in first rank in Western Europe, has not done so here, putting in its place the agrarian question." But Plekhanov began to publish tracts with the imprint, "The Russian Social Democratic Party," even though the entire membership of the party was gathered around one table in a Geneva café.



By 1891 some of these pamphlets had fallen into the hands of Vladimir Ulyanov. He knew the futility of earlier revolutionary movements. He knew that even his brother's gesture had been futile. He felt that their faults had lain in their limited objective and their use of individualistic methods. He read Marx's works and he read them literally. In them he found a philosophy, a philosophical method, and a prophecy. And that prophecy had with it working directions for realizing it. "The working class"—yet he had never been in a factory. Everything in his own experience to date was proof of the correctness of Marx, for he had been made class conscious at an early age. Marx gave him a certainty that nothing could shake, an evangelical assurance which saw no discrepancy or weakness in the Marxian doctrine and which charged malice and selfish ignorance to any one attempting to point them out.

He read government statistics; no man was ever happier studying a column of figures. He saw that foreign capital was pouring into Russia and that Russia was industrializing. Factory workers were increasing at the rate of two hundred thousand annually. They were in many cases being concentrated in large factories; Russia, behind the world in the number of factories, soon had the largest units of all. The Putilov steel mill in St. Petersburg was the largest in the world at the close of the nineteenth century. The factory workers came from the villages; they were illiterate. They had heard in their villages of the need for some revolution if peasant life were to be improved, if payments to landlords were to end. In the factories they soon acquired another grievance, against a working day of twelve to fifteen hours, at miserable wages. The problem was to make them realize that landlord and factory owner and Tsar were all parts of one system.

This was the real problem of the revolutionary, as Lenin saw it; this, and the related problems of making the factory workers class-conscious and of attracting them into a political party or behind a political party.

He went to the capital to take his bar examinations in 1891. He would have preferred to remain there but the death of his younger sister the year before made him loath to leave his mother at this time. He spent one more year with his family, in Samara. Here he gathered a few intellectual radicals together. He wrote essays which were passed from one to another and carefully concealed from the police.

In 1893 Lenin left his family and settled in St. Petersburg. Except for scattered weeks he had left his family forever. There were more active radical circles in the capital, a growing industrial centre. Lenin, on meeting the young fumbling intellectuals here, asked to be taken through factories; the huge Putilov works was the first one he ever visited. He never tired of talking with factory hands, eager to see industrial life through their eyes. Other radicals were a bit amused. They talked ceaselessly about the workers; talking with them was something new. But these three years in St. Petersburg, with the exception of a few months in 1905, gave him all the personal contacts with the masses or with the proletariat that he was to have until 1917.

He was very seldom in his law office. The few clients who sought out the apartment in which he had one room sometimes waited for hours. Then a small figure, wrapped in an overcoat, with a mustache across his reddened face, would dash in. He would not tell them that, by cutting and cross-cutting through apartment courts and side streets, which he knew better than the law courts, he had just outwitted the pursuing police agents who had surprised him while distributing tracts at some factory.

Lenin learned that some of the small group of radicals in the city were in touch with Plekhanov. In 1895 Lenin went to Switzerland to meet the father of Russian Marxism. He returned, with a trunk whose double

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bottom concealed all the Marxist pamphlets he could stuff into it. He returned with the conviction that, more than ever, some organization was necessary. And he found himself the leader of the St. Petersburg Marxist circle. Of those around him none survived until 1917 except one quiet-mannered girl, Nadezhda Krupskaya, born in a family like his own, as devoted, reckless, and determined a revolutionary as he was.

It was an exciting life. There were code messages to be written and smuggled abroad; books to be smuggled to imprisoned friends, with secret messages marked by pin pricks under letters; manifestoes and proclamations to be written and pasted on factory bulletin boards, under the drooping beards of police guards. There were "pan cake parties," which, when the doors were carefully barred, turned into debates on the best way to make the Russian workman realize that agitation for labor reform and shorter hours was insufficient, that agitation for political reform must come with it.

Nothing of this crept into his letters home. "My expenses for the month were fifty-four rubles," he wrote. "I do not go to the theatre, for I do not like to go alone. My room is not very satisfactory because of the quarrelsome landlord and a thin partition through which all can be heard, even a balalaika which a neighbor plays to amuse himself."

While the balalaika played, Lenin was busy with the draft of a party program and a party organization. "This struggle of the working class is a struggle against all classes living on labor not their own and against all exploitation. It can finish only by the transition of political power to the hands of the working class and the construction of socialist production." At the same time he drafted an outline for a party organization; it was to include a rank and file of factory workers, no intellectuals, and a group of "professional" radicals at the head, responsible to no one, and exacting strict obedience from their followers. The extent to which Lenin, himself one of the intelligentsia, scorned and mistrusted this group cannot be overstated. This party outline, written in 1895, could stand as a fair description of the Communist party of 1917 and 1933.

He needed a newspaper to publish his point of view. "How can we secure some printers' ink?" he wrote out to Switzerland in 1895. At the end of the year he and the young men and women around him found some ink. The police watched them and saw them carrying heavy suitcases, filled with type, to a little apartment. The type was set, the ink was spread, and the first number of the paper was about to be pulled when the police broke in. They had at last caught up with "the notorious state criminal, Ulyanov."

Lenin was sentenced to three years' exile in eastern Siberia. Before he left he had the satisfaction of knowing that the first strike in Russia to include more than one factory had broken out and that his friends had helped to organize it.

He went, at his own expense, to a little village. Separation and remoteness were the harsh features of exile; there was no police surveillance or any compulsory labor. Lenin had to report occasionally to the local police but, except for that, he lived just as he wished; and he had to pay the expenses for his stay in Siberia. A few months after he had settled down in a neatly whitewashed peasant house, Nadezhda Krupskaya, who had been in his group, and who was arrested later, was sent, at her request, to the same village. They were married here.

Life was simple and not uncomfortable. Lenin's first concern was that books necessary to him, chiefly government statistics on trade, be sent him. In every letter to his elder sister, Anna, he asked for more books. He and his wife began the work of revising his first book, *The Development of Capitalism in Russia*. They translated into Russian Sidney Webb's book on trade unions.

Here was hunting in plenty, which Lenin loved. He offered his services as jurist to the peasants in the country roundabout, and he became a local Solomon in peasant disputes. It broadened his knowledge of how the peasantry lived. There were two other political exiles in the village, a Pole, busily catching rabbits to make fur coats to take home to his children "some day" (he died on the way home), and a peasant, dying from consumption. There were other exiles in the district but most of them were of the old "Russian Socialist" movement. Lenin avoided them. He felt their point of view antiquated. And they were forever getting mixed up in scandals of trying to escape.

Lenin was the most docile of prisoners. The only thing that upset him was news from the radical centres in St. Petersburg and Moscow of the appearance of "Marxist heresies." He became impatient for the end of the three years' sentence. Finally, in 1900, he and his wife were bundled into a sled. They started toward the railroad and toward the achievement of a plan worked out during these three Siberian years for the construction of a Russian Social Democratic Party.

IV

Lenin stayed in St. Petersburg only long enough to arrange "contacts," ways to get letters and papers in and out of Russia, and left for Munich. Going abroad was part of the plan.

There were perhaps twenty informal Marxist groups in various Russian cities, trying to collect money, issuing proclamations, distributing literature from abroad, and staying out of the hands of the police with indifferent success. The groups needed some central organi-

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Art and Propaganda

By Thomas Craven

The painter in a democracy has always faced the problem of finding a dominant idealism. Church and government do not now supply it. Must the artist become a propagandist for some political economic doctrine?

"I was not one of those fools who are capable of producing something rather graceful but entirely without significance."—*Cellini.*

THERE has been extraordinary commotion in the art of painting. At a moment of great complacency, when the mysteries of painting, guarded by specially nurtured young men and their critical fathers, are flourishing in cultivated society; when the ability to talk the cabalistic lingo of modern esthetics becomes the mark of superior discernment, a calamity occurs. The discovery is made that the mysteries are only the stage-play of illusions; that the high-toned emotions and delicate sensibilities garlanded round the altar of modern art are devoted to something which has no substantial existence. The man who precipitated the commotion is Diego Rivera.

The trouble began in Detroit when Rivera, commissioned to decorate the walls of the Institute of Arts, painted a panorama of frescoes which are certainly not flattering to the capitalist régime, nor to preconceived notions of beauty. But Mr. Edsel Ford, having engaged the artist, honorably supported him and paid him handsomely for his services; and Rivera departed for New York amid the wails of the obscurantists. What happened in New York is history. Hired, because of his international reputation, by friendly enemies who had, two years before, exploited his fame in a fashionable exhibition, he went to work in Rockefeller Center, did what he was in the habit of doing and what could only have been expected of him; and then, when the job was three-quarters finished, he was, for no sensible reason, suddenly expelled. It is not my purpose to discuss the quality of his murals; nor to examine the charges preferred against him by his rivals, Mexican or American; nor to comment on the alacrity with which he accepts and cashes checks. My concern is with the issues raised by his paintings, and with his repeated verbal challenges to the existing order of art.

The portly Mexican has carried painting from the ivory tower into the market-place—into the news columns of the press, the camps of the communists, and the arena of belligerent social ferments. He has shocked the specialists and their cultural victims by a proclamation reducing their "plastic mysteries and purities" to bourgeois affectations. He has said that "Art is propaganda or it is not art"; and his answer to the question "What Is Art For?" (*The Modern Monthly,* June, 1933) though crudely expressed, conceited and bombastic, has fallen into the chosen circle of art fanciers like a communist bomb. For nothing could be more painful to the esthetic snob than to be convicted of bourgeois refinements. To compensate social restlessness, he had turned to art; and he was convinced that in modern art lay the one hope of emancipation from the vulgarities of bourgeois society. By practical necessity, he was, of course, forced to live physically in an unenviable environment; but in art, with its involved and elaborate mysteries, he found a glorious escape from reality. By embracing and reciting the new esthetic creed, he proved that he was not just a contemptible bourgeois battening on the miseries of the worker. In modern art he saw before him a vast field for the play of profound thoughts and emotions aloof from the pressures of environment and indelicate physical habits. The distinction, often exquisitely subtle, between representation and form, between the apparent and the real, offered unlimited opportunities for the demonstration of acumen and sensibility.

Then Rivera appears, with the brutal statement—frightful in its rawness—that all these distinctions and their accompanying subtleties are but the outcome of a bourgeois psychology, the culmination of an overrefined, peevish, and soulless way of living. And this statement cannot be dismissed as mere ruffian adherence to party principles—the wedding of art to doctrine—though it receives most of its advertising from such con-

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nections. Fundamentally, it relates to the eruption of feelings and dissatisfactions much more deeply rooted than political tenets; it springs from the historically recurrent search for overt meanings, for actual order in life—the search attending the breakdown, also recurrent, of the instrumentalities of living. Under the pressure of this search, individual artists, as well as individuals in other fields, rush wildly for the security of some sort of position. A centre of orientation seems to be an absolute necessity. Communism, with its well-bolstered doctrine and its social guarantees, affords the obvious support. When all the world is apparently meaningless and purposeless, here is certitude.

On the face of it, communism would appear to be the most portentous movement in art since the lords of the High Renaissance robbed painting of its holy office and made it the agent of vanity. For we find, on consulting our history, that art, as a living activity, has been united to dominant idealisms. The great arts of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece lived and prospered by representing beliefs and convictions shared by large social bodies. The art object—the painting or carving—was a communicative instrument. In calling art to its service, communism is appealing to this instrument. It has denounced the stupidity of studio art and the empty elegance of schoolmen like Matisse and Picasso; it has demanded the expression of ideals inseparable from daily human conflicts. It has faced the fact that art cannot live on itself alone; and, by making form the servant of meaning, has unconsciously returned to the classic attitude. For the first time since the Christian Church, emerging from the Roman wreckage, employed humble zealots to embody its ideals in stone and color, has the artist been called to a social function. I do not exaggerate the case. Let us review briefly the course of painting.

Occidental painting rose to its most splendid heights during the Renaissance, but in its pompous extravagance the seeds of decay were planted. Esthetic interests were isolated; art erected its own culture, and became the servant of riches and aristocratic display. It became the property of a class which, eventually, was to lose every real connection with life, to dwell in a world of illusions and remembrances, a world of fantastic play-acting. Since the Renaissance, art has been slowly withdrawn from common life. For a considerable time, in spite of the fierce antagonisms of individual artists, it followed a patronizing aristocracy, removing itself farther and farther from the representation of the ideals, beliefs, and habits of the dominant members of society. As long as the aristocrats actually controlled the people, as long as they functioned by directing the machinery of living, the art they fostered retained a certain amount of health and vitality. Rubens, for instance, belonged to an organic social group, not to a sham society, an obsolete class. But with the rise of the bourgeoisie—the result of the evolution of the instrumentalities of production and exchange—the old aristocracy, with its tributaries in art, ceased to function, existing as a social appendage serving no better purpose than to set the standards of gentility and fashion.

Christian mythology had prescribed a subject-matter which brought the artist into direct contact with an idealism universally shared and professed. Accepting this mythology literally, the artist at first produced only childish concepts or meaningless visions and abstractions; and it was not until skepticism had broken the rigid doctrinaire attitudes of the Church that he was able to connect his subjects with living things and to build an art of human values. By expressing Christian faiths and myths in terms of his own experiences with his fellow men, the artist remade his subjects: nominally they represented Christian mythology; actually they represented current realities. The symbolical use of personal experiences is characteristic of the other great art forms, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Indian, and Chinese. It is the most important element in the relation of art to meaning, and is the answer to the question, "Is Art Propaganda?"

With the revival of learning—the popularization in aristocratic circles of scholarly voyages into the art and thought of the Greeks and Romans—art, as I have said, began slowly to retire from the field of common experiences, and to dally with subjects bearing no relation to life as it is actually lived. In its retirement, however, it managed to retain one vital factor, one redeeming preoccupation which saved painting from utter uselessness and extinction. I refer to the interest in natural phenomena, an interest originating in the efforts of artists to make Christian myths more convincing and lifelike. Leonardo, you will remember, was a profound student of natural phenomena; Titian, in his old age, experimented with broken color; Velasquez was a slave to photographic appearances; the Dutch tone painters achieved miracles of naturalism; Manet followed their example; and with the Impressionists, the analysis of light became a mania and a scientific novelty.

The facts of nature, as presented to the eye, offered a field for fresh investigation which restrained the painter from complete abdication, along with his patrons, into the realm of cultivated illusion. Though the painter was attached to an aristocratic society consecrated to operatic pretensions and was living above the exigencies of plain human affairs and though he was compelled to deal in Greek and Roman mythologies—subjects above common beliefs—above all beliefs, yet he contrived to produce an art that was not wholly without meaning long after the social function of art had disappeared. The research into natural phenomena was its own reward, a content of a sort, in spite of a subject-matter that drove

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him away from life experience into studio eclecticism, and eventually into modern academic seclusion.

The first decisive step in the elimination of the meanings of art—the separation of form and content—was taken by Poussin, the father of the Academy. Poussin's paintings were originally, have been, and are today the toys of connoisseurs and the envy of all artists doomed to live and die in the museums. His studious, archæological correctness served as a model for all those stilted, neo-classic pictures solicited by a decaying aristocracy. Though there have been intractable or revolutionary individuals such as Rembrandt, Hogarth, Goya, and Daumier, who do not fit into the scholastic pattern, occidental painting since Poussin has been segregated from society. Its researches and discoveries have been of little consequence—the property of small esthetic cults.

Art has lost its historical connection with dominant idealisms, lost its most important function. There is no need to disguise this fact. Its claims, for the most part, are preposterous; its accomplishments negligible. Modern art—the art succeeding Impressionism—which seemed to promise so much, now promises nothing. Its exhibits are stale and nonsensical—of no value whatever save as adjuncts to the vanity of wealthy collectors who find in it a parallel to their own spiritual emptiness. Its obscurities and aberrations still inspire the drivel of the esoteric scribes; but it has no meaning save that which is read into it by the dictates of idiosyncrasy.

Democracy, you see, has provided no mythology adaptable to the symbolical apparatus of painting; its ideals have been continually shifting, have accommodated themselves to the rapid changes in the mechanics of production and distribution. Democratic society has created no background of vital belief, no general conviction that behind the shifting dance of expedients there exists a spiritual reality, absolute and unchangeable. Democracy has drained the substance from the old illusions to which art was faithfully united: the illusion that eternal life actually lay beyond the horizon of fact; that the King was divine and his antics inspired. Today the King is not even a figurehead—he is an obsolete dunce; and the Church, like the old aristocracy with its ideals of power, grandeur and gentility, survives as a clearing-house for social indulgences.

Enter communism with concepts which would seem to parallel those of the early Church—concepts treated as realities. It has a fine mythology—Marxian economics—and a program, a celestial vision promising universal participation in the good. And it poses the equivalent of the old functioning aristocracies and priesthoods in its notion of a dominant proletariat, a specially favored class in whose hands rests the ultimate happiness of mankind. The set-up would seem to be perfect for the symbolical powers of the plastic arts. And the artist is restless, ready for a call. Intelligent young men everywhere are aware of the fact that their connection with the polite society which supports art is artificial and dependent on vogues—on fashionable whims capitalized by dealers.

Rivera's declaration, therefore, cannot be disposed of with a sneer. As I have said, it goes deeper than party affiliations; it enters into the profound restlessness of the human spirit confronted with inevitable change. By implication, at least, it voices the old undying truth that art cannot subsist on itself. And inasmuch as that is exactly what art has been trying to do, it will be worth while to consider a system which, whatever its claims, would relieve art from the ignominy of self-consumption.

The communists assume that, at last, they have identified art with a general ideal; whereas, in reality, they have done no such thing. They have only bound art to a specific program; they are using art as the tool for the propagation of economic notions which, though distributed geographically, are far from universal in their application. This, I submit, is the basic error of the new system. There is a vast difference between the kingdom of heaven, as visualized by the early Christian worshippers, and the heaven on earth, as formulated by the apostles of the proletariat. The characters of communist mythology are living people—obstreperous human beings. And the workers of the world—the proletariat in the best sense—cannot be squeezed into a general concept without the most violent distortions of fact. Nor can they be represented in conventional symbols.

And I must again point out that the great religious arts of the world attained vitality only when their conventional symbols had been subordinated to the study and appreciation of fact; when religion had lost its intense concentration on spiritual ideals and had grown tolerant of the parade of life. The Church employed art as the tool for its propaganda, but no real art appeared until the artist had disregarded propaganda in favor of the realities of his life experience. The art of Italy, though enclosed in the framework of Christianity, a general ideal which prescribed its subject-matter, was composed of various local schools expressing local psychologies, each dominated by a powerful personality.

This historical fact should be borne in mind by those artists who, conscious of the true condition of modern art, its essential worthlessness and its snobbery, are ready to cast their lot with a political party, a militant organization preaching concepts assumed to be of universal significance, and by nature religious. No art can be enslaved to doctrine. Art, in its proper manifestations, is a communicative instrument; but it communicates its own findings—*not what is doled out to it;* not what an economic theory imposes upon it, but its discoveries in any department of life.

The most dangerous aspect of the present situation is

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this: the artist expects to win salvation merely by transferring his allegiance from one social group to another, an act amounting to no more than affixing a different label to the bag of tricks which art, since the War, has become.

Among the intellectuals offering lip-service to proletarian ideals, but living carefully by the pseudo-aristocratic standards sifting down through democracy, one finds as many fakers and opportunists as are attached, on the other side, to the dying powers of wealth. It is true that the dilettante communists have been spared the most offensive element in modern art—the gigolo and the homosexual playing on the vanities of bored women; but nevertheless, to gain access to their doctrine, one is obliged to tunnel through a quagmire of affectation and dishonesty. In this field all sorts of artificial standards are erected to authenticate the revolutionary nature of works of art. Psychologically, there is no difference between such standards and those erected to determine whether an art is "pure" or "truly plastic." The esthetic intellectuals prepared art for the salons of society and wealth by inventing the correct mysteries; the proletarian playboys cleared the way for the powers and advocates of communism by passing on the correctness of the artists' attitudes. So far as the artist is concerned, there is little to choose between them: both are as dictatorial as were the old Church Fathers who not only ruled that art must proclaim the ideal through mortification of the flesh, but also specified the symbols to be used. Both demand that the artist conform to a pattern.

Unfortunately, no viable or healthy art can be forced into a pattern. The health and growth of art depend on the artist's original discoveries in life and nature where the logic of a pattern, even if it appears to exist, is but the transfer of an intellectual or emotional illusion. Neither life nor nature contains logical relationships: they must be made, and it is the business of art to make them. Art and philosophy—the "as ifs" of the human mind—are the vehicles through which experience is integrated and the human desire for rational order, or logic, is satisfied. That is their supreme function. But they fail to operate effectually with second-hand material. The man who rearranges and catalogs the thought-forms and systems evolved by others, without referring to the adventure of life, is not a philosopher—he is a professor; the man who rearranges the art-forms evolved by others, or who illustrates economic theories, is not an artist—he is an ingenious eclectic, like Picasso, or a political accomplice, like the cartoonist of the industrial workers.

An art limited to propaganda has no choice but to deal with given material, and to deal with it arbitrarily—to stack the cards in the interest of a political game. The critical questioning of life and along with it the discovery of the unexpected—of new and exciting things which, fitting no old patterns, must be communicated in fresh terms—this independent exploration, which is the very soul of art, is forbidden by the rules of propaganda. Cartoons, broadsides, and illustrations may be highly useful in the promulgation of doctrine, and may, indeed, point a very bitter moral; but true art, which is the discovery of a specific world, a personalized world of the artist's own making, must penetrate beyond the facts into the emotional beliefs and habits of an environment; must range far beyond the patterns of doctrine into the complexities and contradictions of reality.

If communist propaganda is to father a new art, its proponents must be prepared to submit to the most ruthless treatment of its doctrine. The true artist is never numbered among the faithful. If communism should happen to tempt the powers of a young Daumier, it would find itself in the unpleasant position of harboring a heretic. For Daumier, an underdog reared in a radical atmosphere and using his art at the beginning of his career, as an active revolutionary weapon, lost faith in his youthful dreams of the sovereignty of the people, and subjected all political agitators, irrespective of creed or party, to merciless critical examination. He was always on the right side—the side of humanity—but his interest in French life was not consistent with political doctrines.

Communism, instead of linking art with a general ideal, has enslaved it to a specious internationalism in which meanings and values are regarded as absolute and universal. This form of internationalism is not more conducive to the growth of art than the international bohemianism of the esthetes. Art is a local phenomenon. It may find its subject in ideals aiming at universality, but it must treat that subject simply as a frame for the richer content derived from experience. Great art has never deviated from this practice. Buddhist art, for example, is so named for historical convenience; intrinsically it is the art of various peoples who, by means of local experiences and psychological attitudes shaped by special environments, transformed doctrine into living expressions. Let us look into the troublesome question of the meanings of art.

Meanings are neither constant nor absolute; they vary from age to age, changing, dying, and reappearing with the different trends of civilization. Nor are they, in the strictest sense, universal. Huckleberry Finn is unintelligible to the Chinese; more acceptable to the Americans than to the British; and closer to Middle Westerners than to New Englanders. And the art of China, with its elaborate symbology developed from indigenous beliefs and habits, is, for most occidentals, only an archæological toy—this, in spite of the precious gabble of connoisseurs. I do not say that the art of the past may hold no meaning for the modern man; my point is that the strongest appeal of art—its full content, its specifically human message—is to the civilization producing it. In

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short, meanings are largely of a contemporary nature, contemporary in the broadest sense, the social life and characteristic mental attitudes of one or more generations. I grant that the psychological insight of Leonardo may interest the modern American, atheist, or Catholic; that we may still be moved by the power and grandeur of Michael Angelo's brooding athletes; that Rembrandt, closer to Americans than are the Italian masters, appeals to many of us with the force of a contemporary. But it is not reasonable to suppose that any past art, considered as a movement affecting the lives of men, can carry the significance of an art drawn directly from an environment in which we are living participants. Most of us —artists too, if they are alive—while we may study and admire the achievements of the past, devote the greater part of our interest and discussion to the books, pictures, and buildings of the present. The painful truth is that the major appeal of past art is to the specialist; and no great art was ever founded on the limited attention of specialists. To the artist, if he is more than an academic or a slave to canonized beauty, the old forms serve as disciplinary tools in the ordering of his own experiences.

The forms of art are interesting in proportion to the richness of the personality creating them; and the elements composing the interesting personality are derived from two sources—the character and intensity of experience, and its processes of integration. These two elements in combination produce the artist; one without the other is helpless. No matter how acute or striking the experience may be, if the artist cannot contrive an appropriate form for its objectification, his meanings are vague and unsubstantial. On the other hand, no matter how extensive his traditional knowledge, if his acquired method is not fertilized by experience, his forms will be academic and imitative. What happens with the successful artist is that the realities of environment actually work upon his spirit, forcing him to modify traditional processes and to create a new and personal instrument of expression.

The communists assert that ideas are indispensable to art. They are right; without ideas, or concepts, nothing would be done, and the cult of sensitivity has become the refuge of quacks and neurotics. But the idea is the generative factor, not the end of art. An idea may, in itself, be vital, but it will not produce an interesting form unless referred to the actual conditions of experience as presented to the vision. It is not the physiological nose or head that is expressive, but a particular nose or head observed by the artist in some significant situation. In the process of construction the head may be idealized, as in Greek sculpture, but its character and meaning are determined by the stuff of life involved with and conditioned by environment. Rubens had ideas—grandiose classical concepts lending their names to his pictures—but his ideas, transformed in the crucible of his experiences, came out not as goddesses, but as Flemish housewives, whose truth and reality were recognized and enjoyed by men and women totally unfamiliar with the generating idea.

With the communists the beginning and end of art are in the moral idea. The artist is drafted into the illustration of an economic theory, and the best that the idea can do is to inflame his moral indignation. No experience, no observation, no discovery is allowed to interfere with his political duty. He takes a method, for the most part, the modernist pattern, and bends it into the service of a verbal idea. Most ideas, I need hardly say, owing to the early conditioning of our communicative needs, are verbal; but the idea, passing through the imagination of the true artist, is transmuted into a pictorial form which carries a new meaning. Albert Ryder's paintings were inspired by verbal concepts of the tragedy of man, but his paintings cannot be translated into words. Ryder, poet and mystic, represents to perfection the yearning that runs so easily into sentimentality, the strange sadness underlying the drift of so much of American life. He is true to a psychological type which I have met, not only in New England but throughout the Middle West; not only among tenant farmers of the South, but under the conventions of many a Babbitt. In his art is the nostalgia of the roving, bewildered American people. That fine Western painter, John Curry, has verbal ideas of his love and interest in the homeland—a conception of himself in relation to his subjects—but neither the titles of his pictures nor any verbal description can convey the poetry interfused in his rustic themes.

When art is wedded to propaganda, its content is limited to the expounding of doctrine. Once the moral is pointed, there is no further use for it. I examine and enjoy and applaud the brutal force and savage energy with which our radical cartoonists attack some current villainy; but I do not find myself returning to these diatribes, as I return to Hogarth, the meaning of whose art lies not in the specific subject but in the psychology of the British people, or as I return to Daumier whose best work is not merely an illustration of an evil, but the integrated experiences of a profound personality. The propaganda plays of Bernard Shaw, written to expose corruption or to prove a theory, but without depth of feeling or convincing emotional experiences, are as stale today as the trumped-up estheticism of Oscar Wilde's dramas. Shaw once said that a knowledge of economics was as necessary to the structure of his plays as a knowledge of anatomy to the structure of Michael Angelo's figures. He forgot that Michael Angelo was not trying to prove anything.

You will have noticed that the propaganda artists display very meager acquaintance with the American background, and indeed, very meager knowledge of the figure and the way in which behavior and occupa-

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tional interests actually affect the human anatomy. Doing what they are told to do, they turn out dreadful concepts—bestial stuffed shirts, monstrous forms so fiercely exaggerated, so remote from reality as to defeat their own purpose. Thus their art runs swiftly into trade symbols and conventions; into stock forms and stereotypes of no more enduring value than the stereotypes of the bohemians.

The learned Mexican, Rivera, in his own country was an artist. His native murals, in spite of annoying mannerisms acquired from the forcing of experience into French and Italian moulds, have, to a considerable degree, the character of original discoveries welded into forms. At home, he painted pictures containing social meanings which his countrymen, capable of sharing, either praise or regret, and this is sufficient proof, I think, of the genuine quality of his Mexican experience. His American murals seldom rise above the level of prodigious competence. Rivera is now a fad, a public character, a politician playing shrewly on the sympathies of the workers and on the snobbery of the highbrows. The trouble with him is that he has had no real American experiences—he is too busy squaring himself with the communists to get acquainted. A day in a laboratory, or a visit to the Ford plant, in the company of the younger Ford, does not educate an artist in the industrial life of a foreign country. In his American murals he disregards experiences entirely. With the help of his assistants, he assembles his data—machines and properties snatched from industrialism—and with amazing skill converts them into symbolical claptrap. He must, of course—and this is an honest conviction—abuse the capitalists; but his huge mechanisms, expressly designed to uphold the worker, have none of the deadly effectiveness of the cartoons of young William Gropper. They are full of wooden Indians, stock figures, and threadbare emblems —the result of his muscular efforts to force the obvious factors of the American environment into forms developed from the social upheaval in Mexico.

In contrast, we have the murals of Thomas Benton —paintings influenced, like those of Rivera, by past styles and methods, but taking their final form and character from the American environment. The meanings of these murals are consistent with their form, and can be verified by any one familiar with American life. Benton's historical interests act as generative ideas: transmuted in the crucible of his extraordinary experiences, his ideas derive their meaning, not from history, but from first-hand contacts with a hundred kinds of life. Benton's murals reveal and communicate the actual conditions of his native land; its restless spirit, its interest in facts and details, its exaggerated buffoonery, and some of its pathos. He has created a valid American art.

Propaganda cannot produce an original art—cannot produce any art, though it may superficially accompany it. I recently asked one of our best cartoonists, a truly radical young man and an excellent painter, why he was not a communist. His answer was: "The moment I become a communist, I cease to be an artist. My hands are tied; my independence sacrificed to a system. If I want to paint my wife and baby as I know them—to express what they mean to me—I cannot do so. I must paint them as starving victims of capitalist crimes. Propaganda is to art what the gun is to the soldier—not an expression but an explosive." There would be no room in propagandist art for a skeptic like Leonardo; an outcast, like Rembrandt, who shirked every social obligation; a turncoat and a trimmer, like Goya; an old Tory, like Cézanne, who lived on inherited wealth.

I have only one medicine to prescribe for the painter —an interest in living. The nature of the interest is his own problem; it may be metropolitan or rural, poetic or realistic; but it must be genuine and exceptional. Unless he has this interest, this intelligent curiosity and relish for living, he will never be an artist. I do not ask him to celebrate America; no self-respecting artist could glorify capitalism. I ask that he have some basic conviction, some point of departure. His business is not to teach but to reveal; to communicate meanings which may be confirmed, shared, and enjoyed by an intelligent audience. He must preserve his independence. I do not mean that he must be free in the bohemian sense, that he must live in a state of irresponsibility which prevents him from facing any useful experience. He must be free to question any system, creed, or situation.

It would be a fine thing, if we had in America a dominant idealism, a spiritual force uniting artists in a common purpose, making them practitioners again, affording them legitimate markets, and circulating their pictures. But I see no signs of the coming of this Utopia. Certainly the Church has no use for artists; and communism is the haven of malcontents. In the absence of a Utopian scheme, the artist must adapt himself to realities, put living above painting, and do his best in the worst of worlds.

Next month: "The Decline of Religion," by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

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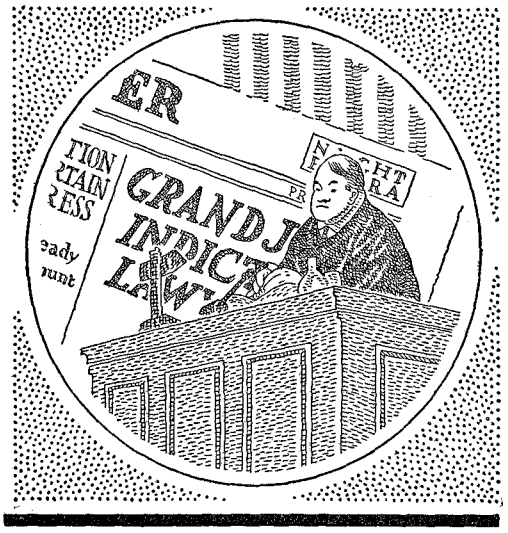
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

TRUE TALES OF LIFE AROUND US



Indicted!

How a City Political Gang Got Its Man

THE desire for security, so strong in human nature, compels man to live under the delusion that certain disasters will never touch him. He is inclined to place violent death and incurable maladies in that category—and, with more reason, he includes grand jury indictments. Instinctively he feels that such trouble comes only to those who disobey the law.

The grand jury system was created in England as a bulwark to protect the citizenry from the Crown. It was never intended to meet modern problems concerning the administration of justice and that country has recently taken steps to abolish it.[1] Prior to its inception the attorneys for the King prosecuted whomever they pleased. Thereafter, it was necessary that an accusation be made by a body of citizens acting independently of officers of the ruling power.

Creators of the grand jury little dreamed of the instrument it was to become in the hands of democracy.

Few persons realize that in many localities the original purpose of the grand jury has been reversed and that in the hands of an unscrupulous or unfriendly political machine it has become a major political weapon. It is obvious to any person undertaking a social, political, or economic reform of any proportion that the vested coterie will use the time-worn weapons of ridicule and wilful misconstruction, but it is not so obvious that such a group will reach out to attack under the guise of enforcing the law.

I reside in one of the larger metropolitan centres of the U. S. Tuesday, May 2, was our primary election day. Ordinarily law offices close on election day. Mine did not. I had finished a three months' trial a few days before and my desk was covered with unattended matters.

Just before five o'clock the receptionist announced that an attaché of the district attorney's office desired to see me. Upon his being ushered in he handed me a subpœna to appear the next morning as a witness before the grand jury. I asked him if he knew what I was supposed to have witnessed. After a few minutes' conversation with him I concluded that neither of us could answer my question.

I knew that I was unpopular with the district attorney. Something more than a year before I had served for several months in a rather arduous State commissionership. During that time several transactions involving the district attorney came to my attention, which, in my opinion, might be open to question. The district attorney knew this and had appeared to be disturbed. However, since he had been re-elected recently I had concluded that he was no longer concerned.

Tuesday night, when the election returns began to come in, it appeared that the principal candidate of the "machine," which was owned in part by the district attorney, was doomed to defeat. I was chairman of the Sponsoring Committee of the winning candidate.

My interest in politics was abstract. I had never asked any public official for so much as a postage stamp, but I had consented to the use of my name in this campaign because I was convinced that the local situation was becoming desperate. That evening, when I phoned to congratulate the winner, I learned that he, too, had been subpœnaed to appear before the grand jury.

It was then that I began to smell a rat, or something akin to a rat but larger.

The next morning we presented ourselves in the anteroom of the office of the grand jury. A newspaper man whom I knew slid over beside me and said: "Better watch your step, they're trying to spot you." I laughed and said: "What for?" He replied: "We get it that you are charged with having conspired to bribe one of the grand jurors to indict the city attorney you just threw out of office."

For two days I sat in the anteroom awaiting my turn to testify. During that time I went over all my past sins, and the time was well filled.

In our county the judges select the grand jurors. Three months previously I had acted as chairman of a citizens' committee which petitioned the Judges' Council for a change of the method of selecting grand jurors. Our petition was based upon the fact that the racketeers in our city were having too much to say about what the grand jury did or did not do. The petition was "filed" without a vote of thanks.

Some months prior to that I had

[1] *Note.*—On June 1 the House of Lords read for the second time the Administration of Justice (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill. Subject to certain exceptions, the bill abolishes grand juries.

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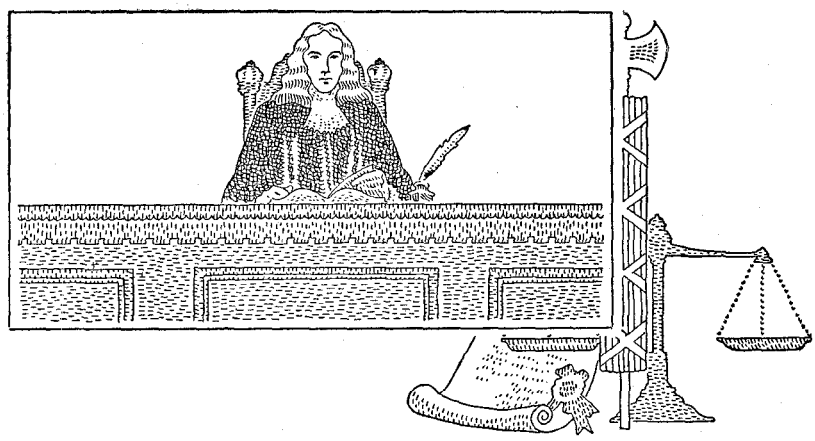

served as chairman of a committee of the Bar which had conducted a successful fight for the recall of three incumbent judges who had been guilty of malfeasance in office. One or two other judges had been severely criticized by the Bar but not named for recall.

Only the week before election I had been named chairman of a citizens' committee to petition the State Legislature to pass a resolution similar to that which created the Hofstadter Committee in New York. One of the objects of our proposed legislative committee was to investigate the conduct of our district attorney. The machinery for this was already in motion.

Several of the incumbent city office holders who had been standing for reelection had acquired competencies during their sojourn in office which ran into thousands of dollars. In fact, the amounts were much greater than the total salaries paid during the respective terms.

Large bank accounts in fictitious names had been discovered. Stench bombing and similar rackets were receiving almost daily attention in the newspapers. Whisperings, if not open charges, were being made about various public works programs into which millions of dollars had been poured, with no commensurate accomplishment.

Whenever these problems were mentioned in conversational groups and action by the district attorney was suggested, it was an acknowledged signal for audible laughter.

In my radio addresses during the campaign I had referred to several of these existing situations.

It gradually began to dawn upon me that perhaps some persons were of the opinion that I was taking life too seriously and were anxious to quiet my outspokenness.

Even so, I laughed at the thought of being indicted. How could they indict me? I had never heard of the grand juror in question, much less any proposal to bribe him.

While thinking about it I could not determine which offended me the more, the insult to my integrity or the reflection upon my intelligence.

Although I had reached my middle thirties, it had never occurred to me that my honesty of intent could be questioned by any impartial body. I had accepted several positions of responsibility in the Bar Association and in a few local societies. My legal practice had been entirely of a civil nature. I had never run for a public office or been interested in holding any office, my short service to the State having been through appointment. I was, therefore, little prepared for what was to come.

Late the second day I was called into the grand jury room and sworn. In the centre was the district attorney, flanked with a phalanx of deputies. It was the day for which he had been waiting.

After some preliminaries I was questioned somewhat as follows:

Q. Have you ever met a person by the name of X?

A. Two or three times; yes.

Q. And his brother, Y?

A. Yes; once.

Q. Were you present in Mr. B's law office on Friday, the 28th day of April last, in the afternoon?

A. I was . . . I went there . . . with a radio man . . . to make arrangements . . . for a radio talk to be made that night. . . . While there I was called into a room occupied by Mr. X.

Q. And who was present?

A. Mr. B, a Mr. C, and X.

Q. Was there some conversation?

A. Yes, there was.

Q. What was that conversation?

A. Mr. B, I believe, started the conversation and said that he wanted me to sit in and listen to a statement which X wanted to make. X said an investigator working with the grand jury was attempting a "shake-down"—that he had a scheme to expose it, but needed some money to consummate his plan.

Q. Did you say anything?

A. I said to him, "Well, if you are talking to me, I think you are just plain crazy to try to expose anything so long as the present district attorney remains in office" . . . and turned around and walked outside again to complete the radio arrangements. . . .

District Attorney: That is all.

Foreman: Thank you.

An examination of the grand jury transcript made later disclosed considerable discussion and testimony, but nothing which in any way controverted my statements.

I had, however, in answer to insistent questions as to why I treated the proposed exposure with so much contempt, replied that it was because I knew the "district attorney could not be trusted."

When I left the grand jury room the district attorney told me to wait. I waited.

The gist of the matter was that X was supposed to have met the investigator the previous Friday night and offered him some money to "speed an indictment." X denied the whole story and claimed the district attorney was behind the move.

Two hours later my newspaper friend said: "I have been listening down the hall. The grand jury has voted to indict X and B but refuses to vote an indictment against you. The

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district attorney is in there now giving them hell. I heard him say that they had to take his word that he had much more evidence as to you, but he hoped they would not ask him to disclose it."

Two more hours passed and I was informed then that I had been indicted for bribery.

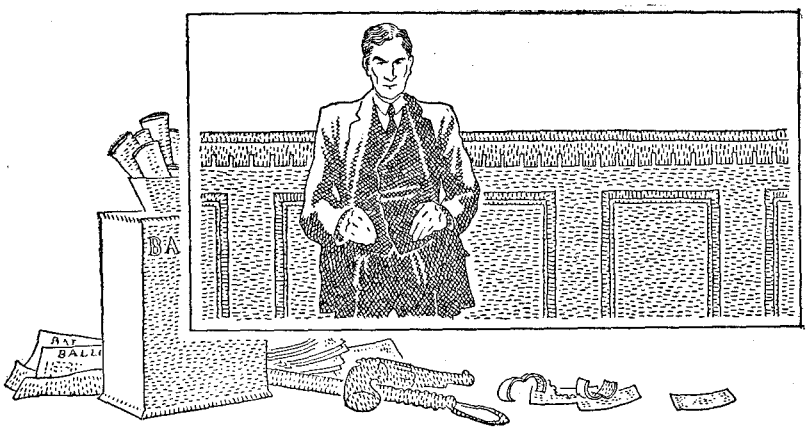
I went upstairs into the court room while the grand jury made its return to the court.

There was nothing about the situation that was real. I know now what is meant by dual personalities. There was the person being indicted and there was I. The indicted person was roaring inside with indignation; I was rather subdued.

How would my family take it? What would the other school children say to my sons? For two hundred years ours has been a family of lawyers. I had a feeling akin to my first aerial tailspin when I realized that I was the one about to establish the family in the Rogues' Gallery. Then I imagined shocked images glaring down at me—unseen, but felt.

I was taken upstairs to the county jail to be booked. The booking officer demanded my pocketbook and papers. One of the first articles that I laid down was a letter I had received a few days before from a friend in New York, commenting on my identification with the pending campaign. As I glanced at it I read the lines: "In a few years you will be called upon to be of service to the country in a national way if you stay out of local politics—it can only destroy your future." I thought of the reply I had planned to make, that it was the refusal of citizens to give attention to local politics that threatened to doom the nation. If it went on at the present rate ultimately there might be no national government to serve.

I was taken from the booking office



to the finger-printing and photographer's office.

I had been finger-printed before. It was when I entered the Officers' Flying School during the war. How different was this occasion! I was given a towel to wipe the black marking stain from my hands. I wiped hard but the stain remained. It occurred to me that after all this stain was purely physical. How to wipe out the stain of scandal was another problem. And in those moments I realized that this could never be done.

I was reminded of this later when I learned that a confidential report sent in to the publisher of one of the metropolitan newspapers by the man assigned to handle political angles contained a reference to me somewhat as follows: "He is not mixed up in this, but he has been sticking his nose into things that do not concern him, so it won't hurt to smear him a little." I ask myself how we manage to speak of hope when here and there part of the press is found to be aligning itself with the very forces that are marking us for destruction.

But to get back. Next my photograph was taken. I became forever an occupant of a spot in Rogues' Gallery. My bond was placed and I was released. I walked from the "Hall of Justice" in a mental fog. The newspaper reporters gathered around and asked for a statement. What to say? What to say? My brain went around and around. Then they said: "Go home—think it over—phone us later, the deadline is eleven o'clock." For that I shall always kindly remember newspaper reporters. It was a railroad tie to a drowning man.

When I reached home I found that several of my friends already had gathered. It seemed as if there were a death in the family. However, it was the first spark that made me realize that I would not be alone in the battle to come.

Within an hour a distinguished lawyer arrived, in fact, the dean of the local Bar—a massive man with snow-white hair, burning dark eyes framed in the face of a Norseman.

I began to unfold my story, suggesting now and then what should be done. On these points he quickly squelched me with the remark: "Forget you are a lawyer. This matter concerns you—therefore your judgment is worse than useless. Don't exercise it." I subsided.

A few days later, upon a motion to quash the indictment, it developed that after the grand jury had twice refused to return a true bill against me, the district attorney had gone in and demanded reconsideration of the matter and urged my indictment.

My attorneys argued that the conduct of the district attorney in participating in the deliberations and discussions of the grand jury deprived me of my liberty without due process of law. I listened as they read the famous charge of Mr. Justice Field to a grand jury: "The district attorney has no right to be present pending your deliberations." I heard them when they stated, "We quote, your Honor, from Attorney General *vs.* Pelletier, 240 Mass. 264: 'Any other principle would permit a dishonest, corrupt and vicious district attorney to use the great power of his office and his influence with the grand jury as an engine of oppression.'"

They droned on. I looked at the judge—a former deputy in the district attorney's office, who owed his place on the bench, in part, to support received from the district attorney. His attention was indifferent as the attorneys argued

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the traditional common-law principle that the grand jury must remain uninfluenced.

During a recess I told my counsel they were wasting their time—and they were.

I demanded an immediate trial. My counsel offered to waive the petit jury, but the district attorney refused.

The case was called. The first morning, during a legal argument, I started to leave my seat. The bailiff motioned me down. I was the prisoner. For thirteen years I had been trying cases in these courts, constantly on my feet, but now—a prisoner.

They were examining prospective jurors. At great expense we had secured an investigation report on each member of the panel. The report would show W to have been a well-known campaign worker of the district attorney. The question would be asked W, "Did you ever campaign for the district attorney?" Blandly the prospective juror would answer, "No, I never did." Time and time again this occurred. Justice! Freedom! Democracy! These words were beginning to take on a new meaning for me. So also was the cherished right to trial by a jury.

We exhausted the criminal-jury panel and started drawing jurors from the civil panel—shots in the dark. We had no reports on them. We wanted twelve persons free from political taint—free to exercise their own judgment. At length we decided that we had them.

The trial proceeded. Witness followed witness. All of the testimony was ruled hearsay as to me. Day followed day. I studied the jury, wondered what was in their minds. Could they distinguish between hearsay testimony and competent evidence?

In an effort to bolster up the case, the district attorney took the stand as a witness. He told a weird tale.

He declared that he had no ill-will toward me and had not planned to charge me, as shown by the fact that it was not until seven o'clock the Tuesday night of election day that he had first heard my name mentioned in connection with the matter.

When asked why it was that under those circumstances he caused to be issued and served upon me several hours earlier a subpœna requiring me to appear before the grand jury the next day, he flushed. There was a ripple of laughter in the court room. I looked at the jury and at the face of the judge—expressionless all.

He was asked if it was not a fact that the wife of the ex-city attorney had contributed heavily to his political campaigns and that he was greatly indebted to her. This he stoutly denied, only to be presented with his campaign expenditure returns wherein he had sworn under oath that such contributions had been made. More laughter.

During a recess one of the State's witnesses reported that the deputy prosecutor had threatened him with arrest unless he "testified the *right* way."

I was informed by my counsel that such procedure was not unusual in the criminal courts. My attorneys, however, compelled the witness and the prosecutor to march into the judge's chambers with their complaint. The witness was told to speak the truth and to disregard all threats.

I had never seen the trial judge prior to the day we commenced to select the jury. I realized, however, as the trial progressed, that the man had courage and ability. I remembered that he had once served as county public defender. He must know what it was all about. The State rested.

My counsel argued that the case should be dismissed as to me. The prosecution, while practically admitting that there was no evidence against me, insisted that the Court was obligated to submit the matter to the jury once one had been impanelled. Why? What was the background of that demand?

Finally the Court ruled: "The motion to dismiss as to this party is granted. There is absolutely no evidence in the record against him. None has been offered. The bond is exonerated."

Forty thousand dollars of the taxpayers' money had been spent to help perpetuate a district attorney and to save a municipal political machine—all this on "absolutely no evidence."

As I walked from the court room that afternoon, I felt a wave of sympathy for the thousands who are charged before the courts from year to year.

I am and always have been a believer in prompt and certain punishment for the guilty, but manufactured guilt in the name of justice seemed indeed a travesty.

Never had a man stood before the Court more innocent of the crime charged than I. Yet thousands of dollars were spent in preparing my defense. The best of counsel volunteered their services. A thousand lawyers telephoned or wrote me to call upon them if necessary. Valuable information came to me from a hundred unknown sources. Yet the battle was vicious, deadly. I had been fighting for more than my life.

What must the unknown suffer when before the bar of "Justice"—with no friends, no money, picked jurors, and threatened witnesses?

Our forced economies in home and business have brought sharply to the forefront the tax waste, inefficiency, and racketeering that exist in public office, and we are beginning to learn how deeply entrenched and well fortified are those who profit by the system. For an individual to suggest a needed political reform is but an open invitation for him to receive some expensive instruction.

In Italy, the modern method is to administer castor oil in quantities; China remains partial to lopping off heads; but I understand now why the American politician swears by the indictment. It is his heavy artillery and to him its beauty lies in the fact that its victim remains as an ever-present example to others who might feel the urge to attack.

At best, there are not many who can attack. The complications of the modern economic system have built up a condition of interdependence unheard of even a generation ago. The average lawyer cannot separate himself from the interests of his client, nor the client from his banker, nor the banker from his shareholders, without paying a price. There is a great and vicious circle of petty loyalties—which leaves little enough of devotion for the nation. Present conditions, however, are causing us to view citizenship in a new light and a serious one. General interest in public affairs has never been greater. Ultimately we may be willing to pay the price of saving Democracy from the ignorant selfishness and corruption which spell death. Time will answer.

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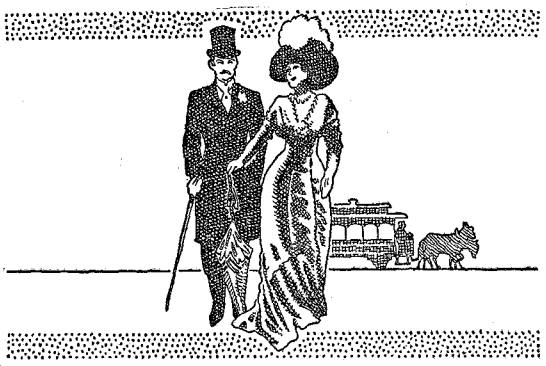
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today



Escape to Yesterday

By Paul Sifton

AMERICA is in mass flight from the Present. Incredible though it may seem to Europeans, America is returning to yesterday, to the recent and remote Past, seeking escape from a somewhat difficult Present and a Future as yet not wholly clear. It is a sentimental journey of recollection, of solace and reassurance, made with smiles and sighs and courage subtly renewed. Recent or remote, that youth was I; that girl was you; those were our tragedies, our ecstasies; we came from there to here; it can be done again.

In books, in painting, in plays, in movies, in styles and house furnishings, even in the hard business of earning a living, the past is fashionable. Yet there is a difference. We cannot have, nor do we seem to want, the eyes of youth, its cloudy agonies, its iridescent hopes and its hot fumbling toward reality. We can be tender, nostalgic, but, willy-nilly, we must be superior to the Past.

Today, writers and artists turn time backward in its flight not only because the Past is in active demand, but because they, too, haven't made up their minds about the future. Events since March 4, 1933, including the Roosevelt NRA and related acts frankly labelled "experimental," constitute a series of earth tremors that have slewed assumptions, beliefs, doubts and theories around on their bases. Until readers, writers and artists can drop a plumb line and lay a line a little distance into the future, the past will be with us.

We are going farther and farther back. Already the First Playwright and the First Actor have collaborated to make "Ah, Wilderness!" a humorously affectionate genuflection to those who were young in 1906. "One Sunday Afternoon," an earlier success, deals with about the same period.

With the directness of those painters who have turned back from the involved sophistication of modern art to the methods and subjects of the primitives, O'Neill raises the curtain on a small-town sitting-room as it was eighteen years ago and sits down for a visit with his own youth. Of course there is a love affair, the misty infatuation of a high-school boy more entranced with the wonder of the world, its poetry, its beauty and its pain than with the Girl to whom he sends bits of poetry too ardent to recite, face to face. But the story, the plot of the play, matters little. O'Neill and the audiences who recall their own youth in watching it are interested in the characters, their funny but familiar clothes, the mental attitudes and, most of all, the close loyalty of family life in the days when maiden aunts and tippling uncles were members as a matter of course.

At the end of the play, when the boy's little crisis has been solved and his father has tried to talk to him about Sex, there is one gesture that reveals O'Neill's attitude. The silver-haired George M. Cohan, blustering with embarrassed liking for his son, ruffles the boy's tousled mop of hair, runs his fingers through it and brusquely pushes up the head to look into its eyes . . . Ah, Wilderness . . . Ah, Youth! Small wonder that a reviewer remarked that O'Neill was at peace with the world and that Clayton Hamilton, commenting on O'Neill's astonishing reversal, declared "Ah, Wilderness!" a national event, "the sort of play no author had dared to write and no manager had dared to produce since this over-wearied world of ours had gone awry."

"One Sunday Afternoon," a play as unpretentious as its title, is more explicit in its moral. Biff Grimes, trolling slippery barber-shop harmony with a tipsy friend, sings:

> "Wait till the sun shines, Nellie,
> And the clouds go drifting by."

Biff Grimes thought he'd married the wrong girl out of spite when the right girl wouldn't have him. He suffered and went to jail because he wouldn't be a factory stool pigeon. He studied hard and became a dentist and finally, years afterward, he forgives the man who stole his girl. He finds she isn't nearly as lovely as the girl he married. Instead of killing his rival, Biff pulls his tooth painlessly, calls his own wife and promises her a new automobile. For, says he as he carries her to a taxi, hasn't she "the best pair of legs in Hillsdale!"

This play illustrates rather neatly our attitude toward the past. Try as we may, there is a modern approach. Things are shown and said that would not have been shown or said so frankly twenty years ago. The naïveté is calculated. Twenty years ago, a "nice" play would not have had that curtain line. But today it is natural and charming. In a sense, we want to eat the past and have the present, too.

So it is with the black silk horror study, "Double Door," which takes place in a gloomy New York mansion about 1910. "The Pursuit of Happiness" leaped back to Revolutionary times and most of the play is laid in a not-so-puritanical bed of that period. "The School for Husbands," which, like "The Pursuit of Happiness," had been ready for production for some time, dates back to 1661. Both have that

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"modern touch." So, in a different way, has "Mary of Scotland," the Maxwell Anderson play in blank verse that caused Helen Hayes to leave off crying in the movies.

Of eight successful plays in the first lap of the present New York season, six are concerned with pre-war events. A musical show in the "biggest money" is chiefly occupied in applying modern humor to the helpless cab horses of the nineties. It is perhaps significant that the only plays which deal seriously with the present and future are "As Thousands Cheer" and "Let 'Em Eat Cake," both cloaking their comments in travesty and restless satire.

It was left for the First Actress and the First Woman Producer to shoot the works. Katharine Cornell and Eva Le Gallienne tour America in "Romeo and Juliet," each in her own company. That's the comeback of the past for you! In America, where only a few years ago the modern distemper made the anatomy of love a matter of chemistry and inordinately busy bees, there is heard again the opening surrender of the star-crossed maid of Verona breathing down three centuries:

"O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world!"

Miss Cornell also plays "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Candida," both costume pieces, both dedicated to the old-fashioned proposition that "there is something more about love than passion." Miss Le Gallienne alternates Juliet with "Alice in Wonderland," a fable at which the late Queen was much amused.

Meanwhile, the master minds of the movies have been turning libraries upside down, searching for the dramatic figures of history. "Anthony Adverse," whom we are coming to presently, has of course been branded for the Hollywood canneries. In the movies, as on the stage, Mae West seems to have been a pioneer. Her "Diamond Lil" showed the way years ago. On the screen, "She Done Him Wrong" did the same. It was her story and she stuck to it. After her came Silver Dollar Tabor, Chuck Connors, Steve Brodie and the Edward G. Robinson saga of the Chicago packing plants inscrutably entitled, "I Loved a Woman." Samuel Goldwyn has bet almost everything on gas lights in that dear Paris of Emil Zola's "Nana," freely adjusted to the abilities of Anna Sten.

Among the First Ladies of Hollywood, there is polite but determined competition for the tallest wig, the stiffest dress, the lustiest chronicle of spacious living in the past. Norma Shearer has chosen Marie Antoinette; Garbo tells the world a little about the bizarre career of Christine of Sweden; Marlene Dietrich, with her customary cold abandon, has plumped for Catherine the Great of Russia in a film coyly titled "Her Regiment of Lovers." Those who laughed at Charles Laughton's "The Private Life of Henry VIII" have more coming to them. A suggestion that Marie Dressler cap the matter by playing Molly Pitcher, the artillery lady who gave a red flannel petticoat to the Revolution, has not yet been acted upon.

Of course, being under the annual necessity of discovering some three hundred stories which will be "absolute wows," the movies continue to make pictures dealing with the present and occasionally venturing into the future, but it is corroborative of the vogue for the past that the stars of the first magnitude are swathing themselves in lace and furs and sweeping trains of velvet and brocade.

Dress designers are wrestling with the princess waist-line, slashing savagely at puff sleeves which break the shoulder curve, piling fur on velvet, embroidery and stones on satin and lame. Hairdressers hopefully announce that hair must go up on top of the head, preferably in curls. Jewelled bandeaux, high combs and tiaras are permissible again. Shades of Mrs. Potter Palmer! There's a swishing of military capes and cloaks in the Walter Scott tradition. Evening gowns are made with twenty yards of silk and fifty yards of chiffon. Sleeves fall from the shoulders like the family portières, more Greek than Greek.

Winter exhibitions of house furnishings and accessories are distinctly neo-Directoire—just as the objectionable corners and cockeyed angles were being smoothed out of modern interior decoration. Ex-fullbacks must again remember not to tilt back their chairs. It's bound to make the hostess nervous.

Fashion designers are very much at sea about all this. "When in doubt, adapt the past," is axiomatic in fashion. But they watch eagerly for trends. For instance, Elizabeth Hawes, one of the smartest of American stylists, came back last summer to find America concentrated on the NRA. For a time, she thought it might be the basis for a new style, the first since the war took corsets off women and put them to work, made them want to look flat, front and back. She still has hope, but, meanwhile, she adapts the past and, Lord, how she hates it! Her best judgment is that the vogue will continue.

"You see," said this amazing young woman, "the distance between the upper and middle classes becomes wider as the middle class is depressed. The upper class will spend more for clothes, for cars, for all the things they usually spend for. Don't ask me why. They always have before and they always will.

"We use the old styles for the same reason that produced baroque architecture, because we have no idea nor ideal of our own. Our painters, the voices of our time as far as style is concerned, aren't giving us anything to work on, neither in design, colors, nor ideas. They're stymied. We've got to go to the past, but it must be adapted. Anything taken 'as is,' fails. Look at the six weeks' rage for Eugenie hats and Mae West dresses!"

Incidentally, it may be reported that Miss Hawes is working on an adaptation of the early American sunbonnet. The front part can be turned back for motoring in an open car. If NRA is a compelling force next spring, it's just possible that the bonnet, with its suggestion of the determined pioneering spirit, may catch on.

The several million Americans who buy, rent and borrow books furnish the most unmistakable proof of the popularity of the past. Exhibiting unwonted indifference to *The Shape of Things to Come,* by H. G. Wells, and the latest effusion of Tiffany Thayer, some three hundred thousand have bought *Anthony Adverse,* that fabulous web of Napoleonic romance spun in three-point suspension over Europe, Africa, and America. Louis Bromfield wins praise and readers for *The Farm,* an autobiographical novel reaching back four generations into the informal history of America; Floyd Dell, in his forties, turns from contemplation of the modern girl to write his autobiography,

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Homecoming. Janet Beith's *No Second Spring* steps back into another century for its grim story of a dominie wrestling with the flesh and the devil and wins the $20,000 Stokes prize; *Peter Abelard,* Helen Waddell's retelling of the romance of Heloise, goes to twenty thousand book-club members. Susan Ertz went back to the Mormons for her latest novel, *The Proselyte,* and the esthetic and domestic agonies of the pre-Raphaelites are investigated in Frances Winwar's *Poor Splendid Wings*. Sinclair Lewis, who, a few years ago, was flinging the quivering Present into *Main Street, Babbitt,* and *Dodsworth,* collaborates on a play about the Civil War.

By accident or design, *Anthony Adverse* satisfies the craving for the past surpassingly well. It has color, action, a welter of exoticism, mysticism, realism, sex, business and political intrigue, blood and pain and faith and romance. From the moment the coach horses make their appearance prick-eared against the sky on page 2, the story moves. It is far away and long ago, yet—and in this lies its cunning—it is seasoned with details, comments and situations as modern as the latest news from Wall Street. For instance, you might call it startling to find Napoleon, on page 842, damning bankers as if he had just heard of Technocracy. (Ah, there, Technocracy! You were *last* year's rage, were you not?) And it is downright uncanny to find Anthony, on page 992, giving this shrewd explanation of his own posthumous popularity:

> Few moderns can resist the exquisite compliment they pay themselves in patronizing the past. It permits them to assume that they themselves are superior and yet sensitive enough to feel and understand the merits of their own age above all others; it permits them to assume tacitly that as time passes men grow better, that they increasingly triumph as the heirs of the ages as if nothing were ever lost in the process of inheriting.

The scheme of the whole book and the secret of its hold upon the present-day reader are made plain in the epilogue. Anthony is dead. The Græco-Byzantine Madonna that went with him everywhere and, according to Hervey Allen, gave final meaning to his life, is lying in the dust. Mary Jorham, daughter of saw-voiced pioneers, picks it up and cuddles it like a doll. Her father calls it a heathen idol, sets it up and shoots it to pieces. The child looks over the blank landscape of America, "enormous fear and loneliness in her heart," and prays, "Do, God! Give us *something!*"

That, I suspect, is as close as any one can get to the prayer of America just now, a prayer for something from the familiar past that will give comfort and aid for the present and the future.

Fathers Are Liars

By One of Them

The training of my sixteen-year-old daughter is in her mother's hands. My usual rôle is merely to confirm my wife's dicta. My sole immediate problem concerning my girl child is whether, this evening, I can hold in check once more the yearning to chase her raucously callow swain off our front porch and up some distant tree.

It is right that a woman should rear the woman-to-be. I have no qualms about my wife's charge. I have a continually increasing multitude of nagging doubts and gnawing dreads concerning the twelve-year-old son whose training, properly, is left largely in my hands. I am the problem; not he.

Month by month, as my boy grows older, I find myself thrust more wholly into the unwilling rôle of dissembler, even liar. I say "unwilling," but I assume the character voluntarily. Perhaps my secret distress is the natural ailment a father of forty-six always suffers when his son is twelve. I might endure it with more inner fortitude, if I did not see so clearly that my duplicity must increase for years to come —may possibly even continue until the time my own boy is a father, and a liar.

Even in that far-off time, I doubt whether I shall confess to him my own current predicament. In another fifteen or twenty years, I shall have become a chronic dissembler. It is a father's job to be forthright and positive and conservative; a fixed and arbitrary signpost, not a weathervane. It never would do, either now or later, to let authority waver. That is the chief reason this is anonymous.

My son has Twelve's new-found, unscrupulous zest for reading. He will devour anything from Sinclair Lewis down to his own parent's meretricious productions. If this were signed, he might encounter it. I dare not let him know the miserable uncertainty that underlies the directions I give him; the assurances I utter so glibly.

Being a father is a disconsolate and lonely job. Parents whom I know keep their qualms, if any, to themselves, as I do mine. Masculine intimacies do not lead to confessions of paternal travail. My own father is dead. I shall never be able to ask him how much of his orthodox rearing of me was a time-solidified conglomerate of aphorism and warning and how much was his own idea.

I wish I might, for I find that, in dealing with my own boy, I hark back to my own juvenile training. I am aware that progress is not served by the echoing of ancestral ideals, yet I repeat them. There is no training school for fathers. All they have is memory of their own boyhoods. No department of any household magazine is dedicated to the solution of paternal difficulties. Women run such things for women. Men find out for themselves. Or try to.

I have my own creed. There can be no question of its orthodoxy. It has none. I have spent the past twenty-six years of my life and a deal of agony in unlearning most of what I knew so surely at twenty. I have reached that stage of mental development or deterioration when I am wholly certain of very little. There is no missionary zeal in me. I am willing to play my hand my own way and let others play theirs. But I have a son to train.

Most males of forty-six cherish, I suspect, secret denunciations of much that all humanity, this nation, their own home town, even their friends and relatives profess. Do I tell my son of my own furtive creed? I do not. I don't even confess it entire to my wife.

Which makes me, beside a hypocrite and a liar, a coward as well. My sole excuse is that I am a father with a boy to rear, and good fathers, in their pa-

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ternal moments, are supposed to endorse orthodoxy, which may be the reason the race advances so slowly, or, on the other hand, may be why it holds together at all.

My cowardice can be rationalized. I have read much in the last quarter century, have thought as deeply as I might, and have experienced a little. I do not always follow my convictions. I should pursue them more stoutly, perhaps, were it not for my wife and my son, my daughter and a few others who love me enough to be hurt by my insurgency. I am entirely willing that on Judgment Day—in which I place small credence—my convictions be inspected and that I stand with the sheep or fall with the goats, thereby.

Continually, my voice utters orthodoxy at which my mind rebels. This is cowardice, but it is rooted in something a little more worthy than mere self-preservation. Secretly, I will lay my own chips on the board but it is a sorry business to use the cash belonging to your twelve-year-old son to play your own radical system.

That is my plight. It is continually more complicated as my boy outgrows the simple gospel of "Do" and "Don't" and approaches more direly tangled matters of ethics. As he gets older, I do too. Each year brings me new uncertainties and illuminations. I have the deplorable type of mind that will not solidify and grow rigid. It is continually washing ashore fresh beliefs and doubts. Whether I advance or retrograde is beside the point. I change and, having a son to rear, I face the choice of schooling him in my hazy, dissenter's creed or of lying.

So I lie, advancing as my own those articles of faith that his race and social class have cherished as verity for generations largely because parents like me have so little backbone attached to their brains and visit the creed of their fathers upon their children.

Only parents and those who raise and love dogs ever savor the full, tear-starting flavor of pathos. Pups and boys have so much in common of prick-eared, unjustified hope and ardent trust. But the difference that can be tragedy lies in the fact that you may order existence for your dog all his life, while your boy in a painfully few years will be thrust forth, with what armament you have given him, into a world with small compunction or tenderness.

One may argue with adults of equal or better mental caliber. Out of such wrestling, enlightenment and stabilization may come. You can't debate in that fashion with a child of twelve, or sixteen, or twenty. You have to tell your son and, each year, tell him more with a fine Sinaitic assurance.

The imminence of my boy's adolescence is, of itself, not my entire problem. I shall not draw him apart, presently, and in a gruff embarrassed voice begin the deathless formula: "Old man, you know how the bees——"

My boy and my girl know the purposes of their bodies. From infancy, this knowledge has been spread before them and they have picked it up naturally to the limit of their understanding. In this, at least, I have bettered the doctrine of my parents and their parents and grandparents which provided that one should avoid all mention of the physics and chemistry of existence until the transitional period when the impact of such knowledge would hurt most grievously.

There are other matters less simply set in order. You must cast much of your counsel in the archaic mold prescribed by tradition, if your son's mind is to march in the tempo of this world. If it does not, he is bound to be hurt. It is bitter for a parent to utter orthodoxy that he doubts. It is hard to parry questions when your sympathy is wholly with the questioner.

"Jesus," he informed me somewhat unnecessarily, "said, 'Love one another.'"

"Yes."

"Then why are there wars?"

"Because there are few real Christians."

"Ministers go to war, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. You better ask a minister."

Continually, I find myself brought to bay by similar queries. My son's "why?" is a hound that can corner most ethics. Sometimes I yearn cravenly for the high and far-off times of my ancestors when children were taught to sit primly in the presence of their elders and never, never ask questions.

It was easier in those days to present dubious doctrines with an air of authority. The years have not fortified them and fathers, or at least one father, must brand as Wrong things that intelligence whispers are at worst only inexpedient. I find myself hailing as Right innumerable matters whose essential virtue I question.

I could wish for my son some guide less distrustful of authority. There is no sure foundation for my fatherhood, either in the Constitution or the Decalogue—which I believe also would profit by a series of amendments. In the latter fundamental, there is of course a prescription for a child's attitude toward his parents, but I don't believe that very thoroughly, and there is no guidance at all for a father like me who has to rear a son like mine.

As I write, I can see him through the half-open dining-room door, absorbing his history for the morrow with much soft grunting and many physical contortions. His legs twine and untwine amazingly about his chair. His freckled face is in shadow, but his red hair—another unfortunate inheritance from me—is rumpled and rerumpled as he absorbs with immense attention and unscrupulous credulity another lesson in the glories and perfections of our nation. We had, a few years ago, a more candid history text in our local schools, but our Hibernian board of education abolished it.

I do not intrude upon his absorption of what I believe is sugar-coated misinformation. He goes on with his task. I struggle with mine. His is the happier lot. He has authorities he believes utterly. At assembly tomorrow, he will pledge allegiance to the flag and the Republic "with liberty and justice for all." I do not call him in to muddy his mind with my own disbeliefs.

I do not tell him that the trend is sharply away from the liberty Jefferson prescribed. I do not air for his benefit my doubt of impartial justice in a land of condoned political corruption and unstayed gang rule. I do not inform him that I suspect the worth of violent patriotism as a catalytic agent for the millennium, nor do I confess my continually growing antipathy toward democracy in which a half hundred inbred and vicious hill-billies of this region can nullify by their votes the united opinion of the fifty wisest citizens of this nation. I do not slur in his presence a government by the ignorant for the exploitation of the able. I re-

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move no haloes from the pictures of presidents in his history book.

Should I call him away from his agonized absorption to question the candor of a people who howled in fury over the burning of Louvain and try to forget what the sainted William Tecumseh did at Atlanta? Should I point out the hypocrisy of the scandal that rose, when a treaty was termed a "scrap of paper" among folk whose ancestors stole much of this nation's territory despite equally solemn documentary pledges?

Perhaps I should, but I don't. I let him pore over his history book. Were he to take my own convictions, instead of that volume's, to school with him, he and I both would be branded in our community as Reds. I have no love for communism and an abiding affection for peace. So I keep my cowardly silence, for his sake and my own.

On Sunday he will attend Sabbath school. His parents and grandparents did, therefore he goes. I am even less willing to trifle in his presence with religious than with American history, as it is taught. In the cowardice born of bewilderment, I lay no hand on the Ark of the Lord.

This is a shameful confession from one who finds it profanely grotesque, considering the nature and substance of man, to visualize an anthropomorphic deity, or even a god whose prime and jealous concern is the welfare of a none too successful ferment of mammalian bipeds on a minor planet of an insignificant solar system in one of many universes.

I am unable to hold complete belief in that heaven that men extol so ecstatically—and dread so direly as they draw near to it. My secret, personal creed is hedonistic. I believe that the man who brings most joy into the world, for himself and others, is most greatly blessed. I order my life, as well as I may, for the pursuit of happiness and before any one who has followed me thus far becomes too scornful, let him reread the birth certificate of this republic.

I guide my son more carefully through the Bible than his Sunday school does for the sake of the sublimity therein and also because the characters limned so starkly are the best possible starting points for moral speculation. We dissect Moses and David and the others, but I make no attempt to mold his faith into harmony with my agnosticism. And when one advances from faith to its ethical practice, I am still more wholly bewildered. It is in this department that my paternal hypocrisy is most deplorable—or praiseworthy. I don't know which.

It is possible, since my son unfortunately seems to have inherited, beside my sort of hair, the same type of mind under it, that at forty-six his beliefs and theories will resemble those I hold now. I might save him considerable agony and disillusion by guiding him toward them. I don't, through the cowardice that keeps me from openly confronting popular opinion with many of my own beliefs.

I can preach to my boy, with complete sincerity, the worth of certain morals that seem to me fundamental and divine—love of mercy and kindliness and fair dealing; hatred of cruelty and brutality; the need for ordering and guiding all the hungers of the body. I do not think I urge him to respect his parents, but merely to obey authority. He owes us scant gratitude for ushering him, at considerable discomfort and distress, into a world more than adequately filled with distress and discomfort. If I can fire him with firm belief in these virtues, perhaps it is enough, but these abstracts, serene and lovely in themselves, inevitably are squired by an attendant host of dilemmas.

I inveigh against falsehood and lie a dozen times a day, explicitly or implicitly, to save the feelings of my friends, to keep from being a social outcast, even to soothe editors and publishers. I picture in bright primary colors the rewards of honesty and diligence and know enough of business to be certain that intelligence and personality carry one much further. I insist on respect for the aged, though I fail to see why most of them deserve it, and a meed of reverence for womanhood that in general fails to warrant it at all.

In a few years, girls will stop being minor disasters and become adventures for my son. Should I tell him that a radically altered social system must also change many traditional taboos? Should I disparage the moral that makes sexual conduct the standard of measurement for all human virtue? My praise of fair dealing and kindliness may partly cover that most Alice in Wonderland department of human ethics. What it cannot clothe is ordered by me as my father established my own morals—and caused me much bitter anguish thereby.

When my boy chooses his wife, I shall probably recall what my father told me on a like occasion and re-recite those moldy aphorisms. It is not likely that I shall even hint at my own firm belief that, while no other human invention has given me as much joy as matrimony, I know of none that has brought more general misery into the world.

I'll keep my mouth shut. Twenty more years of experience may have made that easier. I'll probably even try to believe in the blindly ridiculous marriage service. I may go farther and solemnly inform my son of the lifelong joy upon which he is embarking.

Perhaps, by then, my own convictions may have changed under the pressure of tradition and sentimentality. Now, I gag over the double-barrelled morality that rails against the atrocity of the loveless marriage and protests with equal vehemence against easy divorce, or any divorce at all. I object, also secretly, to the vainglorious idiocy of the marriage vow itself, whereby men and women who never have lived together, promise to like that intimacy for the rest of their lives.

Since he is to live in this world, it is better to let him absorb, without question, the things this world believes—or pretends to. So I tell myself frequently and wish I could still the small, malicious voice that keeps calling me liar; that asks whether it really is better to let an ideal become well rooted before it is pulled up. It may be that I am saving my boy current pain by giving him a quasi-conventional rearing. I wonder, though, whether I am not really sparing myself discomfort at the cost of his own possible future agony. I don't know—which might be the motto of fatherhood. I am only certain that I dare not play his counters in the game as I am willing to play mine.

My son closed his history book long ago and stumbled away to bed. He will slumber securely, moored by the lines that once held me. He is only twelve and too young to have them severed. So I tell myself without complete belief. I shall take my unuttered heresies to my own bedchamber with me. My son will sleep more soundly than I.

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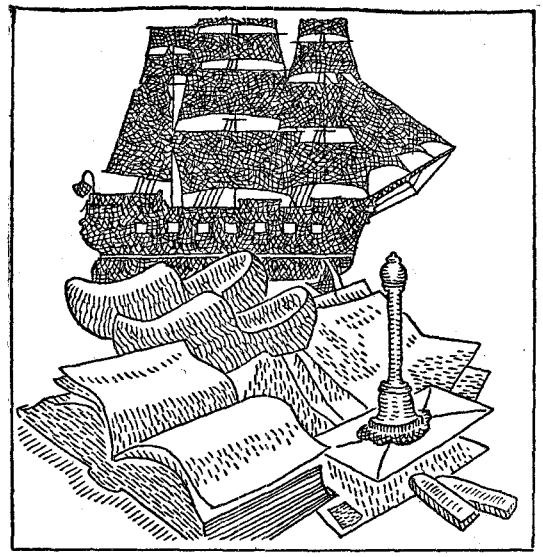
AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



A List of General Reading . . . Non-Jewish German Writers . . . How Pepys Affected the Presidency of an American College . . . Professors Peck and Dumas . . . Anagrams and Planetariums.

If we are all going to have more leisure except President Roosevelt, and me, and a few others, why not make good use of it by re-reading the best English novels, the best histories, the best poems, the best biographies, the best literary essays, and the best everything? Why not become really well-read? Why not read the best English novels in the order of the appearance of their authors, Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Hardy, Stevenson, and so on? Why not read the great English poets, from Shakespeare to Browning? The great masters of prose?

It is a commendable ambition to become familiar with the chief works of the great writers in one's own language.

There are some writings of genius that can be enjoyed by children and by octogenarians. *Pilgrim's Progress, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe,* and the complete novels of Stevenson (how I wish I had had them in my boyhood, I mean Stevenson's artistic blood and thunder, instead of the Jack Harkaway kind). Stevenson will fit misses, maids, and matrons, boys, adolescents, first and second childhood and any degree of manhood.

But there are some books written only for men and women; and it is well in an age which specializes on children's books and toys, that there are some books which can be read only by those whose minds are as mature as their bodies; who read, talk, and write with intelligence. Such books as Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* are meat for men and women.

My mother gave me many presents; but the three presents from which I have derived and am deriving the greatest benefits are The Gadshill Edition of the Complete Works of Dickens, the complete Oxford English Dictionary, and a typewriter. These three presents I use practically every day.

I will co-operate with my readers who would give their minds a rest from *ephemera* and would like to read only those works that are worth reading. In addition to my list of one hundred best novels which can be had for the asking, and the list of one hundred new books which I publish in this magazine every summer, I have prepared a

LIST OF GENERAL READING

including the best works in English literature. Any one who will take the trouble to write to the Editor of Scribner's Magazine will receive a copy of this list. It is a good thing to have it lying on one's table, so that if one is at a stand what to read next, one can take anything on this list; one cannot go wrong.

I have excluded all technical works—the literature that I have placed on this list is the literature of pleasure, and the subjects are confined to what the great Richardson called "love and nonsense, men and women."

The *Unpublished Letters of Coleridge* certainly give us plenty of inside information, as they are mainly concerned with the condition of his bowels. He became an expert diagnostician. And while they are disappointing to those who expected marvellous obiter dicta, they do give the true reason why Coleridge was not able to write all the books he had planned. My respect for his courage and endurance has risen.

William the Conqueror, by Phillips Russell, is a better book than the one on the same theme by Lucie Delarme-Mardrus, which appeared in English two years ago. Professor Russell gives a fine portrait of the man, and an excellent account of his career, both as fighter and as statesman. Every book and essay on William has something of interest for us, for the battle of Hastings had such tremendous influence in making us whatever we are. For all English-speaking people, the outcome of that struggle was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened. Let me urge Americans this coming spring or summer to visit three places in southeastern England, and three in northwestern France. Pevensey, Hastings, Battle, Caen, Dives, Bayeux. To a large extent, we were made by and in those towns.

A scholarly work in two volumes, which combines instruction and delight, is *Johnson's England,* edited by A. S. Turberville. The various chapters, delightfully illustrated, are by specialists; they give as complete a picture of those times as Mark Sullivan's books do of ours. I think it is true to say that there is not a dull page in either of these two big tomes. It is of course one of the most interesting periods in history, and the book is worthy of the theme. In so many ways, the men and women of the eighteenth century seem more modern than their followers in the

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nineteenth. There never was a more modern age than theirs.

A book that I have been awaiting for some time and that is even better than I knew it would be, is *Jean de Reszke and the Great Days of Opera,* by Clara Leiser. I heard the de Reszke brothers sing in opera on their first visit to this country in the season of 1891–92, and "revelation" is the word. I did not know that it was possible for actual human beings to combine everything that the ideal singer should have. They were the finest-looking men I had ever seen on the stage, they had the most splendid voices I had ever heard, and they gave the most intelligent interpretations of their various rôles. Browning said, "Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement," but for once or rather twice, all was as it should be. There is no doubt that the last decade of the nineteenth century was the golden age of opera; for not only did we have these brothers and Plançon and the baritones Lassalle and Maurel, but we had the greatest collection of sopranos ever seen on the earth at one time. Emma Eames (still my favorite), Lilli Lehmann, Emma Calvé, Nordica, Melba, Sembrich, Ternina, and the golden remains of Patti!

This is the first biography of Jean de Reszke; it is an admirable account of his life from childhood to death, and is profusely illustrated, with formal photographs and snapshots. Many letters are given, which reveal the dignity and kindness of the man. I do not think Felix Weingartner exaggerated when he said, "Jean de Reszke was not only a great artist and a great teacher, but, in the highest meaning of the word, a *noble* human being."

There are many anecdotes of the brothers and of their contemporaries; and I am glad to be told that Edouard did *not* die alone and forsaken in a cellar, as has commonly been reported. Yet he was certainly one of the casualties of the war.

Those who are fortunate enough to remember the singing of the brothers will take immense delight in this admirable biography. We shall never hear such singing again until we hear the angels.

Pearl Buck's latest novel, *The Mother,* has the same merits that characterize *The Good Earth* and *Sons.* We find the same honest aloofness and objectivity, the same love of truth for its own sake, the same delight in the natural changes of the seasons, the same understanding of the universal passions of mankind. An elemental book.

The year 1933 also saw two other books on China, both of which help us to realize what is going on in certain sections of that vast country and partially to understand the Chinese temperament, where it differs most noticeably from Western manifestations. These are a novel, *Oil for the Lamps of China,* by Alice Tisdale Hobart, and *The House of Exile,* by Nora Waln, more like an autobiography. In the revelation of the author's personality, no two books could be in greater contrast than *The House of Exile* and *The Mother.*

Stephen Leacock's new book on Dickens is written as one might expect, with vivacity and charm, and no eulogy of Dickens has ever gone further in praise. Yet every one has his own favorites among the thirteen great novels. I cannot agree with the rather disparaging remarks on *Our Mutual Friend* and on *Great Expectations* that appear in this engaging book.

Synchronously with its publication comes *An American Friend of Dickens,* by John T. Winterich, containing some interesting episodes and letters.

It was a tragic coincidence that the article on Dickens by his sole surviving son, Sir Henry, should have appeared in *The New York Times* the very week of its writer's accidental death. Henry was born while his father was writing *David Copperfield.*

L'Affaire Jones, by H. Bernstein, is one of the most amusing stories I have read in some time. Its humor is irresistible; and its satire is so jovial and good-hearted that I am sure many Frenchmen will not resent it. André Maurois praises it, which should raise our already high opinion of him. As a rule, the British are the only people whose sense of humor is equal to enjoying jokes on their own nation. "If I could enrage them," says the Irishman, "but they only laugh."

I think I have read all of John Masefield's novels; but I am certain that I never read a finer one than the latest, a splendid story of the sea. This is called *The Bird of Dawning,* and I hope you all recognize the title? It is really a glorious yarn, exciting from first page to last, and yet written with that quiet dignity so characteristic of its author. And how refreshing to have the language of the fo'csle implied and not printed! Much more effective; for if unheard melodies are sweeter than heard ones, surely that is equally true of language that is more malodorous than melodious.

The Faerie Queene Club is entered by Miss Dorothy Heiderstadt, last year a Senior in the College at the University of Kansas. Her teacher, under whose guidance she performed this feat, is Sara G. Laird, who informs me that Miss Heiderstadt is at present librarian of the Children's Department in the public library at Independence, Mo., that she won first prize in the William Herbert Carruth Poetry contest, and that she has published a volume of children's stories. The Club is honored by this acquisition.

I have received from Evelyn Loring, of West Roxbury, Mass., a copy of that astonishing story by Nym Crinkle, printed in full in *The Boston Herald,* Sunday, Aug. 25, 1889, called *The End of All.* I first read this in a book of short stories, in the summer of 1891. It produced a lasting impression on me. I am glad to have the original copy of the paper where it first appeared.

I have received an interesting letter by Mrs. Robert P. Holt, from Santos, Brazil:

> In discussions with German friends I have been told that the widely read and translated Jewish authors of Modern Germany are greatly inferior to her "Aryan" writers of today. I find that almost all the modern Germans I have read are Jews—Stefan Zweig, Emil Ludwig, Wassermann, Feuchtwanger etc. I, therefore, asked one of these friends to prepare for me a list of the superior non-Jewish modern writers.
>
> A great many of the names in the list are unknown to me, and I find I have read no more than about a half dozen books by these authors—in translation, my German being somewhat limited. It would interest me greatly to have your opinion on the question as to how the Jewish writers rank in comparison. I cannot believe that impartial students of modern German literature would consider the Jewish writers comparatively so worthless.
>
> I remember hearing you say in a lecture one time that if we took all German literature, with the exception of technical writings, and compared or evaluated it with all of Goethe, Goethe would be the more valuable. I fear no good Nazi would agree to this about the internationalist Goethe. They seem to have difficulty keeping him as the flower of German Aryanism and rejecting his opinions, simultaneously.
>
> The following are the German Aryans recommended:

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Ricarda Huch	Thomas Mann
Ludwig Ganghofer	Arthur Schnitzler
Peter Rosegger	Rudolf Heubner
Stefan George	H. Binding
Gustav Frenssen	Wilhelm Raabe
Joseph Lauff	Rudolph Herzog
Waldemar Bonsels	Rudolph Stratz
Clara Viebig	Ida Boy-Ed
Hans Grimm	Dauthendey
Herman Stehr	Thoma
Gerhart Hauptmann	Otto Ernst
Sudermann	Blunk
Gabriele Reuter	Hesse
Sophie Hochstetter	Paul Keller
Fred Andreas	T. Fontane
Rudolf Haas	Storm
Mueller Guttenbrunn	Immermann
Rudolf Hans Bartsch	Paul Burg
Walter Von Molo	

I think the Germans are fortunate to have had both Jewish and Aryan writers of such distinction; perhaps if we had as long a list of Jewish writers as is in admirable fairness given of the others by Mrs. Holt, the two lists might contain an equal number of distinguished names. As it is, the longer list rather surpasses the shorter. Personally I never care whether a good writer is Jewish or not; it seems to me a matter of little or no importance. I had rather read a good book written by a Jew than a poor one written by an anti-Jew, and vice versa. I am deeply grateful to Mrs. Holt for her letter, and as at this moment a blizzard is raging, I envy her her environment in Brazil.

From Robert L. O'Brien, Chairman of the U. S. Tariff Commission:

A decade or more ago, an American College President said that X would in all probability have been made President of that College but for the fact that he was a divorced man and the conditions attendant thereto. Yesterday, in speaking in praise of a new biography of the world's most famous diarist, a friend told me that X had been so enamored of it, so conscious of its wonders as a contribution to literature that he decided in his day and generation to write just such a diary. He did so for many years. Somewhat accidentally his wife got hold of it and there found the evidence upon which she was able to get her divorce. Therefore Pepys, even though dead, shaped the Presidency of that college.

Of course you are familiar with the Diary of Li Hung Chang and the fake behind it which I, incidentally, helped to uncover; and you know that Houghton Mifflin brought out an edition after its author's death explaining the whole story. Fred Moore tells me that Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*—Life of General Gordon, perpetuates the fake by building that life upon the testimony of Li Hung Chang. Queer, isn't it?

On Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, G. E. Hoffmaster, of Larchmont, N. Y., writes:

. . . We are the owners of a First Edition of this book (which I purchased many years ago) which contains a newspaper clipping of a Letter from Lentz the celebrated Painter dated Dusseldorf, May 1851—

"Many thanks for the book. The 'Scarlet Letter' is splendid. . . . I was struck, when some years ago in the Schwarzwald, with one picture in the —— Gallery —— the child, a girl, was said to be the ancestress of the family. . . . No sooner had I read the 'Scarlet Letter' than it burst upon me that the picture could represent no one else than Hester Prynne and little Pearl . . . embroidery on the breast of the woman, . . . assumed the form of the letter. . . . How Hester Prynne ever came to be painted. . . . Strange enough, the castle's name is Perlynbury, the Castle of Pearls, or Pearl Castle. . . ."

Hawthorne possibly got the idea for his story from the picture.

The Scarlet Letter was published in 1850. Hawthorne had not been in Europe. Could he have heard about the picture?

An honest and successful Boston banker has been reading an English book of detective stories called *Mr. Fortune Wonders*, by H. C. Bailey, and he has discovered that the character Reggie may be statistically considered:

During this one book Reggie—

1. Smiled once.
2. Groaned once.
3. Purred twice.
4. Sighed twice.
5. Shrugged three times.
6. Drawled four times.
7. Moaned seven times.
8. Mumbled fifteen times.
9. Murmured twenty-five times.

From Mrs. Barron Shirley, of the Public Library in Franklin, N. H.:

. . . I felt that I had to vindicate the critical ability of Harry Thurston Peck, whom you mention in the January number of SCRIBNER'S. There are so many who have judged the man by his gross exterior, that his real benefit to American letters is seldom recognized. Mr. Thomas Beer speaks appreciatively of him in the *Mauve Decade* but that is the solitary example that has come to my notice.

We have both the first and second edition of the *INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA*, and the second edition was written largely in this Library. That very quotation on Dumas was one that vexed Mr. Peck particularly, and if you will look in the second edition you will find that the article was entirely re-written. It might have been the work of C. F. Richardson although I doubt it, and think it was more likely to be that of Frank Moore Colby who was Editor-in-chief. "Clothespins," as Prof. Richardson was affectionately called by his pupils, had a keener critical sense, but I do not find Dumas listed in his "Choice of books" which guided me in the selection of books for this library in 1906.

You will see the real Harry Thurston Peck in "The Unconventional Baedeker" which appeared in the early numbers of *The Bookman*.

When working on the *INTERNATIONAL*, Mr. Peck asked if I had any other encyclopædias than those in the Reference Room. I told him that there was a set in sacks in the basement ready for the Junkman! "My dear young woman," said he, "let me give you an infallible rule in discarding books; NEVER discard a book that EVER HAS BEEN WORTH ANYTHING!" I reached for a volume of *Knight's Mechanical Dictionary* and said, "What good is that, every machine in it has been superseded by a better one." "NEVER discard it," he said, "for it has been good for something."

Red Rust proved how good the admonishing was for when Mrs. Cannon asked for the picture of a thrashing-machine for the period of 1870, she found it there. She also looked up the transformation of insects in P. Martin Duncan's book published about 1860.

Mr. Peck's unpleasing personality has dimmed his reputation for scholarship, but I have never found his taste or judgment in literature either pernicious or false. He was the first to recognize *The Scarlet Letter* as the great American novel that every one was seeking, and his early writings in *The Bookman* seem to me to have paved the way for the pleasing and scholarly writings of the *American Dictionary of Biography*—I would like to know how many of those writers studied with him.

I am very glad indeed to print this correction; I have always had a high opinion of Professor Peck's abilities as a scholar and critic, which made the passage I quoted all the more astonishing.

The Reverend Doctor Eliot White, of Roselle, N. J., sends some ingenious anagrams:

I feel sure you remember my father, the late Doctor John S. White, founder of the Berkeley School in New York City in 1880, and its headmaster for twenty-five years, preparing hundreds of boys for the great colleges.

He much enjoyed the study of words for their own sake, and had what always seemed to me a special "flair" for their derivations and combinations. Anagrams therefore interested him, and I have found among his papers some of his own "make." . . . He tried to fulfil his own rule that "A *good* anagram should have a pat reference to the meaning of the original word."

In this list the number prefixed to each of the anagrams in the first block corresponds to that of the original word in the second block which the smaller words build when their letters are properly rearranged. Of course, as in any proper "anagramming," all the letters and *only* the letters of each original word are included in the smaller words made out of it. Any one interested to work out the puzzles might first cover up the answers below with a piece of paper until ready to consult them. I think you will admit all of these under my father's or any other definition of good anagrams:

1. Eating in herds	4. Ire in Apostles
2. Tired of music	5. A toy cat'll miau
3. Sea-lion muscle	6. Mystics in a heap

1. Disheartening	4. Personalities
2. Discomfiture	5. Automatically
3. Miscellaneous	6. Metaphysicians

These are certainly good. I never see the word anagram without thinking of what another clergyman, John Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's in 1630, said in his poem *The Anagram*. He described a girl who had the right

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colors, etc., in the wrong place. Her cheeks were yellow, but her hair was red; her eyes were small but her mouth large, etc.

"Though all her parts be not in the usual place,
She hath yet an Anagram of a good face."

From Judge Elbert B. Hamlin, of Litchfield, Conn.:

About 1897, when Ben Gilbert and I were living together in New York, Tony Pastor's theater on 14th Street was at the top of its glory as the home of melodrama, pretty rough stuff and probably the forerunner of the mystery dramas of today. Ben and I used to go down there occasionally as the price was very reasonable. I remember there was one thriller in which the villain was named Dunlap and he was so successful in his part as to incur the strenuous animosity of the entire audience. In that tense moment when he was finally foiled, a vociferous advocate of virtue in the top gallery yelled, "Back to the hat store, Dunlap!" But I remember that this brilliant sally produced no effect on that wild audience. As I remember it, a standard of success of an actor or actress in the melodramas of those days was to get the audience so excited that the audience participated in the performance.

Here are some staggering mathematics from Holloway Kilborn, of New Haven:

You remember that we were talking about bridge hands and you asked me to write it down, so here it is:

The chances are that the same hand will be dealt to the same player once in 635 billion (635,000,000,000) times.

The same four hands will be dealt to the same four positions once in 54 octillion (54,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) times. It would take 100,000 earths of 2,000,000,000 people playing bridge and dealing a new hand every minute for 2,000,000,000 years to equal this number.

When the whole deck is shuffled the chances are that the whole 52 cards will be in exactly the same order once in 81, you-say-it (81,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000

world but he seemed to have deliberately chosen the standpoint of a humbler class, a choice typified by his selection of a wife. At the hotel Baby Warren made a quick examination of him, and failing to find any of the hall-marks she respected, the subtler virtues or courtesies by which the privileged classes recognized one another, treated him thereafter with her second manner. Nicole was always a little afraid of him. Dick liked him, as he liked his friends, without reservations.

For the evening they were sliding down the hill into the village, on those little sleds which serve the same purpose as gondolas do in Venice. Their destination was a hotel with an old-fashioned Swiss tap-room, wooden and resounding, a room of clocks, kegs, steins, and antlers. Many parties at long tables blurred into one great party and ate *fondue*—a peculiarly indigestible form of Welsh rarebit, mitigated by hot spiced wine.

It was jolly in the big room; the younger Englishman remarked it and Dick conceded that there was no other word. With the pert heady wine he relaxed and pretended that the world was all put together again by the gray-haired men of the golden nineties who shouted old glees at the piano, by the young voices and the bright costumes toned into the room by the swirling smoke. For a moment he felt that they were in a ship with landfall just ahead; in the faces of all the girls was the same innocent expectation of the possibilities inherent in the situation and the night. He looked to see if that special girl was there and got an impression that she was at the table behind them—then he forgot her and invented a rigmarole and tried to make his party have a good time.

"I must talk to you," said Franz in English. "I have only twenty-four hours to spend here."

"I suspected you had something on your mind."

"I have a plan that is—so marvellous." His hand fell upon Dick's knee. "I have a plan that will be the making of us two."

"Well?"

"Dick—there is a clinic we could have together—the old clinic of Braun on the Züggersee. The plant is all modern except for a few points. He is sick—he wants to go up in Austria, to die probably. It is a chance that is just insuperable. You and me—what a pair! Now don't say anything yet until I finish."

From the yellow glint in Baby's eyes, Dick saw she was listening.

"We must undertake it together. It would not bind you too tight—it would give you a base, a laboratory, a centre. You could stay in residence say no more than half the year, when the weather is fine. In winter you could go to France or America and write your texts fresh from clinical experience." He lowered his voice. "And for the convalescence in your family, there are the atmosphere and regularity of the clinic at hand." Dick's expression did not encourage this note so Franz dropped it with the punctuation of his tongue leaving his lip quickly. "We could be partners. I the executive manager, you the theoretician, the brilliant consultant and all that. I know myself—I know I have no genius and you have. But, in my way, I am thought very capable; I am utterly competent at the most modern clinical methods. Sometimes for months I have served as the practical head of the old clinic. The professor says this plan is excellent, he advises me to go ahead. He says he is going to live forever, and work up to the last minute."

Dick formed imaginary pictures of the prospect as a preliminary to any exercise of judgment.

"What's the financial angle?" he asked.

Franz threw up his chin, his eyebrows, the transient wrinkles of his forehead, his hands, his elbows, his shoulders; he strained up the muscles of his legs, so that the cloth of his trousers bulged, pushed up his heart into his throat and his voice into the roof of his mouth.

"There we have it! Money!" he bewailed. "I have little money. The price in American money is two hundred thousand dollars. The innovation—ary—" he tasted the coinage doubtfully, "—steps, that you will agree are necessary, will cost twenty thousand dollars American. But the clinic is a gold mine—I tell you, I haven't seen the books. For an investment of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars we have an assured income of——"

Baby's curiosity was such that Dick brought her into the conversation.

"In your experience, Baby," he demanded, "have you found that when a European wants to see an American *very* pressingly it is invariably something concerned with money?"

"What is it?" she said innocently.

"This young Privatdocent thinks that he and I ought to launch into big business and try to attract nervous breakdowns from America."

Worried, Franz stared at Baby as Dick continued:

"But who are we, Franz? You bear a big name and I've written two textbooks. Is that enough to attract anybody? And I haven't got that much money—I haven't got a tenth of it." Franz smiled cynically. "Honestly I haven't. Nicole and Baby are rich as Crœsus, but I haven't managed to get my hands on any of it yet."

They were all listening now—Dick wondered if the girl at the table behind was listening too. The idea attracted him. He decided to let Baby speak for him, as one often lets women raise their voices over issues that are not in their hands. Baby became suddenly her grandfather, cool and experimental.

"I think it's a suggestion you ought to consider, Dick. I don't know what Doctor Gregory was saying—but it seems to me——"

Behind him the girl had leaned forward into a smoke ring and was picking up something from the floor. Nicole's face, fitted into his own across the table—her beauty, tentatively nesting and posing, flowed into his love, ever braced to protect it.

"Consider it, Dick," Franz urged excitedly. "When one writes on psychiatry, one should have actual clinical contacts. Jung writes, Bleuler writes, Freud writes, Forel writes, Adler writes—also they are in constant contact with mental disorder."

"Dick has me," laughed Nicole. "I should think that'd be enough mental disorder for one man."

"That's different," said Franz cautiously.

Baby was thinking that if Nicole lived beside a clinic she would always feel quite safe about her.

"We must think it over carefully," she said.

Though amused at her insolence, Dick did not encourage it.

"The decision concerns me, Baby," he said gently. "It's nice of you to want to buy me a clinic."

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Realizing she had meddled, Baby withdrew hurriedly:

"Of course, it's entirely your affair."

"A thing as important as this will take weeks to decide. I wonder how I like the picture of Nicole and me anchored to Zurich—" He turned to Franz, anticipating: "—I know. Zurich has a gashouse and running water and electric light—I lived there three years."

"I will leave you to think it over," said Franz. "I am confident——"

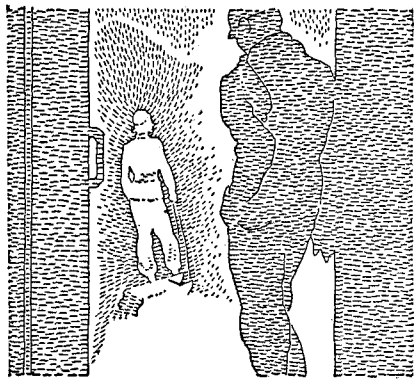
One hundred pair of five-pound boots had begun to clump toward the door, and they joined the press. Outside in the crisp moonlight, Dick saw the girl tying her sled to one of the sleighs ahead. They piled into their own sleigh and at the crisp-cracking whips the horses strained, breasting the dark air. Past them figures ran and scrambled, the younger ones shoving each other from sleds and runners, landing in the soft snow, then panting after the horses to drop exhausted on a sled or wail that they were abandoned. On either side the fields were beneficently tranquil; the space through which the cavalcade moved was high and limitless. In the country there was less noise as though they were all listening atavistically for wolves in the wide snow.

In Saanen, they poured into the municipal dance, crowded with cow herders, hotel servants, shop-keepers, ski teachers, guides, tourists, peasants. To come into the warm enclosed place after the pantheistic animal feeling without, was to reassume some absurd and impressive knightly name, become as thunderous as spurred boots in war, as football cleats on the cement of a locker-room floor. There was conventional yodelling, and the familiar rhythm of it separated Dick from what he had first found romantic in the scene. At first he thought it was because he had hounded the girl out of his consciousness; then it came to him under the form of what Baby had said: "We must think it over carefully—" and the unsaid lines back of that: "We own you, and you'll admit it sooner or later. It is absurd to keep up the pretense of independence."

It had been years since Dick had bottled up malice against a creature—since freshman year at New Haven when he had come upon a popular essay about "mental hygiene." Now he lost his temper at Baby and simultaneously tried to coop it up within him, resenting her cold rich insolence. It would be hundreds of years before any emergent Amazons would ever grasp the fact that a man is vulnerable only in his pride, but delicate as Humpty-Dumpty once that is meddled with—though some of them paid the fact a cautious lip-service. Doctor Diver's profession of sorting the broken shells of another sort of egg had given him a dread of breakage. But:

"There's too much good manners," he said on the way back to Gstaad in the smooth sleigh.

"Well, I think that's nice," said Baby.



"No, it isn't," he insisted to the anonymous bundle of fur. "Good manners are an admission that everybody is so tender that they have to be handled with gloves. Now, human respect—you don't call a man a coward or a liar lightly, but if you spend your life sparing people's feelings and feeding their vanity, you get so you can't distinguish what *should* be respected in them."

"I think Americans take their manners rather seriously," said the elder Englishman.

"I guess so," said Dick. "My father had the kind of manners he inherited from the days when you shot first and apologized afterward. Men armed—why you Europeans haven't carried arms in civil life since the beginning of the eighteenth century——"

"Not actually, perhaps——"

"Not *act*ually. Not really."

"Dick, you've always had such beautiful manners," said Baby conciliatingly.

The women were regarding him across the zoo of robes with some alarm. The younger Englishman did not understand and filled the ride to the hotel with a preposterous story about a boxing match with his best friend in which they loved and bruised each other for an hour, always with great reserve. Dick became facetious.

"So every time he hit you you considered him an even better friend?"

"I respected him more."

"It's the premise I don't understand. You and your best friend scrap about a trivial matter——"

"If you don't understand, I can't explain it to you," said the young Englishman coldly.

—This is what I'll get if I begin saying what I think, Dick said to himself.

He was ashamed at baiting the man, realizing that the absurdity of the story rested in the immaturity of the attitude combined with the sophisticated method of its narration.

The carnival spirit was strong and they went with the crowd into the grill, where a barman from Tunis manipulated the illumination in a counterpoint, whose other melody was the moon of the ice rink coming in the big windows. In that light, Dick found the girl devitalized, and uninteresting—he turned from her to enjoy the darkness, the cigarette points going green or silver when the lights shone red, the band of white that fell across the dancers as the door to the bar was opened and closed.

"Now tell me, Franz," he demanded, "do you think after sitting up all night drinking beer, you can go back and convince your patients that you have any character?"

"I'm going to bed," Nicole announced. "That doesn't take any character."

At the door of the elevator whither Dick conducted her, she said:

"Some people can drink, but you'd be ridiculous drinking."

"But I must show Franz that I'm not intended for a clinician."

Nicole walked into the elevator. Momentarily he was tempted to go too—then she said:

"Baby has lots of common sense."

"Baby is one of——"

The door slashed shut—facing a mechanical hum, Dick finished the sentence in his mind, "—Baby is a foolish woman."

But two days later, sleighing to the station with Franz, Dick admitted that he thought favorably upon the matter.

"We're beginning to turn in a circle," he admitted. "Living on this scale, there's an unavoidable series of strains, and Nicole doesn't survive them. The

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pastoral quality down on the summer Riviera is all changing anyhow—next year they'll have a Season."

They passed the crisp green rinks where Wiener waltzes blared and the colors of many mountain schools flashed against the pale-blue skies.

"—I hope we'll be able to do it, Franz. There's nobody I'd rather try it with than you——"

Good-bye, Gstaad! Good-bye, fresh faces, cold sweet flowers, flakes in the darkness. Good-bye, Gstaad, good-bye!

VII

Dick awoke at five after a long dream of war, walked to the window and stared out it at the Züggersee. His dream had begun in sombre majesty; navy blue uniforms crossed a dark plaza behind bands playing the second movement of Prokofieff's *Love of Three Oranges*. Presently there were fire engines, symbols of disaster, and a ghastly uprising of the mutilated in a dressing station. He turned on the light and made a thorough note of it ending with the half-ironic phrase: "Non-combatant's shell-shock."

As he sat on the side of his bed, he felt the room, the house and the night as empty. In the next room Nicole muttered something desolate and he felt sorry for whatever loneliness she was feeling in her sleep. For him time stood still and then every few years accelerated in a rush, like the quick re-wind of a film, and but for Nicole the years slipped away by clock and calendar and birthday, with the added poignance of her perishable beauty.

Even this past year and a half on the Züggersee seemed wasted time for her, the seasons marked only by the workmen on the road turning pink in May, brown in July, black in September, white again in Spring. She had come out of her first illness alive with new hopes, expecting so much, yet deprived of any subsistence except Dick, bringing up children she could only pretend gently to love, guided orphans. The people she liked, rebels mostly, disturbed her and were bad for her—she sought in them the vitality that had made them independent or creative or rugged, sought in vain—for their secrets were buried deep in childhood struggles they had forgotten. They were more interested in Nicole's exterior harmony and charm, the other face of her illness. She led a lonely life owning Dick who did not want to be owned.

Many times he had tried unsuccessfully to let go his hold on her. They had many fine times together, fine talks between the loves of the white nights, but always when he turned away from her into himself he left her holding nothing in her hands and staring at it, calling it many names, but knowing it was only the hope that he would come back soon.

He scrunched his pillow hard, lay down, and put the back of his neck against it as a Japanese does to slow the circulation, and slept again for a time. Later, while he shaved, Nicole awoke and marched around, giving abrupt, succinct orders to children and servants. Lanier came in to watch his father shave —living beside a psychiatric clinic he had developed an extraordinary confidence in and admiration for his father, together with an exaggerated scorn for all others; the patients appeared to him either in their odd aspects, or else as devitalized, over-correct creatures without personality. He was a handsome, promising boy and Dick devoted much time to him in the relation of an acute officer and a respectful enlisted man. Dick believed that, contrary to current trends of opinion, this was the way to create a manly pride in a boy.

"Why," Lanier asked, "do you always leave a little lather on the top of your hair when you shave?"

Cautiously Dick parted soapy lips: "I have never been able to find out. I've often wondered. I think it's because I get the first finger soapy when I make the line of my side-burn, but how it gets up on top of my head I don't know."

"I'm going to watch it all tomorrow."

"That's your only question before breakfast."

"I don't really call it a question."

"That's one on you."

Half an hour later Dick started up to the administration building. He was thirty-eight—still declining a beard he yet had a more medical aura about him than upon the Riviera. For eighteen months now he had lived at the clinic—certainly one of the best-appointed in Europe. Like Dohmler's it was of the modern type—no longer a single dark and sinister building but a small, scattered, yet deceitfully integrated village—Dick and Nicole had added much in the domain of taste, so that the plant was a thing of beauty, visited by every psychologist passing through Zurich. With the addition of a caddy house it might very well have been a country club. The Eglantine and the Beeches, houses for those sunk into eternal darkness, were screened by little copses from the main building, camouflaged strong-points. Behind was a large truck farm, worked partly by the patients. The workshops for ergo-therapy were three, placed under a single roof and there Doctor Diver began his morning's inspection. The carpentry shop, full of sunlight, exuded the sweetness of sawdust, of a lost age of wood; always half a dozen men were there, hammering, planing, buzzing—silent men, who lifted solemn eyes from their work as he passed through. Himself a good carpenter he discussed with them the efficiency of some tools for a moment in a quiet, personal, interested voice. Adjoining was the book-bindery, adapted to the most mobile of patients who were not always, however, those who had the greatest chance for recovery. The last chamber was devoted to bead-work, weaving and work in brass. The faces of the patients here wore the expression of one who has just sighed profoundly, dismissing something insoluble—but their sighs only marked the beginning of another ceaseless round of ratiocination, not in a wider circle as with normal people but in the same circle. Round, round, and round. Around forever. But the bright colors of the stuffs they worked with gave strangers a momentary illusion that all was well, as in a kindergarten. These patients brightened as Doctor Diver came in. Most of them liked him better than they liked Doctor Gregorovius. Those who had once lived in the great world invariably liked him better. There were a few who thought he neglected them, or that he was not simple, or that he posed. Their responses were not dissimilar to those that Dick evoked in non-professional life, but here they were warped and distorted.

One Englishwoman spoke to him always about a subject which she considered her own.

"Have we got music tonight?"

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't seen Doctor Borosk. How did

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you enjoy the music that Mrs. Sachs and Mr. Longstreet gave us last night?"

"It was so-so."

"I thought it was fine—especially the Chopin."

"I thought it was so-so."

"When are you going to play for us yourself?"

She shrugged her shoulders, as pleased at this question as she had been for several years.

"Some time. But I only play so-so."

They knew that she did not play at all—she had had two sisters who were brilliant musicians but she had never been able to learn the notes when they had been young together.

From the workshop Dick went to visit the Eglantine and the Beeches. Exteriorly these houses were as cheerful as the others; Nicole had designed the decoration and the furniture on a necessary base of concealed grills and bars and immovable furniture. She had worked with so much imagination—the inventive quality, which she lacked, being supplied by the problem itself—that no instructed visitor would have dreamed that the light, graceful filagree work at a window was a strong, unyielding end of a tether, that the pieces reflecting modern tubular tendencies were stancher than the massive creations of the Edwardians—even the flowers lay in iron fingers and every casual ornament and fixture was as necessary as a girder in a skyscraper. Her tireless eyes had made every room yield up its greatest usefulness. Complimented, she referred to herself bruskly as a master plumber.

For those who had not depolarized their compasses there seemed many odd things in these houses. Doctor Diver was often amused in the Eglantine, the men's building—here there was a strange little exhibitionist who thought that if he could walk unclothed and unmolested from the Etoile to the Place de la Concorde he would solve many things and, perhaps, Dick thought, he was quite right.

His most interesting case was in the main building. The patient was a woman of thirty who had been in the clinic six months; she was an American painter who had lived long in Paris. They had no very satisfactory history of her. A cousin had happened upon her all mad and gone in Paris and after an unsatisfactory interlude at one of the whoopee cures that fringed the city, dedicated largely to tourist victims of drug and drink, he had managed to get her to Switzerland. On her admittance she had been exceptionally pretty—now she was a living agonizing sore. All blood tests had failed to give a positive reaction and the trouble was unsatisfactorily catalogued as nervous eczema. For two months she had lain under it, as imprisoned in the Iron Maiden. She was coherent, even brilliant, within the limits of her special hallucinations.

She was particularly his patient. During spells of over-excitement he was the only doctor who could "do anything with her." Several weeks ago, on one of many nights that she had passed in sleepless torture Franz had succeeded in hypnotizing her into a few hours of needed rest, but he had never again succeeded. Hypnosis was a tool that Dick distrusted and seldom used, for he knew that he could not always summon up the mood in himself—he had once tried it on Nicole and she had scornfully laughed at him.

The woman in room twenty could not see him when he came in—the area about her eyes was too tightly swollen. She spoke in a strong, rich, deep, thrilling voice.

"How long will this last? Is it going to be forever?"

"It's not going to be very long now. Doctor Borosk tells me there are whole areas cleared up."

"If I knew what I had done to deserve this I could accept it with equanimity."

"It isn't wise to be mystical about it—we recognize it as a nervous phenomenon. It's related to the blush—when you were a girl, did you blush easily?"

She lay with her face turned to the ceiling.

"I have found nothing to blush for since I cut my wisdom teeth."

"Haven't you committed your share of petty sins and mistakes?"

"I have nothing to reproach myself for."

"You're very fortunate."

The woman thought a moment; her voice came up through her bandaged face afflicted with subterranean melodies:

"I'm sharing the fate of the women of my time who challenged men to battle."

"To your vast surprise it was just like all battles," he answered, adopting her formal diction.

"Just like all battles." She thought this over. "You pick a set-up, or else win a Pyrrhic victory, or you're wrecked and ruined—you're a ghostly echo from a broken wall."

"You are neither wrecked nor ruined," he told her. "Are you quite sure you've been in a real battle?"

"Look at me!" she cried furiously.

"You've suffered, but many women suffered before they mistook themselves for men." It was becoming an argument and he retreated. "In any case you mustn't confuse a single failure with a final defeat."

She sneered. "Beautiful words," and the phrase transpiring up through the crust of pain humbled him.

"We would like to go into the true reasons that brought you here—" he began but she interrupted.

"I am here as a symbol of something. I thought perhaps you would know what it was."

"You are sick," he said mechanically.

"Then what was it I had almost found?"

"A greater sickness."

"That's all?"

"That's all." With disgust he heard himself lying, but here and now the vastness of the subject could only be compressed into a lie. "Outside of that there's only confusion and chaos. I won't lecture to you—we have too acute a realization of your physical suffering. But it's only by meeting the problems of every day, no matter how trifling and boring they seem, that you can make things drop back into place again. After that—perhaps you'll be able again to examine——"

He had slowed up to avoid the inevitable end of his thought: "—the frontiers of consciousness." The frontiers that artists must explore were not for her, ever. She was fine-spun, inbred—eventually she might find rest in some quiet mysticism. Exploration was for those with a measure of peasant blood, those with big thighs and thick ankles who could take punishment as they took bread and salt, on every inch of flesh and spirit.

—Not for you, he almost said. It's too tough a game for you.

Yet in the awful majesty of her pain he went out to her unreservedly, almost sexually. He wanted to gather her up

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in his arms, as he so often had Nicole, and cherish even her mistakes so deeply were they part of her. The orange light through the drawn blind, the sarcophagus of her figure on the bed, the spot of face, the voice searching the vacuity of her illness and finding only remote abstractions.

As he arose the tears fled lava-like into her bandages.

"That is for something," she whispered. "Something must come out of it."

He stooped and kissed her forehead.

"We must all try to be good," he said.

Leaving her room he sent the nurse in to her, and crossed the road to his house. There were other patients to see: an American girl of fifteen who had been brought up on the basis that childhood was intended to be all fun—his visit was provoked by the fact that she had just hacked off all her hair with scissors. There was nothing much to be done for her—a family history of neurosis and nothing stable in her past to build on. The father, normal and conscientious himself, had tried to protect a nervous brood from life's troubles and had succeeded merely in preventing them from developing powers of adjustment to life's inevitable surprises. There was little that Dick could say: "Helen, when you're in doubt you must ask a nurse, you must learn to take advice. Promise me you will."

What was a promise with the head sick? He looked in upon a frail exile from the Caucasus buckled securely in a sort of hammock which in turn was submerged in a warm medical bath, and upon the three daughters of a Portuguese general who slid almost imperceptibly toward paresis. He went into the room next to them and told a collapsed psychiatrist that he was better, always better, and the man tried to read his face for conviction, since he hung on the real world only through the reassurance he could find in the resonance, or lack of it, in Doctor Diver's voice. After that Dick discharged a shiftless orderly and it was time for luncheon. Meals with the patients were a chore he approached with apathy. The gathering, which of course did not include residents at the Eglantine or the Beeches, was conventional enough at first sight but over it brooded always a heavy melancholy. Such doctors as were present kept up a conversation but most of the patients, as if exhausted by their morning's endeavor, or depressed by the company, spoke little, and ate looking into their plates.

Luncheon over, Dick returned to his villa. Nicole was in the salon wearing a strange expression. He scented trouble and asked quickly: "What is it, dear?"

"Read that."

She tossed him a letter. It was from a woman recently discharged, though with skepticism on the part of the faculty. It accused him in no uncertain terms of having seduced her daughter who had been at her mother's side during the crucial stage of the illness. It presumed that Mrs. Diver would be glad to have this information and learn what her husband was really like.

Dick read the letter again. Couched in clear and concise English he yet recognized it as the letter of a manic. Upon a single occasion he had let the girl, a flirtatious little brunette, ride into Zurich with him upon her request, and in the evening had brought her back to the clinic. On the way back, in an idle, almost indulgent way, he kissed her. Later, she tried to carry the affair further but he was not interested and subsequently, perhaps consequently, the girl had come to dislike him, and taken her mother away before the proper time.

"This letter is deranged," he said casually. "I had no relations of any kind with that girl. I didn't even like her."

"Yes, I've tried thinking that," said Nicole.

"Surely you don't believe it?"

"I've been sitting here."

He sank his voice to a reproachful note and sat beside her. "This is absurd. This is a letter from a mental patient."

"I was a mental patient."

He stood up and spoke more authoritatively.

"We're not going to have any nonsense, Nicole. Go and round up the children and we'll start."

In the car, with Dick driving, they rounded the lake, following its little promontories, catching the burn of light and water in the windshield, tunnelling through cascades of evergreen. It was Dick's particular car, a Renault so dwarfish that they all stuck out of it except the children, between whom Mademoiselle towered mast-like in the rear seat. They knew every kilometer of the road—where they would smell the pine needles and the black stove smoke; a high sun with a face traced on it beat fierce on the straw hats of the children.

Nicole was silent; Dick could make nothing of her straight hard gaze. Often he felt lonely with her, and frequently she tired him with the flood of personal revelations she reserved exclusively for him, "I'm like this—I'm more like that," but this afternoon he would have liked her to rattle on in staccato for a while and give him glimpses of her thoughts. The situation held most threat of trouble when she backed up into herself and closed the doors behind her.

At Zug Mademoiselle got out and left them. In their well-burnished chariot the Divers approached the Agiri Fair through a menagerie of mammoth steam-rollers that made way for them, the drivers fixing the pleasure car reproachfully with Italian eyes. Dick parked the car, and as Nicole looked at him without moving, he said: "Come on, dear." Her lips drew apart into a sudden awful smile, and his belly quailed, but as if he hadn't seen it he repeated: "Come on. So the children can get out."

"Oh, I'll come all right," she answered, tearing the words from some story spinning itself out inside her, too fast for him to grasp. "Don't worry about that. I'll come——"

"Then come."

She turned from him as he walked beside her but the smile still flickered across her face, derisive and remote. Only when Lanier spoke to her several times did she manage to fix her attention upon an object, a Punch-and-Judy show, and to orient herself by anchoring to it.

Dick tried to think what to do. The dualism in his views of her—the view of the husband and the view of the psychiatrist—was increasingly paralyzing his faculties. In these six years she had several times carried him over the line with her, disarming him by exciting emotional pity or by a flow of wit, fantastic and disassociated, so that only after the episode did he realize with the consciousness of his own relaxation from tension, that she had succeeded in getting a point against his better judgment.

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A discussion with Topsy about the guignol, as to whether the Punch was the same Punch they had seen last year in Cannes, being settled, the family walked along again between the booths under the open sky. The women's bonnets, perching over velvet vests, the bright, spreading skirts of many cantons, seemed demure against the blue and orange paint of the wagons and displays. There was the sound of a whining, tinkling hootchy-kootchy show.

Nicole began to run very suddenly, so suddenly that for a moment Dick did not miss her. Far ahead he saw her yellow dress twisting through the crowd, an ochre stitch along the edge of reality and unreality, and started after her. Secretly she ran and secretly he followed. As the hot afternoon went shrill and terrible with her flight he had forgotten the children; then he wheeled and ran back to them, drawing them this way and that by their arms, his eyes jumping from booth to booth.

"Madame," he cried to a young woman behind a white lottery wheel, "Est-ce que je peux laisser ces petits avec vous deux minutes? C'est très urgent—je vous donnerai dix francs."

"Mais oui."

He headed the children into the booth. "Alors—restez avec cette gentille dame."

"Oui, Dick."

He darted off again but he had lost her; he circled the merry-go-round keeping up with it till he realized he was running beside it, staring always at the same horse. He elbowed through the crowd in the buvette; then remembering a predilection of Nicole's he snatched up an edge of a fortune-teller's tent and peered within. A droning voice greeted him: "La septième fille d'une septième fille née sur les rives du Nile—entrez, Monsieur——"

Dropping the flap he ran along toward where the *plaisance* terminated at the lake and a small ferris wheel revolved slowly against the sky. There he found her.

She was alone in what was momentarily the top boat of the wheel, and as it descended he saw that she was laughing hilariously; he slunk back in the crowd, a crowd which, at the wheel's next revolution, spotted the intensity of Nicole's hysteria.

"Regardez moi ça!"

"Regarde cette Anglaise donc!"

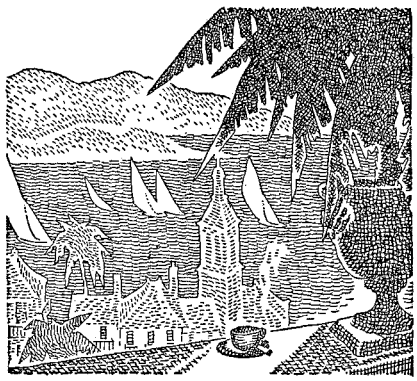
Down she dropped again—this time the wheel and its music were slowing and a dozen people were around her car, all of them impelled by the quality of her laughter to smile in sympathetic idiocy. But when Nicole saw Dick her laughter died—she made a gesture of slipping by and away from him but he caught her arm and held it as they walked away.

"Why did you lose control of yourself like that?"

"You know very well why."

"No, I don't."

"That's just preposterous—let me loose—that's an insult to my intelligence. Don't you think I saw that girl look at you—that little dark girl. Oh, this is farcical—a child, not more than fifteen. Don't you think I saw?"



"Stop here a minute and quiet down."

They sat at a table, her eyes in a profundity of suspicion, her hand moving across her line of sight as if it were obstructed. "I want a drink—I want a brandy."

"You can't have brandy—you can have a bock if you want it."

"Why can't I have a brandy?"

"We won't go into that. Listen to me—this business about a girl is a delusion, do you understand that word?"

"It's always a delusion when I see what you don't want me to see."

He had a sense of guilt as in one of those nightmares where we are accused of a crime which we recognize as something undeniably experienced, but which upon waking we realize we have not committed. His eyes wavered from hers.

"I left the children with a gypsy woman in a booth. We ought to get them."

"Who do you think you are?" she demanded. "Svengali?"

Fifteen minutes ago they had been a family. Now as she was crushed into a corner by his unwilling shoulder he saw them all, child and man, as a perilous accident.

"We're going home."

"Home!" she roared in a voice so abandoned that its louder tones wavered and cracked. "And sit and think that we're all rotting and the children's ashes are rotting in every box I open? That filth!"

Almost with relief he saw that her words sterilized her, and Nicole on her part, sensitized down to the corium of the skin, saw the withdrawal in his face. Her own face softened and she begged, "Help me, help me, Dick!"

A wave of agony went over him. It was awful that such a fine tower should not be erected, only suspended, suspended from him. Up to a point that was right: men were for that, beam and idea, girder and logarithm; but somehow Dick and Nicole had become one and equal, not apposite and complementary; she was Dick too, the drought in the marrow of his bones. He could not watch her disintegrations without participating in them. His intuition rilled out of him as tenderness and compassion—he could only take the characteristically modern course, to interpose—he would get a nurse from Zurich, to come to her tonight.

"You *can* help me."

Her sweet bullying pulled him forward off his feet. "You've helped me before—you can help me now."

"I can only help you the same old way."

"Someone can help me."

"Maybe so. You can help yourself most. Let's find the children."

There were numerous lottery booths with white wheels—Dick was startled when he inquired at the first one and encountered blank disavowals. Evil-eyed, Nicole stood apart, denying the children, resenting them as part of a downright world she sought to amorphosise. Presently Dick found them, surrounded by women who were examining them with delight like fine goods, and by peasant children staring.

"Merci, Monsieur, ah Monsieur est trop généreux. C'était un plaisir, M'sieur, Madame. Au revoir, mes petits."

They started back with a hot sorrow streaming down upon them; the car

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was weighted with their mutual apprehension and anguish, and the children's mouths were grave with disappointment. Grief presented itself in its terrible, dark, unfamiliar color. Somewhere around Zug, Nicole, with a convulsive effort, reiterated a remark she had made before about a misty yellow house set back from the road that looked always as if the paint were not dry on it, but it was like trying to catch at a rope that was playing out too swiftly.

Dick tried to rest—the struggle would come presently at home and he might have to sit a long time, restating the universe for her. A "schizophrène" is well named as a split personality—Nicole was alternately a person to whom nothing need be explained and one to whom nothing *could* be explained. It was necessary to treat her with active and affirmative insistence, keeping the road to reality always open, making the road to escape harder going. But the brilliance, the versatility of madness is akin to the resourcefulness of water seeping through, over and around a dike. It requires the united front of many people to work against it. He felt it necessary that this time Nicole cure herself; he wanted to wait until she remembered the other times, and revolted from them. In a tired way, he planned that they would again resume the regime relaxed a year before.

He had turned the car up a hill that made a short cut to the clinic, and now as he stepped on the accelerator for a short straightaway running parallel to the hillside the car swerved violently left, swerved right, tipped on two wheels and, as Dick, with Nicole's voice screaming in his ear, crushed down the mad hand clutching the steering wheel, righted itself, swerved once more and shot off the road; it tore through low underbrush, tipped again and settled slowly at an angle of ninety degrees against a tree.

The children were screaming and Nicole was screaming and cursing and trying to tear at Dick's face. Thinking first of the list of the car and unable to estimate it Dick bent away Nicole's arm, climbed over the top side and lifted out the children; then he saw the car was in a stable position. Before doing anything else he stood there shaking and panting.

"You—!" he cried.

She was laughing hilariously, unashamed, unafraid, unconcerned. No one coming on the scene would have imagined that she had caused it; she laughed as after some mild escape of childhood.

"You were scared, weren't you?" she accused him. "You wanted to live."

She spoke with such force that in his shocked state Dick wondered if he had been frightened for himself—but the strained faces of the children, looking from parent to parent, made him want to grind her grinning mask into jelly.

Directly above them, half a kilometer by the winding road but only a hundred yards climbing, was an inn; one of its out-houses showed through the wooded hill.

Take Topsy's hand," he said to Lanier, "like that, tight, and climb up that hill—see the little path? When you get to the inn tell them 'La voiture Divare est cassée.' Someone must come right down."

Lanier, not sure what had happened, but suspecting the dark and unprecedented, asked:

"What will you do, Dick?"

"We'll stay here with the car."

Neither of them looked at their mother as they started off. "Be careful crossing the road up there! Look both ways!" Dick shouted after them.

Neither did he and Nicole look at each other directly—she took out a compact, looked in its mirror, and smoothed back the temple hair. Dick watched the children climbing for a moment until they disappeared among the pines half way up; then he walked around the car to see the damage and plan how to get it back on the road. In the dirt he could trace the rocking course they had pursued for over a hundred feet; he was filled with a violent disgust that was not like anger.

In a few minutes the proprietor of the inn came running down.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "How did it happen, were you going fast? What luck! Except for that tree you'd have rolled down hill!"

Taking advantage of Emile's reality, the wide black apron, the sweat upon the rolls of his face, Dick signalled to Nicole in a matter-of-fact way to let him help her from the car; whereupon she jumped over the lower side, lost her balance on the slope, fell to her knees and got up again. As she watched the men trying to move the car her expression became defiant. Welcoming even that mood Dick said:

"Go and wait with the children, Nicole."

Only after she had gone did he remember that she had wanted cognac, and that there was cognac available up there—he told Emile never mind about the car; they would wait for the chauffeur and the big car to pull it up onto the road. Together they hurried up to the inn.

VIII

"I want to go away," he told Franz. "For a month or so, for as long as I can."

"Why not, Dick? That was our original arrangement—it was you who insisted on staying. If you and Nicole——"

"I don't want to go away with Nicole. I want to go away alone. This last thing knocked me sideways—if I get two hours' sleep in twenty-four, it's one of Zwingli's miracles."

"You wish a real leave of abstinence."

"The word is 'absence.' Look here: I know Nicole and Kaethe don't water at the mouth over each other, but if I go to Berlin to the Psychiatric Congress could you manage to keep the peace? For three months she's been all right and she likes her nurse. My God, you're the only human being in this world I can ask this of."

Franz grunted, considering whether or not he could be trusted to think always of his partner's interest.

In Zurich the next week Dick drove to the airport and took the big plane for Munich. Soaring and roaring into the blue he felt numb, realizing how tired he was. A vast persuasive quiet stole over him, and he abandoned sickness to the sick, sound to the motors, direction to the pilot. He had no intention of attending so much as a single session of the congress—he could imagine it well enough, new pamphlets by Bleuler and old Forel that he could much better digest at home, the paper by the earnest American who cured dementia praecox by pulling out his patients' teeth or cauterizing their tonsils, the half-derisive respect with which this idea would be greeted, for no more reason than that America was such a rich and powerful country. The other delegates from America—red-

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headed Schwartze with his saint's face and his infinite patience in straddling two worlds, as well as dozens of commercial alienists with hang-dog faces, who would be present partly to increase their reach for the big plums of the criminal practice, partly to master novel sophistries that they could weave into their stock in trade, to the infinite confusion of all values. There would be cynical Latins, and some man of Freud's from Vienna. Articulate among them would be the great Jung, bland, super-vigorous, on his rounds between the forests of anthropology and the neuroses of yachtsmen. At first there would be an American cast to the congress, in its forms and ceremonies, then the closer-knit European vitality would fight through, and finally the Americans would play their trump card, the announcement of colossal gifts and endowments, of great new plants and training schools, and in the pretense of the figures the Europeans would blanch and walk timidly. But he would not be there to see.

They skirted the Vorarlberg Alps, and Dick felt a pastoral delight in watching the villages. There were always four or five in sight, each one gathered around a church. It was simple looking at the earth from far off, simple as playing grim games with dolls and soldiers. This was the way statesmen and commanders and all retired people looked at things. It was a good draft of relief.

An Englishman spoke to him from across the aisle but he found something antipathetic in the "Come now, aren't we still the rulers of the world? *Please* let us go on being the rulers for a *little* bit longer?" It was like a rich man after a disastrous orgy who makes up to the household by chatting with them individually, when it is obvious to them that he is only trying to get back his self-respect in order to usurp his former power.

Dick had with him what magazines were available on the station quays: *The Forum, The Saturday Evening Post, L'Illustration,* and the *Fliegende Blätter,* but it was more fun to descend in his imagination into the villages and shake hands with the rural characters. He sat in the churches as he sat in his father's church in Buffalo, amid the starchy must of Sunday clothes. He listened to the wisdom of the Near East, was Crucified, Died, and was Buried in the cheerful church, and once more worried between five or ten cents for the collection plate, because of the girl who sat in the pew behind.

The Englishman suddenly borrowed his magazines with a little small change of conversation, and Dick, glad to see them go, thought of the voyage ahead of him. Goatlike under his sheep's clothing of long-staple Australian wool, he considered the world of pleasure. He considered the incorruptible Mediterranean with sweet old dirt caked in the olive trees, the peasant girl near Savona with a face as green and rose as the color of an illuminated missal. He would take her in his hands and snatch her across the border; it would be fun munching her lovely olive beauty, coming to the stone at last and finding that it held a miniature of himself as a child.

But soon he deserted her—he must press on toward the Isles of Greece, the cloudy waters of unfamiliar ports, the lost girl on shore, the moon of popular songs. A substantial part of Dick's mind was made up of the tawdry souvenirs of his correct and conventional boyhood. It was strange that in this littered Five-and-Ten, he had managed to keep alive the low painful fire of intelligence.

Tommy Costello was a ruler, Tommy was a hero—Dick happened upon him in the Marienplatz in Munich, in one of those green-felt cafés, where small gamblers diced on tapestry mats. The air was full of beer, politics, and the slap of cards.

Tommy was at a table laughing his martial laugh: "Um-buh—ha-ha! Um-buh—ha-ha!" As a rule, he drank little; courage was his game and all his companions were a little afraid of him. Recently an eighth of the area of his skull had been removed by a Warsaw surgeon and was knitting under his hair, and the weakest person in the café could have killed him with a flip of a knotted napkin.

"—this is Prince Chillicheff—" A battered, powder-gray Russian of fifty, "—and Mr. McKibben—and Mr. Hannan—" a lively ball of black eyes and hair. The latter was a clown, and he said immediately to Dick:

"The first thing before we shake hands—what do you mean by fooling around with my aunt?"

"Why, I——"

"You heard me. What are you doing here in Munich anyhow?"

"Um-buh—ha-ha!" laughed Tommy.

"Haven't you got aunts of your own? Why don't you fool with them?" Dick smiled, whereupon the man shifted his attack:

"Now let's not have any more talk about aunts. How do I know you didn't make up the whole thing? Here you are a complete stranger with an acquaintance of less than half a century and you come up to me with a cock-and-bull story about your aunts. How do I know what you have concealed about you?"

Tommy laughed again, then said good-naturedly, but firmly, "That's enough, Carly. Sit down, Dick—how're you? How's Nicole?"

He did not like any man very much nor feel their presence with much intensity—he was all relaxed for combat; as a fine athlete playing secondary defense in any sport is really resting, while a lesser man only pretends to rest.

Mr. Hannan, not entirely suppressed, moved to an adjoining piano, and with recurring resentment on his face whenever he looked at Dick, played chords, from time to time muttering, "Your aunts," and then in a dying cadence, "I didn't say aunts anyhow. I said pants."

"Well, how're you?" repeated Tommy. "You don't look so—" he fought for a word, "—so jaunty as you used to, so spruce, you know what I mean."

The remark sounded too much like one of those annoying accusations of waning vitality and Dick was about to retort by commenting on the extraordinary suits worn by Tommy and Prince Chillicheff, suits of a cut and pattern fantastic enough to have sauntered down Beale Street on a Sunday—when an explanation was forthcoming.

"I see you are regarding our clothes," said the Prince. "We have just come out of Russia."

"These were made in Poland by the court tailor," said Tommy. "That's a fact—Pilsudski's own tailor."

"You've been touring?" Dick asked.

They laughed, the Prince inordinately and clapping Tommy on the back.

"Yes, we have been touring. That's it, touring. We have made the Grand Tour of all the Russias. In state."

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Dick waited for an explanation. It came from Mr. McKibben in two words.

"They escaped."

"Have you been prisoners in Russia?" Dick demanded.

"It was I," explained Prince Chillicheff, his dead yellow eyes staring at Dick. "Not a prisoner but in hiding."

"Did you have much trouble getting out?"

"Some trouble. We left three Red Guards dead at the border. Tommy left two—" He held up two fingers like a Frenchman—"I left one."

"That's the part I don't understand," said Mr. McKibben. "Why they should have objected to your leaving."

Hannan turned from the piano and said, winking at the others: "Mac thinks a Marxian is somebody who went to St. Mark's school."

It was an escape story in the best tradition—an aristocrat hiding nine years with a former servant and working in a government bakery; the eighteen-year-old daughter in Paris who knew Tommy Costello. . . . During the narrative Dick decided that this parched *papier mâché* relic of the past was scarcely worth the lives of three young men. The question arose as to whether Tommy and Chillicheff had been frightened.

"When I was cold," Tommy said. "I always get scared when I'm cold. During the big war I was always frightened when I was cold."

McKibben regarded the clock and stood up.

"I must leave. Tomorrow morning I'm going to Innsbruck by car with my wife and children—and the governess."

"I'm going there tomorrow, too," said Dick.

"Oh, are you?" exclaimed McKibben. "Why not come with us? It's a big Packard and there's only my wife and my children and myself—and the governess——"

"I can't possibly——"

"Of course she's not really a governess," McKibben concluded, looking rather pathetically at Dick. "As a matter of fact my wife knows your sister-in-law, Baby Warren."

But Dick was not to be drawn into a blind contract.

"I've promised to travel with two men."

"Oh," McKibben's face fell. "Well, I'll say good-bye." He unscrewed two blooded wire-hairs from a nearby table and stood ready to depart; Dick pictured the jammed Packard pounding toward Innsbruck with the McKibbens and their children and their baggage and yapping dogs—and the governess.

"The paper says they know the man who killed him," said Tommy. "But his cousins did not want it in the papers, because it happened in a speakeasy. What do you think of that?"

"It's what's known in America as family pride."

Hannan played a loud chord on the piano to attract attention to himself.

"I don't believe his first stuff holds up," he said. "Even barring the Europeans there are a dozen Americans can do what North did."

It was the first indication Dick had had that they were talking about Abe North.

"The only difference is that Abe did it first," said Tommy.

"I don't agree," persisted Hannan. "He got the reputation for being a good musician because he drank so much that his friends had to explain him away somehow."

"What's all this about Abe North? What about him? Is he in a jam?"

"Didn't you read *The Herald* this morning?"

"No."

"He's dead. He was beaten to death in a speakeasy in New York. He just managed to crawl home to the Racquet Club to die——"

"Abe North?"

"Yes, sure, they——"

"Abe North?" Dick stood up. "Are you sure he's dead?"

Hannan turned around to McKibben: "It wasn't the Racquet Club he crawled to—it was the Harvard Club. I'm sure he didn't belong to the Racquet."

"The paper said so," McKibben insisted.

"It must have been a mistake. I'm quite sure."

"Beaten to death in a speakeasy."

"But I happen to know most of the members of the Racquet Club," said Hannan. "It *must* have been the Harvard Club."

Dick got up and Tommy too. Prince Chillicheff started out of a wan study of nothing, perhaps of his chances of ever getting out of Russia, a study that had occupied him so long that it was doubtful if he could give it up immediately, and joined them in leaving.

On the way to the hotel, a journey of which Dick was scarcely aware, Tommy said:

"We're waiting for a tailor to finish some suits so we can get to Paris. I'm going into stock-broking and they wouldn't take me if I showed up like this. Everybody in your country is making millions. Are you really leaving tomorrow? We can't even have dinner with you. It seems the Prince had an old girl in Munich. He called her up but she'd been dead five years and we're having dinner with the two daughters."

The Prince nodded.

"Perhaps I could have arranged for Doctor Diver."

"No, no," said Dick hastily.

He slept deep and awoke to a slow mournful march passing his window. It was a long column of men in uniform, wearing the familiar helmet of 1914, of thick men in frock coats and silk hats, burghers, aristocrats, plain men. It was a society of veterans going to lay wreaths on the tombs of the dead. The column marched slowly with a sort of swagger for a lost magnificence, a past effort, a forgotten sorrow. The faces were only formally sad but Dick's lungs burst for a moment with regret for Abe's death, and his own youth of ten years ago.

He reached Innsbruck at dusk, sent his bags up to a hotel and walked into town. In the sunset the Emperor Maximilian knelt in prayer above his bronze mourners; a quartet of Jesuit novices paced and read in the university garden. The marble souvenirs of old sieges, marriages, anniversaries, faded quickly when the sun was down, and he had erbsen-suppe with würstchen cut up in it at a bierstube—he drank four hellas of Pilsener and refused a formidable dessert known as kaiserschmarren. Guessing that he had successfully avoided an encounter with McKibben and his entourage he went to his hotel.

Despite the overhanging mountains Switzerland was far away, Nicole was far away. Walking in the garden later when it was quite dark he thought about her with detachment, loving her for her best self. He remembered once when the grass was damp and she came to him on hurried feet, her thin slippers drenched with dew. She stood upon his shoes nestling close and held up her face as one might show a book open at a page.

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"Think how you love me," she whispered. "I don't ask you to love me always like this, but I ask you to remember. Somewhere inside me there'll always be the person I am tonight."

But Dick had come away for his soul's sake, and he began thinking about that. He had lost himself—he could not tell the hour when, or the day or the week, the month or the year. Once he had cut through things, solving the most complicated equations as the simplest problems of his simplest patients. Between the time of his marriage and his meeting with Rosemary the spear had been blunted.

—Half the scientific world, he thought, are claiming that their work is hampered by lack of money; the other half is so swamped in money that work hardly seems worth while.

Watching his father's struggles in poor parishes had wedded a desire for money to an essentially unacquisitive nature. It was not a healthy necessity for security—he had never felt more sure of himself, more thoroughly his own man, than at the time of his marriage to Nicole. Yet he had been swallowed up like a gigolo, and somehow permitted his arsenal to be locked up in the Warren safety-deposit vaults.

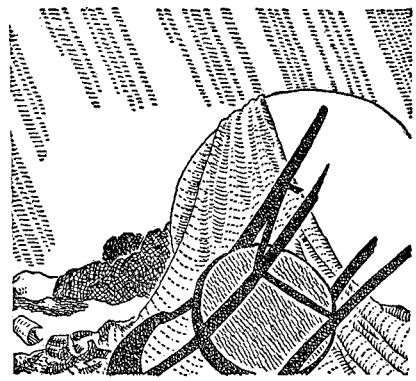
"There should have been a settlement in the continental style; but it isn't over yet. I've wasted eight good years teaching the rich the A B C's of human decency, but I'm not done. I've got too many unplayed trumps in my hand."

He loitered among the fallow rosebushes and the beds of damp sweet indistinguishable fern. It was warm for October but cool enough to wear a heavy tweed coat buttoned by a little elastic tape at the neck. A figure detached itself from the black shape of a tree and he knew it was the woman whom he had passed in the lobby coming out. He was in love with every pretty woman he saw now, their forms at a distance, their shadows on a wall. When he passed her in the lobby he had looked into eyes that were frightened and bold.

Neither of them moved. Her back was toward him as she faced the lights of the town. He scratched a match that she must have heard, but she remained motionless. He grinned—he was no longer Doctor Diver, gravely admonishing, rigidly paternal—he was Dick Diver at Yale, Dick Diver at Medical School, Dick Diver at Hopkins, Dick Diver Behind the Lines, Dick Diver on the Hunt . . .

She did not move—was it invitation? Or indication of obliviousness? He had long been outside of the world of simple desires and their fulfillments, and he was inept and uncertain. For all he knew there might be some code among the wanderers of obscure spas by which they found each other quickly.

—Perhaps the next gesture was his. That was neurotic thinking, born of too much enforced professional and domestic hypocrisy. Strange children should



smile at each other and say, "Let's play." Who cared?

He moved closer, and the shadow moved sideways. Possibly he would be snubbed like the scapegoat drummers he had heard of in youth. But now he must make his choice—go forward boldly and remark upon the night, or give up entirely. His heart beat loud in contact with the unprobed, undissected, unanalyzed, unaccounted for. While he hesitated, the girl broke the black frieze she made with the foliage, rounded a bench at a moderate but determined pace and took the path back to the hotel.

With a guide and two other men Dick started up the Birkkarspitze next morning. It was a fine feeling once they were above the cowbells of the highest pastures—Dick looked forward to the night in the shack, enjoying his own fatigue, enjoying the captaincy of the guide, feeling a delight in his own anonymity. But at midday the weather changed to black sleet and hail and mountain thunder. Dick and one of the other climbers wanted to go on but the guide refused. Regretfully they struggled back to Innsbruck to start again tomorrow.

After dinner and a bottle of heavy local wine in the deserted dining-room, Dick went out into the garden. He felt better, tired and tranquil.

There was a voice at his shoulder:

"Isn't it a lovely night? . . . I'll sit down here if you don't mind," the girl said. "The best view is from here. You're an Irishman, aren't you?"

"I'm an American."

"I thought you were Irish. I'm a Canadian. I've lived in the States a long time."

"Will you be here long?"

"That sounds like Hugo's 'All you want to know in German,'" the girl said, smiling. "Don't you know those questions, 'Are all your rooms taken?' and 'Is attendance included?'"

"'Do not shut the windows entirely.'"

"'We will finish up with black coffee, cigars and liqueurs.' I always liked that one."

"I used one of those pamphlets once in Italy," he confessed.

"We're using one now. The people I'm travelling with can't speak German, and neither can I."

A wild memory struck him "—not exactly a governess."

"Are you by any chance with some people named McKibben?" he asked.

"Yes—do you know them? I'm taking care of their children, to get the trip."

"Is it difficult?"

"There you go again. And I thought you were an Irishman when I first saw you. Sometimes I think Americans always talk guide-book; 'cep' when they're tight."

She was close to him now, so sweet-faced as she brushed a ringlet of lovely hair away from her eye that there was nothing except to draw her up to him and taste unfamiliar lips. Their faces were little moons under the great white one that hovered . . .

Even as he drew away there was an interruption, quick steps and a voice wild with shock and anger.

"What's the idea? Alice! My God, what *is* this?"

It was McKibben and he scarcely recognized Dick, so upset was he by the discovery.

"Do you mean to say you've been kissing her?" he cried. "By God, do you mean to say——"

Dick was astounded. He and the young woman were on their feet now, the latter looking at McKibben with

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contempt. "Calm down, Barker—Calm down!" she advised him.

But McKibben grew more and more excited, and Dick felt his own muscles exercising for a mêlée.

"What business is this of yours?" he inquired.

"Plenty of my business!" cried McKibben. "What are you butting in for?"

"Butting into what?"

Nevertheless Dick was beginning to realize. The somewhat ambiguous lady who was "not exactly a governess" had worked herself into a state of indignation.

"You're acting like a maniac, Barker McKibben, and I refuse to listen. I've stood enough of this crazy jealousy and I'm going home tomorrow."

Haughtily she turned and swung toward the hotel.

McKibben was visibly moved by her last statement; once more his mustache quivered at Dick.

"What's the idea anyhow?"

"How was I supposed to know she was your girl?"

McKibben sat down on the bench and covered his face with his hands.

"All I've done for her—the dresses I've bought her, the jewels I've given her. She's had to tell my wife they're *imitations*." He sprang to his feet. "Do you suppose she has any real idea of going home? She's capable of it. She'd do it in a minute. She may be packing her trunk now."

They went up to the hotel.

"Come and join us if there isn't a row," urged McKibben. "You haven't met my wife." He looked at Dick hopefully.

Dick hesitated.

"I'll have to go to my room first," he said, tasting rouge on his lips. "I'll join you if everything seems calm."

On his bureau lay the telegram with which Nicole followed his itinerary from place to place, but it seemed practically irreverent to open it in the midst of this ludicrous situation. He washed his face and went downstairs.

The trouble was not over—in fact, it had scarcely begun. Mrs. McKibben, a pretty woman of thirty, who had perceptibly been a pretty girl of eighteen, sat passive while Alice stood by the tap-room table with the air of one about to take flight, using to its full advantage her key position in this *ménage à trois*, an opportunity she had obviously sought for some time.

"I want you to arrange for my ticket, I've stood enough."

McKibben's tone had changed—he was pleading as openly as he dared for forgiveness on any grounds.

"We'll think it over tomorrow," he said.

"No! This is the last time, Barker McKibben. I'm through. You arrange for my ticket or I'll go and do it myself."

Dick tried to make talk with Mrs. McKibben. His approach, feeble at best, was to compliment her on having a husband with such a sense of duty that he even looked after the morals of every one in the party; then, before this flimsy statement could be examined, Dick skipped quickly to broad generalities about the foolishness of quarrels, and of deciding things at night, and the poor woman, feeling very alone and grateful for anything to cling to, listened with pathetic eagerness. He wondered if she wanted Alice to carry out her threat; Dick knew that this would be of little profit, for it would be upon his wife that McKibben would take revenge.

"I feel responsible," he said insincerely, breaking into the other conversation.

"It's Barker's fault." Alice's mouth was so hard now that it was difficult to believe he had kissed it. Each time her temper rose, McKibben's wilted, with the exactitude of the liquids rising and falling in the jars of a gasoline station. Suddenly Alice realized how far she had gone, and as if at some invisible signal she and McKibben left the room together.

"I guess they are going to talk it over outside," Dick said.

"I guess they are," agreed Mrs. McKibben.

Ten minutes later McKibben returned, announcing with relief that Alice had gone to bed and nothing would be decided until tomorrow. They had a drink and Dick excused himself on the grounds of an early start tomorrow. He left them sitting at the table, so separated that such scenes were really of little significance; they were only pale reflections of what had been played many times and with much more poignancy in their hearts.

Upstairs Dick walked around thinking of the matter and laying out his climbing clothes more advantageously on the faint heater; he encountered Nicole's telegram on the bureau. It proved to be a cablegram from Buffalo, forwarded through Zurich.

"Your father died peacefully tonight. Holmes."

He felt a sharp wince at this second shock, a gathering of the forces of resistance; then it rolled up through his loins and stomach and throat.

He read the message again. He sat down on the bed, breathing and staring; thinking first the old selfish child's thought that comes with the death of a parent, how will it affect me now that this earliest and strongest of protections is gone?

The avatism passed and he walked the room still, stopping from time to time to look at the telegram. Holmes was formally his father's curate but actually, and for a decade, rector of the church. How did he die? Of old age—he was seventy-five. He had lived a long time.

Dick felt sad that he had died alone—he had survived his wife, and his brothers and sisters; there were cousins in the South but they were poor and Holmes had had to sign the telegram. Dick loved his father—again and again he referred judgments to what his father would probably have thought or done. Dick was born several months after the death of two baby sisters and his father, guessing what would be the effect on Dick's mother, had saved him from a spoiling by becoming his moral guide. He was of tired stock yet he raised himself to that effort.

In the summer father and son walked down-town together to have their shoes shined, Dick in his starched duck sailor suit, his father always in beautifully cut clerical clothes, and the father was very proud of his handsome little boy. He told Dick all he knew about life, not much, but most of it true, simple things, matters of behavior that came within his clergyman's range.

"Once in a strange town, when I was first ordained, I went into a crowded room and was confused as to who was my hostess. Several people came toward me but I disregarded them because I had seen a gray-haired woman sitting by a window far across the room. I went over to her and introduced myself. After that I made many friends in that town."

His father had done that from a good heart—his father had been sure of what he was, with the deep pride of the two

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proud widows who had raised him to believe that nothing could be superior to "good instincts," courtesy, and courage.

The father always considered that his wife's small fortune belonged to his son, and in college and in medical school sent him a check for all of it four times a year. He was one of those about whom it was said with smug finality in the gilded age: "very much the gentleman, but not much get-up-and-go about him."

. . . Dick sent down for a newspaper. Still pacing to and from the telegram open on his bureau he chose a ship to go to America. Then he put in a call for Nicole in Zurich, remembering so many things as he waited, and wishing he had always been as good as he had intended to be.

For an hour, tied up with his profound reaction to his father's death, the magnificent façade of the homeland, the harbor of New York, seemed all sad and glorious to Dick, but once ashore the feeling vanished, nor did he find it again in the streets or the hotels or the trains that bore him first to Buffalo, and then south to Virginia with his father's body. Only as the local train shambled into the low-forested clayland of Westmoreland County, did he feel once more identified with his surroundings; at the station he saw a star he knew, and a cold moon bright over Chesapeake Bay; he heard the rasping wheels of buckboards turning, and the lovely fatuous voices.

Next day at the churchyard his father was laid among a hundred Divers, Dorseys, and Hunters. It was very friendly leaving him there with all his relations around him. Flowers were scattered on the brown unsettled earth. Dick had no more ties here now and did not believe he would come back. He knelt on the hard soil. These dead, he knew them all, their weather-beaten faces with blue flashing eyes, the spare violent bodies, the souls made of new earth in the forest-heavy darkness of the seventeenth century.

"Good-bye, my father—good-bye, all my fathers."

On the long roofed steamship piers one is in a country that is no longer here and not yet there. The hazy yellow vault is full of echoing shouts. There are the rumble of trucks and the clump of trunks, the strident chatter of cranes, the first salt smell of the sea. One hurries through, even though there's time; the past, the continent, is behind; the future is the glowing mouth in the side of the ship; the dim, turbulent alley is too confusedly the present.

Up the gangplank and the vision of the world adjusts itself, narrows. One is a citizen of a commonwealth smaller than Andorra, no longer sure of anything. The men at the purser's desk are as oddly shaped as the cabins; disdainful are the eyes of voyagers and their friends. Next the loud mournful whistles, the portentous vibration and the Thing—certainly not a boat, rather a human idea—is in motion. The pier and its faces slide by and for a moment the ship is a piece accidentally split off from them; the faces become remote, voiceless, the pier is one of many blurs along the water front. The harbor flows swiftly toward the sea.

With it flowed Albert McKisco, labelled by the newspapers as its most precious cargo. McKisco was having a vogue. His novels were pastiches of the work of the best people of his time, a feat not to be disparaged, and in addition he possessed a gift for softening and debasing what he borrowed, so that many readers were charmed by the ease with which they could follow him. Success had improved him and humbled him. He was no fool about his capacities—he realized that he possessed more vitality than many men of superior talent, and he was resolved to enjoy the success he had earned. "I've done nothing yet," he would say. "I don't think I've got any real genius. But if I keep trying I may write a good book." Fine dives have been made from flimsier spring-boards. The past with its innumerable snubs was forgotten.

Spotting Dick Diver the second day out he eyed him tentatively, then introduced himself in a friendly way and sat down. Dick laid aside his reading and, after the few minutes that it took to realize the change in McKisco, the disappearance of the man's annoying sense of inferiority, found himself pleased to talk to him. McKisco was well-informed on a range of subjects almost as wide as Goethe's—it was interesting to listen to the innumerable facile combinations that he referred to as his opinions. They struck up an acquaintance, and Dick had several meals with them. The McKiscos had been invited to sit at the captain's table but with nascent snobbery they told Dick that they "couldn't stand that bunch."

Violet was very grand now, decked out by the grand couturiers, charmed about the little discoveries that well-bred girls make in their teens. She could, indeed, have learned them from her mother in Tucson but her soul was born dismally in the small movie houses of Arizona, and she had had no time for her mother. Now she "belonged"—together with several million other people—and she was happy, though her husband still shushed her when she grew violently naïve.

McKisco was interested in psychoanalysis and when Dick explained to him that it was only a small part of psychiatry, effective only in certain cases, he was disappointed. One day in the lounge his attention left Dick and his mouth fell open.

"I'll be damned," he said. "Look over there."

He was not the only writer on the ship—there was also a well-known woman novelist. Every day since leaving New York, McKisco was accustomed to come up to the lounge after luncheon to open his typewriter upon a desk in the main salon, and to go to work. He had chosen it as the most convenient place to work, but he was not unaware that considerable fluttering went on behind him as he typed away, passings-by, with attendant glances over his shoulder to see what he was doing; snickerings and grimacings, burlesquings of him upon imaginary typewriters. By functioning in public he had become the most noticeable figure on the ship. Now a rival apparition had appeared in the salon.

Preceded by a steward carrying her typewriter, the lady glanced over the heads of these people having coffee and signalled her porter to the desk opposite McKisco's.

"I'll be damned," repeated McKisco.

To distract him Dick treated him to a little medical sensationalism—

"See that young man? No, the one with all the girls. Watch his face."

"And why?" McKisco demanded.

The young man was tall and handsome; he had coffee-colored hair with a twinkle of gold in it.

"He's doomed," Dick said.

"How do you mean?"

"He'll commit a crime of violence. Look at those hands—look at that jaw. He wants to crush something—he

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doesn't care what it is—even himself."

"That's very interesting," said McKisco.

Leaving the delicate matter of the lady novelist to adjust itself Dick left him. He went along a corridor of the same deck, knocked at the door of a stateroom and went in. A woman was arranging her corn-colored hair at the mirror.

"Hel*l*o, Divah," she said. "Have the chair." She turned around smiling. "How do you like your night-blooming cereus now?"

"Wasn't it funny?"

"It was. Of caus I'm ruined with four of my best friends. But you were really so polite that I had to find out more about you."

"I hope it was all satisfactory," he said.

Turning from the mirror she smiled with flashing mock-intensity. Simultaneously Dick had a sense of change, of a new pulse that in a moment became a great silence. Far off in it there were voices calling. He stood up, shaking his head like a wet dog: "The engine's stopped. Something's happened."

On the deck the passengers were hurrying toward the stern. In a moment the engines started again, this time turning the ship almost on its own axis.

"A passenger jumped overboard."

"A young man jumped overboard."

"A guy jumped overboard."

Even the people on the highest deck could see nothing in all that great expanse of sea. A man with field glasses was shouting, "I see him—I see his head," immediately the head vanished, then, as the boat turned, the watchers lost their sense of direction.

At the stern a scene was taking place: two sailors were carrying the inert body of a girl through the second-class passengers into first-class. As the ship completed its revolution and slowly retraced its course, details of the catastrophe began to circulate.

"A young man from first-class."

"He must have been drunk."

"I'll bet he's sober now."

"It was a dare—the girl dared him."

"They were all in the bar. He ran to the stern and they followed him."

"They've got two boats ready to go off."

"Lucky it's calm."

"He dove fifty feet—good Lord!"

"They see him . . . Come on over to the other side . . . I can't see, can you see? That speck—the sun's in my eyes . . . look at them now . . . stroke, go to it, boys . . . They're fishing him in . . . he doesn't look dead. But he was in the water half an hour, and it's cold."

There was a cheer as the boat drew along side, but not for the limp bundle of exhaustion and confusion who had given thirty minutes of free entertainment. He had intruded his personal tragedies upon two thousand people, and the timidity he must have felt on returning to the living world was added to by the inappropriateness of his being saved; he had made his great gesture unsuccessfully, he had jumped into tragedy and been retrieved into farce . . .

In the lounge that evening Dick became aware of a whispering chorus: the young man had come in. The self-possession of his entrance was astounding; he returned all glances, strolled to a table, snapped his fingers at a waiter and glanced calmly about.

It was an excellent performance, but Dick saw the waiter return to the bar and hold a short colloquy with the bartender, then return to the young man and explain something, and the young man shrugged his shoulders. Presently the waiter brought him a bottle of mineral water.

Dick left the McKiscos, who were getting off in the morning at Gibraltar, and sat down at the young man's table.

"I am Doctor Diver," he said. "Can't help asking if I can help you."

"That's nice of you. Thing you can do—get me a drink some way. They've given orders that I can't be served anything, but when you've been on a bender you can't stop right off."

"I'll have a drink sent to my cabin and then I'll send it to yours."

Touched, the young man covered his eyes with his hands. "God! The sight of that ship—this ship—moving away is something I'll remember all my life. Those birds! A couple of birds tried to settle on my head—I suppose they wanted to pick my eyes out. The nearest I came to drowning was when I was trying to fight them off. Big white birds, bigger than gulls it seemed to me. God, I can feel them on my head."

"Why did you jump?"

"That's what I've got to explain to the captain tomorrow—that'll be fun. We were talking about jumping and for a moment life and death seemed just about the same, if you know what I mean. As if you wrote down the reasons and there were just as many reasons for dying as for living." He sighed, recovering some real confidence. "You were damn nice to do this for me. You know there's not much stuff on this boat. The last time I crossed, on the *Ile de France,* Boy did that boat rock with passion!"

"Well, I'm going to send you a drink," said Dick, getting up. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Next day the young man got off at Gibraltar with the McKiscos. On the following evening in Naples Dick picked up a lost and miserable family of two girls and their mother in the bus from the hotel to the station. He had seen them on the ship. An overwhelming desire to help came over him: he showed them fragments of gaiety; tentatively he bought them wine, with pleasure saw them begin to regain their proper egotism. He pretended they were this and that, and falling in with his own plot, and drinking too much to sustain the illusion, and all this time the women, thinking only that this was a windfall from heaven. He withdrew from them as the night waned and the cars rocked past Capua and Cassino. They all slept in one compartment. After weird partings in the station at Rome Dick went into the Hotel Quirinal, feeling exhausted.

Suddenly he stared and upped his head. As if a drink itself was acting on him, warming the lining of his stomach, throwing a flush up into his brain, he saw the person he had come to see, the person for whom he had made the Mediterranean crossing, Rosemary Hoyt.

Simultaneously Rosemary saw him, acknowledging him before placing him; she looked back startled, and, leaving the girl she was with, hurried over. Holding himself erect, holding his breath, Dick turned to her. As she came across the lobby her beauty shocked him awake; but it was too quick for him to do anything except conceal his fatigue as best he could. To meet her starry-eyed confidence he mustered an insincere pantomime implying, "You *would* turn up here—of all the people in the world."

Her gloved hands closed over his on the desk; "Dick—we're making 'The Grandeur that was Rome'—at least we think we are, we may quit any day."

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He looked at her trying to make her a little self-conscious, so that she would observe less closely his unshaven face, his crumpled and slept-in collar. Fortunately, she was in a hurry.

"We begin early because the mists rise at eleven—phone me at two."

In his room Dick collected his faculties. He left a call for noon, stripped off his clothes and dove literally into a heavy sleep.

He slept over the phone call but awoke at two, much refreshed. Unpacking his bag, he sent out suits and laundry. He shaved, lay for half an hour in a warm bath and had breakfast. The sun had dipped into the Via Nationale and he let it through the portières with a complaint of brass rings. Waiting for a suit to be pressed, he tried to think about Rosemary.

At first he thought nothing. She was young and magnetic, but so was Topsy. He guessed that she had had lovers and had loved them in the last four years. Yet from this mist his affection emerged —the best contacts are when one knows the obstacles and still wants to preserve a relation. The past drifted back and he wanted to hold her precious quality of eloquent giving in its precious shell, till he enclosed it, till it no longer existed outside of him. He tried to collect into himself all that might attract her —it was less than it had been four years ago. Eighteen might look at thirty-four through a rising mist of adolescence; but twenty-two would see thirty-eight with discerning clarity. Moreover, Dick had been at an emotional peak at the time of the previous encounter; since then there had been a lesion.

When the servant returned he put on a white shirt and collar and a black tie with a pearl; the cords of his reading-glasses passed through another pearl of the same size that swung a casual inch below. After sleep, his face had resumed the ruddy brown of many Riviera summers, and to limber himself up he stood on his hands on a chair until his fountain pen and coins fell out. At three he called Rosemary and was bidden to come up. Momentarily dizzy from his acrobatics, he stopped in the bar for a gin-and-tonic.

"Hi, Doctor Diver!"

Only because of Rosemary's presence in the hotel did Dick place the man immediately as Collis Clay, appropriate ghost. He had jowls, his old confidence and an air of prosperity.

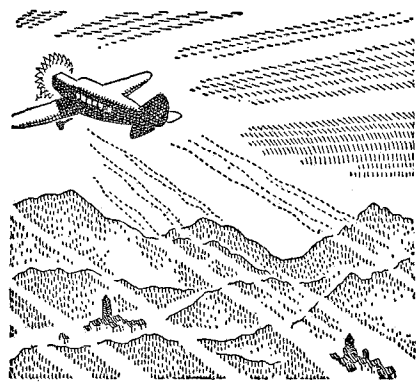
"Do you know Rosemary's here?" Collis asked.

"I ran into her."

"I was in Florence and I heard she was here so I came down last week. You'd never know Mama's little girl." He modified the remark, "I mean she was so carefully brought up and now she's a woman of the world—if you know what I mean. Believe me, has she got some of these Roman boys tied up in bags!"

"You studying in Florence?"

"Me? Sure, I'm studying architecture



there. I go back Sunday—I'm staying for the races."

With difficulty Dick restrained him from adding the drink to the account he carried in the bar, like a stock-market report.

When Dick got out of the elevator he followed a tortuous corridor and turned at length toward a distant voice outside a lighted door. Rosemary was in black pajamas; a luncheon table was still in the room and she was having coffee.

"You're still beautiful," he said. "A little more beautiful than ever."

"Do you want coffee, youngster?"

"I'm sorry I was so unpresentable this morning."

"You didn't look well—you all right now? Do you want coffee?"

"No, thanks."

"You're beautiful again. I was shocked this morning."

"How's your mother?"

"Mother's fine. She's coming over next month, if the company stays."

"I've seen you here and there in pictures," he said.

"I have a good part in this one if it isn't cut."

She crossed behind him, touching her hand on his shoulder as she passed. She phoned for the table to be taken away and settling in a big chair made an unfortunate effort to talk a lot of sense all at once.

"I was just a little girl when I met you, Dick. Now I'm a woman."

"I want to hear everything about you."

"How is Nicole—and Lanier and Topsy?"

"They're fine. They often speak of you——"

The phone rang. While she answered it Dick examined a novel by Edna Ferber and one by Albert McKisco. The waiter came for the table; bereft of its presence Rosemary seemed more alone, more intimate, in her black pajamas.

". . . I have a caller . . . No, not very well. I've got to go to the costumer's for a long fitting . . . No, not now . . ."

As though with the disappearance of the table, she felt released, she smiled at Dick indeed.

"That's done," she said. "Do you realize I've spent the last hour getting ready for you?"

But again the phone called her. Dick got up, changing his hat from the bed to the luggage stand, and in alarm Rosemary put her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone. "You're not going!"

"No."

When the communication was over he tried to drag the afternoon together saying: "I expect some nourishment from people now."

"Same with me," Rosemary agreed. "The man that just phoned me once knew a second cousin of mine. Imagine calling anybody up for a reason like that!"

Now she lowered the lights, for love, Dick hoped. Why else should she want to shut off his view of her? He felt himself going out toward her but he was in control of the situation. Sending his words to her like letters, as though they left him some time before they reached her.

"Hard to sit here and be close to you, and not kiss you," he said. Then they kissed passionately in the centre of the floor. She pressed against him and went back to her chair.

It could not go on being merely pleasant in the room. Forward or backward; when the phone rang once more he strolled into the bedchamber and lay down on her bed, opening McKisco's novel. Presently Rosemary came in and sat beside him.

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"You have the longest eyelashes," she remarked.

"We are now back at the Junior Prom," he laughed. "Among those present are Miss Rosemary Hoyt, the eyelash fancier——"

She kissed him and he pulled her down so that they lay side by side, and then they kissed till they were both breathless. Her breathing was young and eager and exciting. Her lips were faintly chapped but soft in the corners.

"Don't," she said. "Really you don't understand."

"I understand."

Her face had changed with his looking down at it; there was the eternal moonlight in it now.

"That would be poetic justice if it should be you," she said, still resisting . . . "It's impossible now, can't you tell?" She twisted away from him, walked to the mirror, and boxed her disarranged hair with her hands. Presently she drew a chair close to the bed and stroked his cheek.

"It always seems impossible," he said. "Tell me the truth about you."

"I always have."

"In a way—but nothing hangs together."

They both laughed but he pursued.

"Looking at you as a perfectly normal girl of twenty-two, living in the year nineteen twenty-eight, my guess is that you've taken a few shots at love."

"It's all been—abortive," she said.

Dick couldn't believe her. He could not decide whether she was deliberately building a barrier between them or whether this was intended to make an eventual surrender more significant.

"Let's go walk in the Pincio," he suggested.

He shook himself straight in his clothes and smoothed his hair. A moment had come and somehow passed. For three years Dick had been the ideal by which Rosemary measured other men and inevitably his stature had increased to heroic size. She did not want him to be like other men, yet here were the same exigent demands, as if he wanted to take some of herself away, carry it off in his pocket.

Walking on the greensward between cherubs and philosophers, fauns and falling water, she plucked a twig and broke it, but she found no spring in it. Suddenly seeing what she wanted in Dick's face she took his gloved hand and kissed it. Then she cavorted childishly for him until he smiled and she laughed and they began having a good time.

"I can't go out with you tonight, darling, because I promised some people a long time ago. But if you'll get up early I'll take you out to the forum set tomorrow."

He dined alone at the hotel, went to bed early, and met Rosemary in the lobby at half-past six in the morning. Beside him in the car she glowed away fresh and new in the morning sunshine. They went out through the Porta San Sebastiano and along the Appian Way until they came to the huge set of the forum, larger than the forum itself. Rosemary turned him over to a youth who led him about the great props; the arches and tiers of seats and the sanded arena. She was working on a stage which represented a guard room for Christian prisoners, and presently they went there and watched Nicotera, one of many hopeful Valentinos, strut and pose before a dozen female captives, their eyes melancholy and startling with mascara, their clothes garish in full day.

Rosemary appeared in a knee-length tunic.

"Watch this," she whispered to Dick, "I want your opinion. Everybody that's seen the rushes says——"

"What are the rushes?"

"When they run off what they took the day before. They say it's the first thing I've had sex appeal in."

"I don't notice it."

"You wouldn't: But I have."

Nicotera in his leopard skin talked attentively to Rosemary while the electrician discussed something with the director. Finally the director pushed his hand off roughly and wiped a sweating forehead, and Dick's guide remarked: "He's on the hop again."

"Who?" asked Dick, but before the man could answer the director walked swiftly over to them.

"Who's on the hop—you're on the hop yourself." He spoke vehemently to Dick, as if to a jury. "When he's on the hop he always thinks everybody else is." He glared at the electrician a moment longer, then he clapped his hands: "All right—everybody on the set."

It was like visiting a great turbulent family; an actress approached Dick and talked to him for five minutes under the impression that he was an actor recently arrived from London. Discovering her mistake she scuttled away in panic. The majority of the company felt either sharply superior or sharply inferior to the world outside, but the former feeling prevailed. They were people of bravery and industry; they were risen to a position of prominence in a nation that for a decade had wanted only to be entertained.

The session ended as the light grew misty—a fine light for painters, but, for the camera, not to be compared with the clear California air. Nicotera followed Rosemary to the car and whispered something to her—she looked at him without smiling as she said good-bye.

Dick and Rosemary had luncheon at the Castelli dei Cæsari, a splendid restaurant in a high-terraced villa overlooking the ruined forum of an undetermined emperor of the decadence. Rosemary took a cocktail and a little wine, and Dick took enough so that his feeling of dissatisfaction left him. Afterwards they drove back to the hotel, all flushed and happy, in a sort of exalted quiet. She wanted to be taken as she was, and what had begun with a childish infatuation on a beach was accomplished at last.

Rosemary had another dinner engagement, a birthday party for a member of the company. Dick ran into Collis Clay in the lobby, but wanted to dine alone, and pretended an engagement at the Excelsior. He drank a cocktail with Collis and his vague dissatisfaction crystallized as impatience—he no longer had an excuse for playing truant to the clinic, save this indulgence of what was less an infatuation than a romantic memory. Nicole was his girl—he could have wished her to be different, too often he was sick at heart about her, yet she was his girl. Time with Rosemary was self-indulgence—time with Collis was Nothing plus Nothing. With the warmth of the cocktail he took himself off.

In the doorway of the Excelsior he ran into Baby Warren.

Her large beautiful eyes, grown to look precisely like marbles, in the American sense, stared at him with surprise and curiosity. "I thought you were in America, Dick! Is Nicole with you?"

"I came back by way of Naples."

The black band on his arm reminded her to say: "I'm so sorry to hear of your trouble."

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Inevitably they dined together. "Tell me about everything," she demanded.

Dick gave her a version of the facts.

"Nicole is still delicate and can't stand much mental strain. Physical exercise is good for her as long as she bags seven hours' sleep a night. These breakups ought to complete the cycle, if she's on the upgrade."

Baby frowned. She found it necessary to blame some one for the catastrophe in her sister's life.

"Do you think Doctor Dohmler took the right course with her from the first?"

"There is not much variety in treatment any more—of course you try to find the right personality to handle a particular case."

"Dick, I don't pretend to advise you or to know much about it, but don't you think a change might be good for her—to get out of that atmosphere of sickness and live in the world like other people?"

"But you were keen for the clinic," he reminded her. "You told me you'd never feel really safe about her——"

"That was when you were leading that hermit's life on the summer Riviera, up on a hill way off from anybody. I didn't mean to go back to that life. I meant, for instance, London. The English are the best-balanced race in the world."

"They are not," he disagreed.

"They are. I know them, you see. I meant it might be nice for you to take a house in London for the spring season—I know a dove of a house in Talbot Square you could get, furnished. I mean, living with sane, well-balanced English people."

Dick laughed.

"I've been reading a book by Michael Arlen and if that's——"

She dismissed Michael Arlen with a wave of her salad spoon.

"He only writes about degenerates. I mean the worth-while English."

As she thus dismissed her friends they were replaced in Dick's mind only by a picture of the alien, unresponsive faces that peopled the small hotels of the Riviera.

"Of course it's none of my business," Baby repeated, as a preliminary to a further plunge, "but to leave her alone in an atmosphere like that——"

"I went to America because my father died."

"I understand that. I told you how sorry I was. But there's so *much* money now. Plenty for everything, and it ought to be used to get Nicole well."

"For one thing I can't see myself in London."

"Why not? I should think you could work there as well as anywhere else."

He sat back and looked at her.

"You're a little selfish, Baby," he said. If she had ever suspected the rotted old truth—the precipitating factor in Nicole's old trouble—she had certainly determined to deny it to herself, shoving it back in a dusty closet like one of the paintings she bought by mistake.

They continued the conversation in the Ulpia, where Collis Clay appeared and sat down with them, and a gifted guitar player thrummed and rumbled "Suona Fanfara Mia" in the cellar piled with wine casks.

"It's possible that I was the wrong person for Nicole," Dick remarked at one moment. "Still she would probably have married some one of my type, some one she thought she could rely on—indefinitely."

"You think she'd be happier with somebody else?"

Baby thought aloud suddenly.

"Of course it could be arranged."

Only as she saw Dick bend forward with helpless laughter did she realize the preposterousness of her remark.

"Oh, you understand," she assured him. "Don't think for a moment that we're not grateful for all you've done. And we know you've had a hard time——"

"For God's sake," he protested. "If I didn't love Nicole I'd have quit long ago."

"But you do love Nicole?" she demanded in alarm.

Collis was catching up with the conversation now and Dick switched it quickly: "Suppose we talk about something else, about you, for instance. Why don't you get married? We heard you were engaged to Lord Paley, the cousin of the——"

"Oh, no." She became coy and elusive. "That was last year."

"Why don't you marry?" Dick insisted stubbornly.

"I don't know. One of the men I loved was killed in the war, and the other one threw me over."

"Tell me about it. Tell me about your private life and your opinions. You never do—we always talk about Nicole."

"Both of them were Englishmen. I don't think there's any higher type in the world than a first-rate Englishman, do you? If there is I haven't met him. This man—oh, it's a long story. I hate long stories, don't you?"

"Why, no—I like them if they're good."

"That's something you do so well, Dick, you can keep a party moving by just a little sentence or a saying here and there. I think that's a wonderful talent."

"It's a trick," he said gently. That made three of her opinions he disagreed with.

"Of course I like formality—I like things to be just so, and on the grand scale. I know you probably don't but you must admit it's a sign of solidity in me."

Dick did not even bother to dissent from this.

"Of course I know people say, Baby Warren is racing around over Europe, chasing one novelty after another, and missing the best things in life, but I think on the contrary that I'm one of the few people who really go after them. I've known the most interesting people of my time." Her voice blurred with the tinny drum of another guitar number but she called over it, "I've made very few big mistakes——"

—Only the very big ones, Baby.

She had caught something facetious in his eye and she changed the subject.

"Last year we came to see this man every day for a week. He's not bad."

"Not very bad."

"Underneath you're a cynic about everything, aren't you?"

It was a perfect score—it was impossible to agree with her about anything. Dick returned her to the Excelsior with extra courtesy, and spoke of a scientific luncheon to be attended tomorrow.

Rosemary insisted on treating Dick to lunch next day. They went to a little trattoria kept by an Italian who had been in America, and ate ham and eggs and griddle cakes. Afterwards, they returned to the hotel. Dick's discovery that he was not in love with her, nor she with him, had added to rather than diminished his passion for her. Now that he knew he would not enter further into her life, she became the strange woman for him, and there was always the knowledge that she was the child he had once loved. He sup-

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posed many men meant no more than that when they said they were in love—not a wild submergence of soul, a dipping of all colors into an obscuring dye, such as had been his love for Nicole. Certain thoughts about Nicole, that she should die, sink into mental darkness, love another man, made him physically sick, stretched his belly on the rack.

Nicotera was in Rosemary's sitting-room, chattering about a professional concern. When Rosemary told him to go, he left with humorous protests and a rather insolent wink at Dick. As usual the phone clamored and Rosemary was engaged at it for ten minutes, to Dick's increasing impatience.

"Let's go up to my room," he suggested, and she agreed.

She lay across his knees on a big chair.

"Let me be curious about you again?" he asked.

"What do you want to know?"

"About men. When did you first fall off the—golden chariot? I'm curious, not to say prurient."

"You mean how long after I met you?"

"Or before."

"Oh, no." She was shocked. "There was nothing before. You were the first man I cared about. You're still the only man I really care about." She considered. "It was about a year, I think."

"Who was it?"

"Oh, a man."

He closed in on her evasion.

"I'll bet I can tell you about it: the first affair was unsatisfactory and after that there was a long gap. The second was better but you hadn't been in love with the man in the first place. The third was all right——"

Torturing himself he ran on. "Then you had one real affair that fell of its own weight, and by that time you were getting afraid that you wouldn't have anything to give to the man you finally loved." He felt increasingly Victorian. "Afterwards come half a dozen purely episodic matters, right up to the present. Is that close?"

She laughed between amusement and tears.

"It's about as wrong as it could be," she said, to Dick's tremendous relief. "But some day I'm going to find somebody and love him and love him and never let him go."

Now even this phone rang and Dick recognized Nicotera's voice, asking for Rosemary. He put his palm over the transmitter.

"Do you want to talk to him?"

She went to the phone and jabbered in a rapid Italian Dick could not understand. Patience deserted him.

"This telephoning takes time," he said. "It's after four and I have an engagement at five. You better go play with Signor Nicotera."

"Don't be silly."

"Then I think that during the time that I'm here you ought to count him out."

"It's difficult." She was suddenly crying. "Dick, I do love you, never anybody like you. But what have you got for me?"

"What has Nicotera got for anybody?"

"That's different."

—Because youth called to youth.

"He's a spic!" he said sharply. He was frantic with jealousy, he didn't want to be hurt again.

"He's only a baby," she said, sniffling. "You know I'm yours first."

In reaction he put his arms about her but she relaxed wearily backward; he held her like that for a moment as in the end of an adagio, her eyes closed, her hair falling straight back like that of a girl drowned.

"Dick, let me go. I never felt so mixed up in my life."

He was a gruff white bird and instinctively she drew away from him as his unjustified jealousy began to snow under the qualities of consideration and understanding with which she felt at home.

"I want to know the truth," he said.

"Yes, then," she said, "we're a lot together, he wants to marry me, but I don't want to. What of it? What do you expect me to do? You never asked me to marry you. Do you want me to play around forever with half-wits like Collis Clay?"

"You were with Nicotera last night?"

"That's none of your business," she sobbed. "Excuse me, Dick, it is your business. You and mother are the only two people in the world I care about."

"How about Nicotera?"

"How do I know?"

She had achieved the elusiveness that gives hidden significance to the least significant remarks.

"Is it like you felt toward me in Paris?"

"I feel comfortable and happy when I'm with you. In Paris it was different. But you never know how you once felt. Do you?"

He got up and began changing his clothes—if he had to bring the bitterness of hell into his soul, he was not going to be in love with her again.

"I don't care about Nicotera!" she declared. "But the company has got to go to Livorno tomorrow. Oh, why did this have to happen?" There was a new burst of tears. "It's such a shame. Why did you come here? Why couldn't we just have the memory anyhow? I feel as if I'd quarrelled with Mother."

As he continued dressing, she got up and went to the door.

"I won't go to the party tonight." It was her last effort. "I'll stay with you. I don't want to go anyhow."

The tide began to flow again, but he retreated from it.

"I'll be in my room," she said. "Good-bye, Dick."

"Good-bye."

"Oh, such a shame!"

IX

There were five people in the Quirinal bar after dinner, a high-class Italian frail who sat on a stool making persistent conversation against the bartender's bored: "Si . . . Si . . . Si," a light, snobbish Egyptian who was lonely but chary of the woman, and the two Americans.

Dick was always vividly conscious of his surroundings, while Collis Clay lived vaguely, the sharpest impressions dissolving upon a recording apparatus that had early atrophied, so the former talked and the latter listened, like a man sitting in a breeze.

Dick, worn away by the events of the afternoon, was taking it out on the inhabitants of Italy. He looked around the bar as if he hoped an Italian had heard him and would resent his words.

"This afternoon I went to tea with my sister-in-law at the Excelsior. We got the last table and two men came up and looked around for a table and couldn't find one. So one of them came up to us and said, 'Isn't this table reserved for the Princess Orsini?' and I said: 'There was no sign on it,' and he said: 'But I think it's reserved for the Princess Orsini.' I couldn't even answer him."

"What'd he do?"

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"He retired." Dick switched around in his chair. "I don't like them. The other day I left Rosemary for two minutes in front of a store and an officer started walking up and down in front of her, tipping his hat."

"I don't know," said Collis after a moment. "I'd rather be here than up in Paris with somebody picking your pocket every minute."

He had been enjoying himself, and he held out against anything that threatened to dull his pleasure.

"I don't know," he persisted. "I don't mind it here."

Dick evoked the picture that the few days had imprinted on his mind, and stared at it. The walk toward the American Express past the odorous confectioneries of the Via Nationale, through the foul tunnel up to the Spanish Steps, where his spirit soared before the flower stalls and the house where Keats had died. He cared only about people; he was scarcely conscious of places except for their weather, until they had been invested with color by tangible events. Rome was the end of his dream of Rosemary.

A bell-boy came in and gave him a note.

"I did not go to the party," it said. *"I am in my room. We leave for Livorno early in the morning."*

Dick handed the note and a tip to the boy.

"Tell Miss Hoyt you couldn't find me." Turning to Collis he suggested the Bonbonieri.

"All right."

They inspected the tart at the bar, granting her the minimum of interest exacted by her profession, and she stared back with bright boldness; they went through the deserted lobby oppressed by draperies holding Victorian dust in stuffy folds, and they nodded at the night concierge who returned the gesture with the bitter servility peculiar to night servants. Then in a taxi they rode along cheerless streets through a dank November night. There were no women in the streets, only pale men with dark coats buttoned to the neck who stood in groups beside shoulders of cold stone.

"My God!" Dick sighed.

"What's a matter?"

"I was thinking of that man this afternoon: 'This table is reserved for the Princess Orsini.' Do you know what these old Roman families are? They're bandits, they're the ones who got possession of the temples and palaces after Rome went to pieces and preyed on the people."

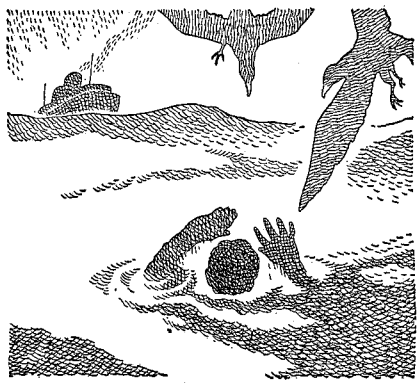
"I like Rome," insisted Collis. "Why won't you try the races?"

"I don't like races."

"But all the women turn out——"

"I know I wouldn't like anything here."

At the Bonbonieri they descended to a panelled cabaret, hopelessly impermanent amid the cold stone. A listless band played a tango and a dozen couples covered the wide floor with those elaborate and dainty steps so offensive to the American eye. A surplus of waiters precluded the stir and bustle that even a few busy men can create; over the scene as its form of animation brooded an air of waiting for something, for the dance, the night, the balance of forces which kept it stable, to cease. It assured the impressionable guest that whatever he was seeking he would not find it here.



This was plain as plain to Dick. He looked around, hoping his eye would catch on something, so that spirit instead of imagination could carry on for an hour. But there was nothing and after a moment he turned back to Collis. He had told Collis some of his current notions, and he was bored with his audience's short memory and lack of response. After half an hour of Collis he felt a distinct lesion of his own vitality.

They drank a bottle of Italian mousseux, and Dick became pale and somewhat noisy. He called the orchestra leader over to their table; this was a Bahama Negro, conceited and unpleasant, and in a few minutes there was a row.

"You asked me to sit down."

"All right. And I gave you fifty lire, didn't I?"

"All right. All right. All right."

"All right, I gave you fifty lire, didn't I? Then you come up and ask me to put some more in the horn!"

"You asked me to sit down, didn't you? Didn't you?"

"I asked you to sit down but I gave you fifty lire, didn't I?"

"All right. All right."

The Negro got up sourly and went away, leaving Dick in a still more evil humor. But he saw a girl smiling at him from across the room and immediately the pale Roman shapes around him receded into decent, humble perspective. She was a young English girl, with blonde hair and a healthy, pretty English face and she smiled at him again with an invitation he understood, that denied the flesh even in the act of tendering it. He got up and walked to her across the room.

"Won't you dance?"

The middle-aged Englishman with whom she was sitting said, almost apologetically: "I'm going out soon."

Sobered by excitement Dick danced. He found in the girl a suggestion of all the pleasanter English things; the story of safe gardens ringed around by the sea was implicit in her bright voice and as he leaned back to look at her, he meant what he said to her so sincerely that his voice trembled. When her current escort should leave, she promised to come and sit with them. The Englishman accepted her return with repeated apologies and smiles.

Back at his table Dick ordered another bottle of spumante.

"She looks like somebody in the movies," he said. "I can't think who." He glanced impatiently over his shoulder. "Wonder what's keeping her."

"I'd like to get in the movies," said Collis thoughtfully. "I'm supposed to go in my father's business but it doesn't appeal to me much. Sit in an office in Birmingham for twenty years——"

His voice resisted the pressure of materialistic civilization.

"Too good for it?" suggested Dick.

"No, I don't mean that."

"Yes, you do."

"How do you know what I mean? Why don't you practice, if you like to work so much?"

Dick had made them both wretched by this time but simultaneously they had become vague with drink and in a moment they forgot; Collis left, and they shook hands warmly.

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"Think it over," said Dick sagely.

"Think what over?"

"You know." It had been something about Collis going into his father's business—good sound advice.

Clay walked off into space. Dick finished his bottle and then danced with the English girl again, conquering his unwilling body with bold revolutions and stern determined marches down the floor. The most remarkable thing suddenly happened. He was dancing with the girl, the music stopped—and she had disappeared.

"Have you seen her?"

"Seen who?"

"The girl I was dancing with. Su'nly disappeared. Must be in the building."

"No! No! That's the ladies' room."

He stood up by the bar. There were two other men there, but he could think of no way of starting a conversation. He could have told them all about Rome and the violent origins of the Colonna and Gaetani families but he realized that as a beginning that would be somewhat abrupt. A row of Yenci dolls on the cigar counter fell suddenly to the floor; there was a subsequent confusion and he had a sense of having been the cause of it, so he went back to the cabaret and drank a cup of black coffee. Collis was gone and the English girl was gone and there seemed nothing to do but go back to the hotel and lie down with his black heart. He paid his check and got his hat and coat.

There was dirty water in the gutters and between the rough cobblestones; a marshy vapor from the Campagna, a sweat of exhausted cultures tainted the morning air. A quartet of taxi-drivers, their little eyes bobbing in dark pouches, surrounded him. One who leaned insistently in his face he pushed harshly away.

"Quanto a Hotel Quirinal?"

"Cento lire."

Six dollars. He shook his head and offered thirty lire which was twice the day-time fare, but they shrugged their shoulders as one pair, and moved off.

"Trente-cinque lire e mancie," he said firmly.

"Cento lire."

He broke into English.

"To go half a mile? You'll take me for forty lire."

"Oh, no."

He was very tired. He pulled open the door of a cab and got in.

"Hotel Quirinal!" he said to the driver who stood obstinately outside the window. "Wipe that sneer off your face and take me to the Quirinal."

"Ah, no."

Dick got out. By the door of the Bonbonieri some one was arguing with the taxi-drivers and now tried to explain their attitude to Dick; again one of the men pressed close, insisting and gesticulating and again Dick shoved him away.

"I want to go to the Quirinal Hotel."

"He says wan huner lire," explained the interpreter.

"I understand. I'll give him fif'y lire. Go on away." This last to the insistent man who had edged up once more. The man looked at him and spat contemptuously.

The passionate impatience of the week leaped up in Dick and clothed itself like a flash in violence, the honorable, the traditional resource of his land; he stepped forward and clapped the man's face.

They surged about him, threatening, waving their arms, trying ineffectually to close in on him—with his back against the wall Dick hit out clumsily, laughing a little and for a few minutes the mock fight, an affair of foiled rushes and padded, glancing blows, swayed back and forth in front of the door. Then Dick tripped and fell; he was hurt somewhere but he struggled up again wrestling in arms that suddenly broke apart. There were a new voice and a new argument but he leaned against the wall, panting and furious at the indignity of his position. He saw there was no sympathy for him but he was unable to believe that he was wrong.

They were going to the police station and settle it there. His hat was retrieved and handed to him, and with some one holding his arm lightly he strode around the corner with the taxi men and entered a bare barrack where carabinieri lounged under a single dim light.

At a desk sat a captain, to whom the officious individual who had stopped the battle spoke at length in Italian, at times pointing at Dick, and letting himself be interrupted by the taxi men who delivered short bursts of invective and denunciation. The captain began to nod impatiently. He held up his hand and the hydra-headed address, with a few parting exclamations, died away. Then he turned to Dick.

"Spick Italiano?" he asked.

"No."

"Spick Français?"

"Oui," said Dick glowering.

"Alors. Ecoute. Va à la Quirinal. Dormi. Ecoute: vous êtes sault. Payez ce que le chauffer demande. Comprenez?"

Diver shook his head.

"Non, je ne veux pas."

"Come?"

"Je payerai quarante lire. C'est bien assez."

The captain stood up.

"Ecoute!" he cried portentously, "Vous êtes sault. Vous avez batte le chauffer. Comme ci, comme ça." He struck the air excitedly with right hand and left, "C'est bon que je vous donne la liberte. Payez ce qu'il a dit—cento lira. Va à la Quirinal."

Raging with humiliation, Dick stared back at him.

"All right." He turned blindly to the door—before him, leering and nodding, was the man who had brought him to the police station. "I'll go home," he shouted, "but first I'll fix this baby."

He walked past the staring carabinieri and up to the grinning face, hit it with a smashing left beside the jaw. The man dropped to the floor.

For a moment he stood over him in savage triumph—but even as a first pang of doubt shot through him the world reeled; he was clubbed down, and fists and boots beat on him in a savage tattoo. He felt his nose break like a shingle and his eyes jerk as if they had snapped back on a rubber band into his head. A rib splintered under a stamping heel. Momentarily he lost consciousness, regained it as he was raised to a sitting position and his wrists jerked together with hand-cuffs. He struggled automatically. The plain-clothes lieutenant whom he had knocked down stood dabbing his jaw with a handkerchief and looking into it for blood; he came over to Dick, poised himself, drew back his arm and smashed him to the floor.

When Doctor Diver lay quite still a pail of water was sloshed over him. One of his eyes opened dimly as he was being dragged along by the wrists through a bloody haze, and he made out the human and aghast face of one of the taxi-drivers.

"Go to the Excelsior hotel," he cried faintly. "Tell Miss Warren. Two hun-

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dred lire! Miss Warren. Due cento lire! Oh, you dirty—you God——"

Still he was dragged along through the bloody haze, choking and sobbing, over vague irregular surfaces into some small place where he was dropped upon a stone floor. The men went out, a door clanged, he was alone.

Until one o'clock Baby Warren lay in bed, reading one of Marion Crawford's curiously inanimate Roman stories; then she went to a window and looked down into the street. Across from the hotel two carabinieri, grotesque in swaddling capes and harlequin hats, swung voluminously from this side and that, like mains'ls coming about, and watching them she thought of the guards' officer who had stared at her so intensely at lunch. He had possessed the arrogance of a tall member of a short race, with no obligation save to be tall. Had he come up to her and said: "Let's go along, you and I," she would have answered: "Why not?"—at least it seemed so now, for she was still disembodied by an unfamiliar background.

Her thoughts drifted back slowly through the guardsman to the two carabinieri, to Dick—she got into bed and turned out the light.

A little before four she was awakened by a brusk knocking.

"Yes—what is it?"

"It's the concierge, Madame."

She pulled on her kimono and faced him sleepily.

"Your friend name Deever he's in a trouble. He had trouble with the police, and they have him in the jail. He sent a taxi up to tell, and the driver says that he promise him two hundred lire." He paused cautiously for this to be approved. "The driver says Mr. Deever in the bad trouble. He had a fight with the police and is terribly bad hurt."

"I'll be right down."

She dressed to an accompaniment of anxious heart beats and ten minutes later stepped out of the elevator into the dark lobby. The chauffeur who brought the message was gone; the concierge hailed another one and told him the location of the jail. As they rode the darkness lifted and thinned outside and Baby's nerves, scarcely awake, cringed faintly at the unstable balance between night and day. She began to race against the day; sometimes on the broad avenues she gained but whenever the thing that was pushing up paused for a moment, gusts of wind blew here and there impatiently and the slow creep of light began once more. The cab went past a loud fountain splashing in a voluminous shadow, turned into an alley so curved that the buildings were warped and strained following it, bumped and rattled over cobblestones, and stopped with a jerk where two sentry boxes were bright against a wall of green damp. Suddenly from the violet darkness of an archway came Dick's voice, shouting and screaming.

"Are there any English? Are there any Americans? Are there any English? Are there any—oh, my God! You dirty Wops!"

His voice died away and she heard a dull sound of beating on the door. Then the voice began again.

"Are there any Americans? Are there any English?"

Following the voice she ran through the arch into a court, whirled about in momentary confusion and located the small guard room whence the cries came. Two carabinieri started to their feet, but Baby brushed past them to the door of the cell.

"Dick!" she called. "What's the trouble?"

"They've put out my eye," he cried. "They handcuffed me and then they beat me, the goddamn—the——"

Flashing around Baby took a step toward the two carabinieri.

"What have you done to him?" she whispered so fiercely that they flinched before her gathering fury.

"Non capisco inglese."

In French she execrated them; her wild, confident rage filled the room, enveloped them until they shrank and wriggled from the garments of blame with which she invested them. "Do something! Do something!"

"We can do nothing until we are ordered."

"Bene. Bene! *Bene!*"

Once more Baby let her passion scorch around them until they sweated out apologies for their impotence, looking at each other with the sense that something had after all gone terribly wrong. Baby went to the cell door, leaned against it, almost caressing it, as if that could make Dick feel her presence and power, and cried: "I'm going to the Embassy, I'll be back." Throwing a last glance of infinite menace at the carabinieri she ran out.

She drove to the American Embassy where she paid the taxi-driver upon his insistence. It was still dark when she ran up the steps and pressed the bell. She had pressed it three times before a sleepy English porter opened the door to her.

"I want to see some one," she said. "Any one—but right away."

"No one's awake, Madame. We don't open until nine o'clock."

Impatiently she waved the hour away.

"This is important. A man—an American has been terribly beaten. He's in an Italian jail."

"No one's awake now. At nine o'clock——"

"I can't wait. They've put out a man's eye—my brother-in-law, and they won't let him out of jail. I must talk to some one—can't you see? Are you crazy? Are you an idiot, you stand there with that look in your face?"

"Hime unable to do anything, Madame."

"You've got to wake some one up!" She seized him by the shoulders and jerked him violently. "It's a matter of life and death. If you won't wake some one a terrible thing will happen to you——"

"Kindly don't lay hands on me, Madame."

From above and behind the porter floated down a weary Groton voice.

"What is it there?"

The porter answered with relief.

"It's a lady, sir, and she has shook me." He had stepped back to speak and Baby pushed forward into the hall. On an upper landing, just aroused from sleep and wrapped in a white embroidered Persian robe, stood a singular young man. His face was of a monstrous and unnatural pink, vivid yet dead, and over his mouth was fastened what appeared to be a gag. When he saw Baby he moved his head back into a shadow.

"What is it?" he repeated.

Baby told him, in her agitation edging forward to the stairs. In the course of her story she realized that the gag was in reality a mustache bandage and that the man's face was covered with pink cold cream, but the fact fitted quietly into the nightmare. The thing to do, she cried passionately, was for him to come to the jail with her at once and get Dick out.

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"It's a bad business," he said.

"Yes," she agreed conciliatingly. "Yes?"

"This trying to fight the police." A note of personal affront crept into his voice. "I'm afraid there's nothing to be done until nine o'clock."

"Till nine o'clock," she repeated aghast. "But you can do something, certainly! You can come to the jail with me and see that they don't hurt him any more."

"We aren't permitted to do anything like that. The Consulate handles these things. The Consulate will be open at nine."

His face, constrained to impassivity by the binding strap, infuriated Baby.

"I can't wait until nine. My brother-in-law says they've put his eye out—he's seriously hurt! I have to get to him. I have to find a doctor." She let herself go and began to cry angrily as she talked, for she knew that he would respond to her agitation rather than her words. "You've got to do something about this. It's your business to protect American citizens in trouble."

But he was of the Eastern seaboard and too hard for her. Shaking his head patiently at her failure to understand his position he drew the Persian robe closer about him and came down a few steps.

"Write down the address of the Consulate for this lady," he said to the porter, "and look up Doctor Colazzo's address and telephone number and write that down too." He turned to Baby, with the expression of an exasperated Christ. "My dear lady, the diplomatic corps represents the Government of the United States to the Government of Italy. It has nothing to do with the protection of citizens, except under specific instructions from the State Department. Your brother-in-law has broken the laws of this country and been put in jail, just as an Italian might be put in jail in New York. The only people who can let him go are the Italian courts and if your brother-in-law has a case you can get aid and advice from the Consulate, which protects the rights of American citizens. The Consulate does not open until nine o'clock. Even if it were my brother I couldn't do anything——"

"Can you phone the Consulate?" she broke in.

"We can't interfere with the Consulate. When the Consul gets there at nine——"

"Can you give me his home address?"

After a fractional pause the man shook his head. He took the memorandum from the porter and gave it to her.

"Now I'll ask you to excuse me."

He had manœuvred her to the door: for an instant the violet dawn fell shrilly upon his pink mask and upon the linen sack that supported his mustache; then Baby was standing on the front steps alone. She had been in the embassy ten minutes.

The piazza whereon it faced was empty save for an old man gathering cigarette butts with a spiked stick. Baby caught a taxi presently and went to the Consulate but there was no one there save a trio of wretched women scrubbing the stairs. She could not make them understand that she wanted the Consul's home address—in a sudden resurgence of anxiety she rushed out and told the chauffeur to take her to the jail. He did not know where it was, but by the use of the words *semper dritte, dextra* and *sinestra* she manœuvred him to its approximate locality, where she dismounted and explored a labyrinth of familiar alleys. But the buildings and the alleys all looked alike. Emerging from one trail into the Piazzo d'Espagna she saw the American Express Company and her heart lifted at the word "American" on the sign. There was a light in the window and hurrying across the square she tried the door, but it was locked, and inside the clock stood at seven. Then she thought of Collis Clay.

She remembered the name of his hotel, a stuffy villa sealed in red plush across from the Excelsior. The woman on duty at the office was not disposed to help her—she had no authority to disturb Mr. Clay, and refused to let Miss Warren go up to his room alone; convinced finally that this was not an affair of passion she accompanied her.

Collis lay naked upon his bed. He had come in tight and, awakening, it took him some moments to realize his nudity. He atoned for it by an excess of modesty; taking his clothes into the bathroom he dressed in haste, muttering to himself "Gosh. She certainly musta got a good look at me." After some telephoning, he and Baby found the jail and went to it.

The cell door was open and Dick was slumped on a chair in the guard-room. The carabiniere had washed some of the blood from his face, brushed him and set his hat concealingly upon his head. Baby stood in the doorway trembling.

"Mr. Clay will stay with you," she said. "I want to get the Consul and a doctor."

"All right."

"Just stay quiet."

"All right."

"I'll be back."

She drove to the Consulate; it was after eight now, and she was permitted to sit in the ante-room. Toward nine the Consul came in and Baby, hysterical with impotence and exhaustion, repeated her story. The Consul was disturbed. He warned her against getting into brawls in strange cities, but he was chiefly concerned that she should wait outside—with despair she read in his elderly eye that he wanted to be mixed up as little as possible in this catastrophe. Waiting on his action, she passed the minutes by phoning a doctor to go to Dick. There were other people in the ante-room and several were admitted to the Consul's office. After half an hour she chose the moment of some one's coming out and pushed past the secretary into the room.

"This is outrageous! An American has been beaten half to death and thrown into prison and you make no move to help."

"Just a minute, Mrs. ——"

"I've waited long enough. You come right down to the jail and get him out!"

"Mrs. ——"

"We're people of considerable standing in America—" Her mouth hardened as she continued. "If it wasn't for the scandal we can—I shall see that your indifference to this matter is reported in the proper quarter. If my brother-in-law were a British citizen he'd have been free hours ago, but you're more concerned with what the police will think then about what you're here for."

"Mrs. ——"

"You put on your hat and come with me right away."

The mention of his hat alarmed the Consul who began to clean his spectacles hurriedly and to ruffle his papers. This proved of no avail: the American Woman, aroused, stood over him; the clean-sweeping irrational temper that had broken the moral back of a race

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and made a nursery out of a continent, was too much for him. He rang for the vice-consul—Baby had won.

Dick sat in the sunshine that fell profusely through the guard-room window. Collis was with him and two carabinieri, and they were waiting for something to happen. With the narrowed vision of his one good eye Dick could see the carabinieri; they were Tuscan peasants with short upper lips and he found it difficult to associate them with the brutality of last night. He sent one of them to fetch him a glass of beer.

The beer made him light-headed and the episode was momentarily illumined by a ray of bitter humor. Collis was under the impression that the English girl had something to do with the catastrophe, but Dick was sure she had disappeared long before it happened. Collis was still absorbed by the fact that Miss Warren had found him naked on his bed.

Dick's rage had retreated into him a little and he felt a vast criminal irresponsibility. What had happened to him was so awful that nothing could make any difference unless he could choke it to death, and as this was unlikely he was hopeless. He would be a different person henceforward, and in his raw state he had bizarre feelings of what the new self would be. The matter had about it the impersonal quality of an act of God. No mature Aryan is able to profit by a humiliation; when he forgives it has become part of his life, he has identified himself with the thing which has humiliated him—an upshot that in this case was impossible.

When Collis spoke of retribution, Dick shook his head and was silent. A lieutenant of carabinieri, pressed, burnished, vital, came into the room like three men and the guards jumped to attention. He seized the empty beer bottle and directed a stream of scolding at his men. The new spirit was in him, and the first thing was to get the beer bottle out of the guard-room. Dick looked at Collis and laughed.

The vice-consul, an over-worked young man named Swanson, arrived, and they started to the court; Collis and Swanson on either side of Dick and the two carabinieri close behind. It was a yellow, hazy morning, the squares and arcades were crowded and Dick, pulling his hat low over his head, walked fast, setting the pace, until one of the short-legged carabinieri ran alongside and protested. Swanson arranged matters.

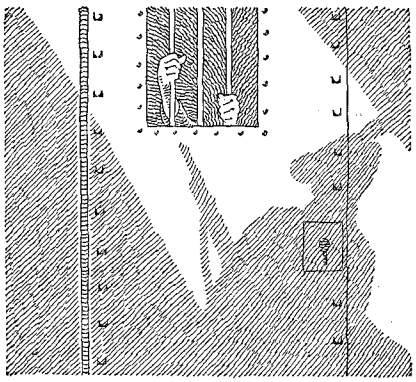
"I've disgraced you, haven't I?" said Dick jovially.

"You're liable to get killed fighting Italians," replied Swanson sheepishly. "They'll probably let you go this time but if you were an Italian you'd get a couple of months in prison."

"Have you ever been in prison?"

Swanson laughed.

"I like him," announced Dick to Clay. "He's a very likable young man



and he gives people excellent advice, but I'll bet he's been to jail himself. Probably spent weeks at a time in jail."

Swanson laughed.

"I mean you want to be careful. You don't know how these people are."

"Oh, I know how they are," broke out Dick, irritably. "They're god damn stinkers." He turned around to the carabinieri: "Did you get that?"

"I'm leaving you here," Swanson said quickly. "I told your sister-in-law I would—our lawyer will meet you upstairs in the court-room. You want to be careful."

"Good-bye." Dick shook hands politely. "Thank you very much. I feel you have a future——"

With another smile Swanson hurried away, resuming his official expression of disapproval. Now they came into a courtyard, on all four sides of which outer stairways mounted to the chambers above. As they crossed the flags a groaning, hissing, booing sound went up from the loiterers in the courtyard, voices full of fury and scorn. Dick stared about.

"What's that?" he demanded, aghast.

One of the carabinieri spoke to a group of men and the sound died away.

They came into the court-room. A shabby Italian lawyer from the Consulate spoke at length to the judge while Dick and Collis waited aside. Some one who knew English turned from the window that gave on the yard and explained the sound that had accompanied their passage through. A native of Frascati had raped and slain a five-year-old child and was to be brought in that morning—the crowd had assumed it was Dick.

In a few minutes the lawyer told Dick that he was freed—the court considered him punished enough.

"Enough!" Dick cried. "Punished for what?"

"Come along," said Collis. "You can't do anything now."

"But what did I do, except get into a fight with some taxi men?"

"They claim you went up to a detective as if you were going to shake hands with him and hit him——"

"That's not true! I told him I was going to hit him—I didn't know he was a detective."

"You better go along," urged the lawyer.

"Come along." Collis took his arm and they descended the steps.

"I want to make a speech," Dick cried. "I want to explain to these people how I raped a five-year-old girl. Maybe I did——"

"Come along."

Baby was waiting with a doctor in a taxi-cab. Dick did not want to look at her and he disliked the doctor, whose stern manner revealed him as one of that least palpable of European types, the Latin moralist. Dick summed up his conception of the disaster, but no one had much to say. In his room in the Quirinal the doctor washed off the rest of the blood and the oily sweat, set his nose, his fractured ribs and fingers, disinfected the smaller wounds and put a hopeful dressing on the eye. Dick asked for a quarter of a grain of morphine, for he was still wide awake and full of nervous energy. With the morphine he fell asleep; the doctor and Collis left and Baby waited with him until a woman could arrive from the English nursing home. It had been a hard night but she had the satisfaction of feeling that, whatever Dick's previous record, they now possessed a moral superiority over him for as long as he proved of any use.

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LENIN the Individual

Continued from page 188

zation. Only from abroad, Lenin felt, would it be possible to solve two immediate problems: to state once and for all the theoretical basis of the Marxian belief, and to rally and form a party around that platform. The older émigrés from their European hiding places had failed to create a united organization in Russia.

While Lenin had been in Siberia a movement to "reform" Marx had begun. One group could see no need for any struggle other than that for better working conditions. Did not Marx say that a proletarian revolution was inevitable? Then why organize for it? Another group believed in evolution, not revolution. For such viewpoints Lenin used his favorite branding-irons, "opportunistic," "bourgeois," "revisionary."

Unitedly the intelligentsia had come to Marx seeking an explanation of what an industrially developed Russia would mean. Marxism might explain that to them but it could not unite them. Marx said little of the peasantry, and was not Russia chiefly peasant? They quarrelled over how much of Marx to accept. Some refused to accept any of it for the influence of the old "Russian socialists" was still strong.

The intellectual radicals and their ardent individualism Lenin knew. In his party he would have no place for them, unless they fully agreed with him.

In many things, in program and tactics Lenin constantly compromised. "Compromises that are imperative are permissible. Compromises of opportunism are the ones to be avoided. The difficulty comes in defining opportunism," he wrote. In the idea of a proletarian party, rigidly controlled from the top, functioning as a unit, there must be no compromises.

Lenin stayed in Munich, in hiding. The Tsar's police were everywhere, as active outside Russia as within. So well hidden was he that his wife, who came out of Russia after him, went first to Prague, then to Stuttgart, and finally to Munich before she found him. He was in correspondence with the Plekhanov group in Switzerland and with the groups in Russia.

A little later Lenin and his wife joined the Plekhanov group. They resented this young man who had just come from Russia; some of them had been in exile for fifteen years and considered that a testimony to infallibility. Lenin, realizing that they were often out of touch with Russian conditions, looked on that as a weakness. There were frequent quarrels among them. Lenin usually fought alone. They resented his apostolic defense and interpretation of Marx, his schoolmaster manner. But they admired his energy.

They completed plans for a newspaper, to be smuggled into Russia. It began to appear as *Iskra, The Spark,* and 5000 copies a week went into Russia, in double-bottomed trunks and as innocent-looking bales of fish sent inland by Finnish fishermen; and they even had cooks on the boats to Batum wrap bundles in oiled paper, attach them to a float, and drop them into Batum Harbor, where they were eventually fished out by watchful Marxists.

In the spring of 1903 they finished plans for a congress. The makers of false passports in Russia worked overtime. In June forty-four delegates, many of them from the Russian groups, gathered in Brussels. Lenin and Plekhanov assembled them in a dusty old flour mill whose windows were hung with red flannel. The Belgian police became alarmed at the gathering of "dangerous revolutionaries." The neighbors of the hotel where they stayed complained of loud noises long after midnight and of voices singing, at early dawn, "We were wedded out of church." The congress moved to London.

Of the forty-four present only four were factory workers; the majority were Jewish. There were various brands of Marxists among them, but they united on the program which Lenin and Plekhanov had drawn up. The program, which should be compared with that which Lenin demanded in April, 1917, called for a democratic republic; direct suffrage for all over twenty; separation of church from state; the eight-hour day. The agrarian program was the weakest point; Lenin had had difficulty in trying to visualize the way by which the peasants could be attached to the proletarian chariot. No further payments were to be made to the State fund by the peasantry, and past payments were to be returned by confiscating church and crown lands. In the light of 1903 these demands were astounding. Through the years Lenin's demands became more and more radical.

"Have you never heard of the law of reaction?" a friend asked. "As soon as you go in one direction counter forces begin to operate and to bring you back toward the centre."

"Yes, and therefore you must go all the more to the left, and still left, if you would stay left," Lenin replied.

The party had its program. It had its leaders. It had peace and quiet and order at its first sessions. But as soon as the discussion turned to the question of the way by which the party should secure the things for which it stood, epithets began to fly, then desk tops and inkwells. And during the first week of its formal history the party broke into two groups, the Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki of history.

At the basis of this quarrel and division was a dispute over Lenin's conception of party membership. Few of the delegates agreed with him about the worthlessness of the intelligentsia; most of them belonged to that class. He lost the first vote on his resolution; then he managed to force it through, by a clever parliamentary trick. The title "majority," *Bolsheviki,* was his thereafter. The party was to count as members only those who took a personal part in the work of one of the party nuclei. He wanted no periphery of sympathetic intelligentsia around his party, acting like a halo and reflecting a pale pink light.

The congress adjourned. Lenin's group was in control. Abruptly some of his friends deserted him, including Plekhanov, and Lenin was ousted from the newspaper and from other positions. He never forgave the old Plekhanov for this desertion. He had organized a party and now his friends had taken it from him, saying he was too radical, too utopian. They laughed when he spoke about the need for preparing for an armed revolt.

"The difference between the Bolsheviki and the Mensheviki?" he laughed. "There is an apple tree with one apple

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hanging on it. The Mensheviki want to wait for it to fall. The Bolsheviki want to take it."

With the majority of his fellow émigrés against him and rather pleased about it, Lenin started to fight. Nominally he should have bowed to party discipline and said nothing. But he did what in others he would have called the foulest sort of insubordination. With a few remaining friends, including a bright young Jew named Litvinov, he formed a new group, within the party, of course. He had no desire to start another party; after all, there could be only one Social Democratic organization. An unending series of petty squabbles began. He and his friends began to publish their own newspaper.

From that time on there were two wings of the party. It was evident that the Congress of 1903 had given birth to twins possessing a common parent, Marx, and common desires. The various Social Democratic groups in Russia knew little of the details of this party fight. They did know that they were supposed to finance it. Local committees wrote to the émigrés to stop fighting among themselves and to form some one centre. But Lenin, convinced of his own correctness, would not stop fighting until he was the Centre.

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In personal characteristics the Lenin of 1903 was the Lenin of 1917. Of those years between, all but one and a half were spent abroad. There was a monotonous regularity about émigré life that rather embalmed one. One day was like another. He changed little with the years.

Lenin left no autobiography or memoirs. In twenty-four volumes of collected works there is no personal word, nothing but his writings and speeches on economics and politics. It is as if he had had no existence outside them; perhaps he considered it so. Much of his writing was ephemeral journalism. Much of it was written in a dull involved style. He often confounded the simple style of the Russian language with Germanic constructions, and he introduced many foreign abstract words into the language which made it wooden and unnatural. The human Lenin is not here, for, when speaking to a Russian crowd he was simple, colloquial, and used images familiar and amusing to every one.

There remain a few letters which he wrote to friends but most of them deal with questions of party politics. There is a small volume of letters written to his family, the majority from abroad; since they had to pass police censorship they tell little of his daily life and of his reactions to things around him. And many of these were really written by his wife.

There is no complete biography of him, even in Russian; yet more books and pamphlets have been published in recent years on Lenin and Leninism than on any other figure in history except Christ. The Lenin Institute in Moscow is dedicated to the collection and the publication of his works; the Institute's annual publication, *Leniniana,* is a large volume. The Institute preserves every scrap of his handwriting, every sheet from his engagement pads. Occasionally the Institute publishes a "newly found" document or letter; sometimes these coincide amazingly with the viewpoint of Stalin on the problem of the moment and Stalin's enemies are inclined to jeer at the timeliness of the "amazing discovery."

There are a mass of memoirs and reminiscences, written by people who knew him well and by others who knew him slightly. From such writings emerge, haphazardly, various facets and facts about the man.

Abroad, he lived no life outside of his books, his writings, his library work, and long walks with his wife. "I don't think that any other émigrés know the back streets of London as we do," he said with pride. He liked London bus rides, English setters. He disliked most Frenchmen and most Poles. He hated English cooking. He read and spoke English, French, and German. He read the Russian classics and disliked the moderns, especially the "poets of the revolution." He was fond of Jack London's stories, as are so many Russians. He went to the theatre rarely and disliked romantic plays. He criticised Gorki's *The Lower Depths,* for its "romantic treatment of poverty."

He liked chess but, afraid to play too much of it, he gave it up. He was proud of having discovered that milk used as secret ink can be "developed" by dipping the writing into hot tea. He did not smoke. He liked Munich beer and Italian wines. He was drunk only once in his life. He was unattractive to women and unattracted.

To one who knew him slightly he seemed a man without emotions. He was quiet, but it was an alert quietness, not drowsy, smug, or ruminating. He loved children and regretted that he was childless. He had a bubbling humor that laughed loudly at little things, without malice. But when his point of view or his motives were attacked he was a fury, merciless to his opponents. After such a fight he was often white-faced and speechless. He had a long list of epithets, including "political cretin," "idiot," "oakhead," and others untranslatable and he used them freely. Convinced of the correctness of Marx and of his own interpretation of the methods of revolution, he was blind to any other point of view; yet when it became necessary to deviate from Marx he did so, while vilifying any who charged him with it. He did not suffer from the disadvantage of an open mind; never having to weigh the correctness of one of two proposals, he could act more speedily than others.

He was never "nation conscious," and he took no part in the life of the land in which he happened to be living. He was extremely class conscious whether in London slum, Paris café, or Geneva library. The strength of his impersonal hatred of a class was infinite and he could implant it in others. It colored everything. Seeing vaudeville on a London stage he said, apropos of some sketch, "It shows the weakness and behavior of British imperialists." Riding a bicycle in a Geneva street he was knocked down by a passing automobile, driven by some viscount or other. "These foul aristocrats!" he wrote home, and he rejoiced when he won the suit for damages.

He knew hatred, even though he felt that a man's emotions should be pressed and dried like some flower, lest they influence his actions. And he knew pity in all its chords and overtones. Men and women who had escaped from Siberian exile came to him and he saw the scars on their legs from the iron shackles, he heard the coughs that meant tuberculosis, and he knew the flashing eyes and the incoherent speech that meant insanity. He talked with these people and gave them money

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when he had it. He sat with them during their last long night. He paled when he heard of the suicides of those who felt that their courage could live no longer on hopes alone. To his wife he said, "If one cannot work any longer for the party one must look truth in the face and die——!"

Yet he thought of people in the abstract, not as individuals but as instruments that could help or hinder his plans. Inured to sacrifice and suffering, he could not understand people who complained of them or regretted them. He was easily approachable, but he held himself in a position of lofty intellectual assurance from which he looked on all other political leaders as amateurs or frauds.

He wanted no physical comforts and he was scornful when others complained of the lack of them. Money meant little to him except something with which to buy food, to pay for lodgings, and to finance party activities. He was never heard to complain of his living conditions, no matter whether in Siberian exile or in a back room in London. He was only waiting there, and who complains of the lack of luxury in a railroad waiting room?

Lenin's income during these years came from party collections; when these failed, particularly after 1905, his family sometimes sent him money. He refused it when he discovered that his mother was pinching it from her small pension. He had some irregular income from his writing but there were long periods when there was no money. When he had it, he was more than generous. An émigré wrote for 500 francs, saying that his wife was about to have a child. "Send him a thousand," Lenin insisted. He was most punctilious about money matters and his letters to his family were filled with instructions to be business-like with his publishers. But he was suspicious of them and of editors.

Through these years his wife was his only close friend. She never complained, even when she had, at the same time, to handle much of Lenin's correspondence, cipher and decipher all the secret communications to Russia, cheer him up when he was despondent, and cook for a half-dozen stranded émigrés. She was often sickly and she aged rapidly. She bicycled with him, climbed mountains with him, went to the cinema and left after a half hour, to walk through the night in silence by some lakeside. She had no life outside of his. She, too, regretted that they were childless. She was angry at the things and the people that angered him. One thing in Lenin made her angry—when she found week-old letters in his pocket which he had forgotten to mail.

She has survived him and she works today in the Commissariat of Education in Moscow, somewhat estranged from the group now in power but saying nothing. She has written two volumes of reminiscences (published in English by the International Publishers) and in them she scarcely mentions herself. Nor is there any mention of the feeling each had for the other; often it seems that she thought herself not so much wife as guardian of something frail, invaluable, and irreplaceable. Whatever each found in the other was less deep, less rich than the things outside themselves which they found and shared together.

In their life day by day they were simple people. A passage in the memoirs of Lenin's wife in which she speaks of the death of her mother, who joined her abroad in 1909, shows best how they met their days: "In March my mother died. The last winter was a very trying one for her. She was yearning to go to Russia but we had no one there to care for her. Not long before her death mother once said to me: 'No, I won't go alone to Russia. I'll wait until I go with you two.' When the warm spring sun began to shine, we sat on a bench in the woods for a half hour, and then she could hardly get back home. We did as she had requested—cremated her at the Berne Crematorium. Vladimir and I waited at the Crematory. In about two hours an attendant brought us a tin can with the ashes still warm and showed us where they were to be buried.

"Our family life became still more student-like . . ."

In his simplicity Lenin had neither personal pride nor material ambitions. "Sign any name you wish to my book," he wrote one publisher. His ambition was not power; immediately after the success in November, 1917, he offered to step aside and to decline the presidency of the Council of Peoples' Commissars. "Just let me work with the party," he suggested.

What he did desire was the achievement of his ideas in reality, the conquest of those things which he believed right. He not only believed in social justice; he believed in the possibility of attaining it, scoffing at the remark, "Men had always been that way and you can't change them." He was an intellectual, in life and in desire; but, rare among intellectuals and almost nonexistent among Russians of his day, he was a man of action. And he was a man of action after spending almost all his years from 1903 until 1917 in rusting and corroding inaction.

VI

Lenin had gone to Geneva in 1904. News reached there in January, 1905, of the march of a group of strikers on the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. They had been greeted by a few rounds of bullets. The émigré colony in Geneva gathered around the local bulletin board, pushing and shoving for a place in the first row. There were little explosive gasps, then excited comment on what it might all mean. Suddenly there was silence. Very solemnly they sang the most wistful of threnodies, the Revolutionary Funeral March. Time thereafter was measured by the coming of each day's newspapers, each new dispatch.

Failure in the Russo-Japanese War had turned the new-born patriotism among the liberals into a desire for political reform. The factory workers joined in. Strikes became common, as means for voicing general discontent. There were hot debates among the émigrés about the advisability and the safety of returning to Russia. Radicals in Russian cities, able to work more or less in the open, began to enjoy something like prosperity. The Bolshevik group in Moscow collected more than $2000 a week from sympathizers; it grew to 4000 members. Many liberals, among them some of the wealthiest men in Russia, began to contribute to them, believing that a prospering radical movement would force the Tsar to concessions.

Lenin saw the embryonic revolution with its slowly increasing heart-beat, but without any centre for its nervous system and without any one intelli-

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gence to direct it. He paced the streets of Geneva. "An armed uprising of the proletariat is necessary and we must prepare for it. The liberal movement will never take the revolution to the end," he said to his fellow exiles. A few of them believed it because it was Lenin who said it. Others laughed. Lenin studied military tactics.

The most promising revolutionary situation that the radicals had yet known could not unite the two groups in the party. Unable to impress his views on the Mensheviki, who still controlled the central organs and the funds, Lenin called a congress of his friends in London in May, 1905. There were no factory workers among the delegates but there were new faces, fresh from Russia. The Tsar's police *provocateurs,* who always attended faithfully every congress, made careful note of the delegates' names. They included, for the first time, Rykov, Litvinov, and Krassin. During the meetings the Bolsheviki ran out of funds. They were "bailed out" with £1700 supplied by a London banker, through the intercession of Maxim Gorki, now drawn to Lenin.

The congress passed his pet resolution, possibly with a smile: "We resolve to take the most energetic measures for creating a plan for armed uprising and its management in so far as possible by party workers." The peasant program was broadened although the chief interest was in the factory employees and their needs; they could be more easily organized than the peasants in Russia's 600,000 villages. The congress agreed to support, if not to lead, any movement that sought the confiscation of land, including, for the first time, the property of individual landlords. The Mensheviki were chided for being "individuals inclining from the principle of revolutionary social democracy," "straying from party discipline [!]" Final excommunication was to be delayed until 1912.

By October the divided leadership of the various anti-government movements, liberal and radical, had produced no results. The Tsar's ministers had published a plan for a Duma, a parliament, which promised to be as sterile as an old ladies' home. The insufficiency of their plan aroused a series of strikes. A strike committee was organized. It included some "professional radicals" from the Mensheviki, a few of the Lenin group, some men from the newly organized trade unions, and some Social Revolutionaries, the party that had built itself on the doctrines of "Russian (as opposed to Marxian) Socialism." For once these various groups worked in harmony. Agitators spread among the factories urging the workers to elect one representative to the committee for each 500 workers and to demand freedom of speech, press, political amnesty, and a constituent assembly. All "liberal bourgeoisie" were barred from this committee. Its leaders decided to publish a newspaper. The

paper, and the committee, needed a name. Its president, one Khrystalev-Nosar, a proof-reader, said, "Call it the *Izvestia* (news) *of the Soviet* (council) *of Workers' Deputies.*" Thus, Soviet, a word now in every language, first reached the headlines.

The Soviet had arisen almost spontaneously. All "left" parties were in it and all fought for leadership; no one secured it. The control committee which included Trotsky, at this time half-Bolshevik, quarter-Menshevik, and quarter-confusion, had no arms and did not know how to secure its program. It did call strikes, and the workers of the city responded. The city fathers were helpless to wipe out this usurping organization. But it was difficult to secure any national support although workers in forty other cities likewise formed Soviets. Every attempt of the Bolshevik delegates to urge armed uprising was met with laughter and then the question, "With all the soldiers now mobilized by the Tsar what chance is there for success?"

On his arrival Lenin demanded that the Soviet lead an armed revolt. When it refused he scorned it, sneered at its "non-party-ness," and called it counter-revolutionary. On December 6, without warning, the Tsarist police, who knew the weakness of the Soviet as well as Lenin did, arrested the leaders, and the first Soviet was finished even before it had defined its functions.

Lenin had gone to Finland at that moment to arrange a conference with the Menshevik leaders. The Moscow Soviet, however, was under his inspiration. Its leaders immediately announced "a common political strike, hoping it may turn into armed uprising." Barricades went up in Moscow streets and in three other cities and the industrial sections of the city were in the hands of the workers for several days. During these days Lenin seemed like a man almost possessed with exaltation. But the general strike fell through. The railroad employees refused to trust Bolshevik leadership and would not strike. Their trains carried loyal troops to Moscow where the barricades were surrounded and taken.

As abruptly as the revolutionary wave had come, came the reaction. The government, encouraged by the inability of the anti-government leaders to agree, grew bolder in its steps to put down revolt. A constitution had been granted and a Duma would shortly be elected. That was sufficient. There were those who claimed that it was the "military adventurism" of Lenin that was responsible for the speed of the reaction. Lenin replied that it was the refusal of the petty bourgeois Mensheviki and the Social Revolutionaries to recognize reality. There had been an armed uprising in Moscow. Did this fact not prove that the people were ready for it?

Whatever it may have proved, another cycle was over. One by one the revolutionaries, so hopeful a year before, fled abroad or were sent to Siberia, there to discuss the lessons of 1905 and, once more, to wait. Another time, perhaps, the troops would not remain loyal to the Tsar.

VII

The gray years began for Lenin.

He remained in Finland during 1906, constantly avoiding the police. For six months he talked about the need to prepare for another armed struggle immediately. Then he realized that a period of reaction had begun.

During 1905 the Social Democratic

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Party had grown to 40,000, of whom the Mensheviki had the majority. It had had its first real opportunity for propaganda, but both wings felt that their failure to unite had in some way hastened the reaction. Therefore, leaders on both sides drew plans for a united congress, to meet in Stockholm. The spirit of unity at the beginning was only an illusion. The Mensheviki were determined to punish Lenin. His armed revolt, which he had ordered, had failed. Once again the Mensheviki took the majority of places on the governing bodies. Again Lenin was left alone, with his few friends.

By 1907 he felt that he was no longer safe, even in a remote Finnish village. With no eagerness he set out for Switzerland. He could not take the boat at its regular stopping-place because of police spies and he walked across the ice to another little harbor. The ice broke and he almost perished. In telling of the experience later he said, "All that was in my mind was, 'What a silly way to have to die!'"

Once again he and his wife settled down in Geneva. The most unshakeable pessimism, sired not by the loss of faith but by disappointment, hung over him. He paced the streets murmuring, "I feel as though I had come here to be buried."

The next years brought complete suppression of revolutionary activity in Russia. The rare letters from friends there told of the difficulty of maintaining contacts and of the revival of the death sentence. To celebrate its revival more than 5000 revolutionaries were executed in one year. Money contributions to the party were dropping off, but for a short time several wealthy people of Moscow continued to support the émigrés.

Then Lenin and his wife decided to go to Paris, the real centre of Russian émigré life. He hated it. "What the devil made us go to Paris?" he asked after a year there. Here he saw all those revolutionaries who managed to escape from Russia. They recognized him as leader. He knew their first enthusiasm, and he saw it fade into gray despair as they tried to battle for existence.

More discouraging were the continued arguments and splits among his friends. Some of his closest associates, including Lunacharsky and Krassin, went off to Italy, to Gorki's villa on Capri, where they thought a bit of bourgeois luxury might develop a new school of Bolshevism that would take religion into positive account. Lenin swore at them, but he would not compromise on basic principles and the group at Capri were far from them. When Gorki invited him to come to Capri, with guaranteed surcease from money troubles, he replied, "I don't agree with the ideas of your new group. I will not lecture at Capri, but I will gladly lecture at Paris."

It was during these years that Lenin did most of his theoretical writing. He summed up the lessons of 1905. He re-studied the peasant problem in the light of Marxism. He wrote on everything, on questions of philosophy, political economy, religion in the light of Marx, theories on imperialism, and practical questions of leading uprisings. Once and for all he cut the ground out from under radically inclined liberals. If they did not believe in armed revolution as part of Marxism, they were not Marxians, "and who does not understand this understands nothing."

The relation of Lenin to Marx has been discussed in other places. He was constantly being chided for overlooking one seeming contradiction. If, as Marx said, the proletarian revolution was inevitable, then why all the fuss about armed revolt and proletarian tactics? Lenin ignored the attacks. He was more interested in writing "What to do" than "What to expect." He took it as fact, Marx or no Marx, that Marxism needed more than poems to the Proletariat; it needed a staff to direct it. Max Eastman has phrased it best: "Marx states that such a thing will happen in such a way. Lenin states that such is the only way to make it happen. In Marx, the Hegelian metaphysician was dominant over the practical scientific thinker; in Lenin the scientific thinker gained the victory. Bolshevism is the practical science of revolution; Marxism is the revolutionary philosophy of the universe."

At this time, too, Lenin considered the question of governmental organization after a successful revolution. "When the struggle with the Tsar is finished, then we will think immediately of dictatorship and talk more in detail about it," he had said. He had used the phrase, "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" before 1905 to describe the government which would follow a successful revolution. It was taken from Marx; what it meant to Lenin varied at times. Early in 1905 he had spoken of a "revolutionary democratic dictatorship of peasant and worker," which would set up a "republic." At other times he felt that a bourgeois republic was inevitable and that Russia could only later evolve to a proletarian state. Finally, he foresaw a temporary government followed by a constituent assembly; if the masses would arise, they could secure a majority of workers and peasants in it. Thus it would become a revolutionary "Dictatorship of Proletariat and Peasant." Then there would follow a civil war, as the organization of the proletariat grew. The peasants would take all land into their hands. The civil war would continue. Either the bourgeoisie would crush the dictatorship or the dictatorship would set Europe afire. Writing this in 1908 he asked, "And then——?"

Above everything else, including even the dicta of Marx, the party must get into power. Whatever else Lenin meant by the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," he always thought of it as a euphemism for his party in power. And that is the government of Russia today, no matter what its name.

Such theorizing was all very well but at the moment it was more important to win back his party or to build some new one. Again, he paced city streets, or bicycled furiously down crowded avenues in the early autumn evenings. Over him now, deeper than darkness, hung the shortage of money. His mood varied with the days. "I do not know whether I will live to see the rise of the tide," he wrote his sister. At other times he said, "But wait; 1905 will come again!"

By 1911 Lenin had decided once again that party discipline was to go by the board because the party was not *his* party. The first thing he did was to order whatever followers he still had to pay no further attention to the orders of the Menshevik officers. Again, as in 1904, personality rather than program was the only magnet he could use. He succeeded in attracting a small group to Prague in January, 1912. The men who came were, for the most part, fresh from Russia, untouched by civil war among the émigrés. A young Georgian, Stalin, was among them.

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Lenin persuaded this conference to adopt as preliminary demands a democratic republic, the eight-hour day, the confiscation of landlords' estates. The Mensheviki, who had compromised among themselves almost sufficiently to be a legal party in Russia, had gained attention in the various elections to the Duma Now Lenin, who had opposed this policy, reversed himself. His group was to take part in the elections and to carry on whatever legal activity was permitted. Further, a newspaper, toned down enough to be legal, was to be opened in St. Petersburg. And Lenin, remembering the lonely years through which he had just passed, finally excommunicated the Mensheviki. They were to be among the first fugitives from Russia in 1918.

In this new group of Leninists were names now familiar: Zinoviev, Smirnov, Kalenin, and Troyanovsky (now Soviet ambassador to the United States). Lenin had a unity that he had never known before; these lieutenants, knowing their rank, were loyal to him, and foreshadowed his position after the revolution. He had everything except the proletariat, but his followers, chiefly from the factory class, were men who could attract members. They were sent back into Russia to "steal" rank and file members, wherever possible, from the Mensheviki. The newspaper, *Pravda, The Truth,* appeared. In less than two years it disappeared and reappeared, rebaptized, eleven times. Of 270 numbers the editors were fined 174 times by the Tsarist censors. The Leninists succeeded in electing six members to the Duma in 1912; they shared the name "Social Democrats" with the Menshevik deputies.

In 1912 Lenin and his wife moved to Cracow. They sub-let the place they had had in Paris. "How much do veal and geese cost?" their lessee asked. Mme. Lenin says, "I could not tell him anything about geese and veal, for during our stay in Paris—two years—we had not eaten either the one or the other. Had he interested himself in the price of horse-flesh and lettuce I could have told him."

Cracow was a happy choice. It was close to the Russian border. Russian peasant women, who crossed over to market, would take back letters that could be mailed inside Russia. Members of the Duma could visit Lenin; he wrote many of their speeches for them; for the first time he had a national sounding-board. Further, the French police had co-operated closely with the Russian police; but the Polish police were enemies of all Russian officialdom. Life was quiet. The coming of the postman was the great event of the day. The Zinovievs and other friends joined the Lenins in Cracow. They lived less in family than in student style. Nearby were the Tatra mountains and from the mountains Lenin always drew the strength and the rest that the city denied him. Russia lay nearby. There were dreams at

night of the Russia to which they all hoped to return; but no one ever spoke about these dreams.

These happier days coincided with the reopening of an active labor movement in 1912. Strikes began to be more frequent. The hinges on the lid which the government had clamped down after 1905 were cracking. By June, 1914, there were barricades in St. Petersburg streets, police firing into crowds, and the Cossacks riding. In Cracow or in a village in the Tatras, Lenin continued to read and write. He had turned to problems of nationalism, of culture, and the social aims of revolution. Working by oil lamp, he wrote on the need for electrification, for a seven-hour day, for factory kitchens, for the emancipation of women from the drudgery of housework (while his wife cooked for the many visitors).

At the beginning of the war, which Lenin, along with a thousand others, had felt inevitable, he was in Cracow. The Austrians arrested him immediately and put him in a little jail. He sat there patiently, waiting for the evening and quiet, when he worked on plans by which the World War might be turned into civil war. An Austrian Socialist, hearing of Lenin's arrest, and of the fear that he would have to stay in a concentration camp for the duration of the war, hurried to one of the ministers. "Lenin is a more implacable enemy of the Entente than Your Excellency," he said. "Free him and he will agitate against them."

Lenin was freed and went to Berne. He faced a crisis. The war was breaking the international Socialist movement. The various Socialist parties had talked loudly of internationalism but, as soon as the war broke out, many of them turned national and were soon voting armament funds for their goverments along with the conservatives.

From Berne Lenin issued his point of view on the war. "Use the arms that are given you to clear away the bourgeoisie. The Proletariat has no Fatherland. Do not fear the defeat of Russia . . . that will speed the revolutionary movement." Pacificism and Tolstoian non-resistance were weaknesses; turn the war into civil war! But Lenin could do little against the wave of patriotism sweeping over Russia. Repression of all radical movements had followed as a war measure. The Social-Democratic groups arose again, secretly, in 1915 and 1916. They could do little; but war weariness, famine, and dissatisfaction were working for them.

In Berne Lenin was more completely cut off from Russia than ever. It was most difficult to get letters through. For the first time in his life he felt caged. "No money, no money, and that is our chief misfortune," he wrote. A follower, Mme. Kollontai, went to America trying to find a publisher for some of his pamphlets and to raise funds, but she found few contributors to the support of exiled Russian revolutionaries. For personal funds Lenin and his wife had $1000 which his wife's mother had left them. They lived on it for three years; and there was some left in July, 1917! To his family Lenin wrote, "This diabolical cost of living—it has become devilishly hard to live." They moved to Zurich. They took a one-room apartment which had, amazingly, electric light. So pleased was Mme. Lenin that she turned on the light to show every caller. The landlady complained of such extravagant exhibitionism and forced them to move. They found one small dark room on a side street, furnished with two beds, a

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table, a small stove, and one chair. A sausage factory in the courtyard furnished an odor night and day.

During 1916 Lenin was convinced that revolution in Russia was approaching. One afternoon in February, 1917, as Lenin was about to return to the library and his wife was finishing the dishes, a friend rushed in without knocking. "Haven't you heard the news? There is a revolution in Russia!"

There followed what were perhaps the unhappiest days in his life. He was caged in "this cursed Switzerland" and there was no way out. He could and did write definite instructions for action to his friends abroad. But for himself there seemed to be no possible action. Switzerland was ringed about with countries at war with Russia and there was little chance that the Allies would pass him through their frontiers. He did not ask them. Days and nights passed in delirium; he would take an aeroplane; he would get a Swedish passport, even if he had to sit down now, of all times, and learn a little Swedish. Then he quieted; a plan to go through Germany had been proposed. All the émigrés, except Lenin, recoiled at the idea. He began writing, for the newly resurrected *Pravda,* and to German Socialists. Thanks to their intercession he and thirty other émigrés were allowed to pass through German territory in a sealed car, with the face-saving condition that he would try to effect the release of an equal number of German prisoners held in Russia.

There has been argument without end about this deal. Was Lenin in the pay of the Germans? Did he make promises to them? No documents have ever been published on either side. The question is unimportant. The fact is that, to get to Russia, Lenin would gladly have made any bargain asked.

VIII

The years of inaction until 1917 had sharpened Lenin for his part; one who had less faith in his own forecasts would have been dulled by time. His chance had now come. The part that the Bolsheviki had played in bringing on the revolution had been a minor one. There were only 40,000 of them in Russia. They had carried on agitation in the factories and they had helped to stir up strikes, but they were woefully weak in the villages. The Social Revolutionaries, with Kerensky as a prominent member, were more numerous than the Bolsheviki, and their nuclei were spread more widely through the country.

Lenin returned to Russia with certain convictions: that it is easy to stay in power if one can get into power; that the country was war-weary and that the thin veneer of patriotism had worn through; that the peasantry would agree to any program if it included nationalization of land. He returned with only five years of active life before him. In those five years he was to guide a revolution to success, to organize a government and a nation's industry, to set up an institution to sovietize the world, to win a civil war, to defeat indirectly the Allied powers, and to begin to remould a people.

It was all done against tremendous opposition. Yet the most difficult battles that Lenin fought during these five years were not with the enemies of Bolshevism but with members of his own party. They came nearer to defeating him than any outside force ever did. It was his decisions that made the revolution; it was his forcing them through, by ridicule, persuasion, and threatened resignation, that saved it. Without Lenin the party knew the cat-fight for power and the defeat that would follow inevitably.

The first fight came on the day after his arrival in April, 1917. Until that time the Bolsheviki had been as uncertain in their attitude and policy as all the other groups. They felt that the Provisional Government, then made up of members of the various liberal parties, would have to turn "left" and, in that case, there would be jobs and some power for the Bolsheviki. Others had a different idea. The Soviet was gaining influence; possibly the Bolsheviki, somehow, could win a majority in that.

Then Lenin read to them his "April Theses." They included "No support of the Provisional Government." "The war is a war for plunder and must be stopped." "No parliamentary republic but a republic of Soviets." So he told a meeting of his party lieutenants, including Stalin and others. Only one, Mme. Kollontai, voted with him.

He pointed out to them that the basic question in any revolution is that of State power. "Our revolution is unique because it has established dual power, the Provisional Government and the weak but growing Soviet." His task was to persuade his followers, these men who had been in Russia during all the past months, that the revolution was only partly accomplished. The task was not to secure a Soviet majority in the Provisional Government but to overthrow it. The Soviet was not, as in 1905, an instrument for exerting pressure on the government. It was a government, potentially, and a class government. The slogan must be: "All power to the Soviet."

Eventually his point of view carried. From then on the revolution moved to the "left," and no radical leader could be radical enough to answer the demands of the people. The knowledge of this, a tribute to his political instinct, was Lenin's greatest strength. He had a consciousness of the Russian people that his friends, long resident in Russia, lacked. The people were war-tired; they were hungry; as ever the peasantry wanted land. A man who would promise peace, bread, and land could rule Russia.

The Bolsheviki used as headquarters the palace of a ballet dancer, formerly the Tsar's mistress. From its balcony he spoke to the crowds. His voice, and his pen, writing editorials for his newspaper, were the most serious foes the Provisional Government faced, but they did not realize it immediately. As expected, the liberal members moved to the "left," and took in some of the Mensheviki and the Social Revolutionaries. There were those in Lenin's group who felt that this was a chance to get some of the power. He ridiculed them. Sooner or later any government which did not go as far as the people wished would fail. Seen now in retrospect, the only way the Provisional Government could have saved itself would have been for it to go as far as Lenin was willing to go; but it had made promises to the Allies and to property holders. Only Lenin dared to go to the extreme and he had to pull most of his party with him.

It was not difficult to persuade the Petrograd worker that the Soviet should have all power; and Lenin had the advantage of working in a city which was both the political capital of the nation and one of its largest industrial centres as well. If the Soviet in

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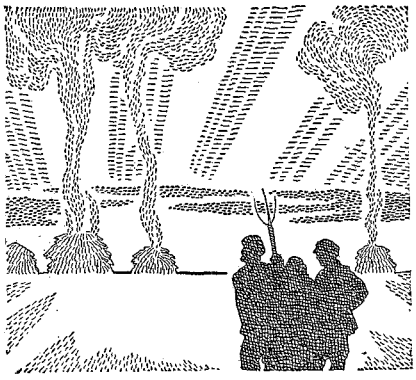
Petrograd and the recently formed one in Moscow took power, they would control the nervous system of the nation. There were plenty of slogans Lenin could use. "While the capitalists are reaping scandalously high profits, the soldier is being cruelly maimed and tortured," he said. His audience knew both these things were true; but they had not connected them before.

Abruptly, the mood of many of his followers changed. They saw larger crowds in their parades and they feared that the moment for decisive action might pass. Lenin looked coldly at the situation and said, "So far we are in a minority; the masses do not trust us yet. We can wait; they will side with us when the government reveals its true nature. Our motto should be 'Caution, caution!'" He knew, too, that a campaign of gossip had been begun against him, charging him with being pro-German. Lenin's wife once overheard housewives saying, "What shall be done with this Lenin who came from Germany? Should he be drowned in a well or what?"

By July the Provisional Government, now led by Kerensky, was conscious of the Menace that was Lenin. He was voicing the things which the masses thought but did not dare to speak. He was known now in Russia. Returning soldiers, homeward bound, passed through Petrograd and Moscow and carried his words back to the villages. Kerensky as a first move decided to raise the cry of "traitor" against him, offering as proof the "fact" that he was a paid agent of the Germans who had passed him over their frontiers. Lenin laughed and was eager to face trial; that only meant another rostrum for his speeches. His party lieutenants, of whom Trotsky was now the leading spirit, warned him not to surrender himself into the hands of the government, as he wanted to do. He fled, instead, to a little Finnish village and the first three months in his life when he was an open and legal leader among the Russian masses were over.

As a second move Kerensky, unable to withdraw from the war and thereby playing into Bolshevik hands, ordered the armies forward. They moved in that direction for a few days only. Then came a retreat, and with that the Kerensky government was finished although it held the symbols of power for three more months. Even the old women who sold sunflower seeds to the soldiers began to talk of Bolshevism to them. And Bolshevik leaders had to disarm a machine-gun squad that was all for taking power immediately.

In the little Finnish village, not far from Petrograd, Lenin remained in touch with his lieutenants. News came to him: Kerensky and one of his leading generals had quarrelled; the party had gained another 50,000 members; Kerensky had promised to call a Constituent Assembly immediately to decide on the future government; Trotsky had been elected head of the Petrograd



Soviet; Soviets all over Russia were now voting the Bolshevik slogans.

All the while Lenin, his beard shaved off, pitched hay on a peasant farm, slept in the fields at night, and, while mosquitoes came in clouds around an oil lantern, wrote a pamphlet on the organization of government in a proletarian state. Here, too, he summed up the Russian situation and pointed its moral: "When a revolutionary party has not the support of a majority either among the vanguard of the revolutionary class or among the rural population, there can be no question of a rising. A rising must not only have the majority but must have: the incoming revolutionary tide over the whole country; the complete moral and political bankruptcy of the old régime, for example, the coalition government; and a deep-seated sense of insecurity among all these irresolute elements."

Such conditions, he decided at the end of September, existed in Russia. The Bolsheviki now had 200,000 members. Every order which the Provisional Government issued was negated by an opposite order from the Soviet. From every quarter of Russia came reports of rick burnings, of estates being seized, of factories attacked. Soldiers were returning home, deserting from the front. They came to their homes with red ribbons and a smattering of big-city talk; one thing they knew—the Bolsheviki, whoever they might be, had promised the village its land. Assemblies meeting in every town and village, in fire houses, barns, and stables, were calling themselves "Soviets" and thumbing a collective nose at the instituted organs of government.

Therefore Lenin demanded, "Set a definite date for taking over the government!"

A second party fight broke out. Some would wait until after the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, called for the 7th of November, had met. Others would wait until the long promised Constituent Assembly had convened. The Bolsheviki, for all their talking, were still a minority party. There was no assurance that even the other radical parties would not combine against a Bolshevik government. Again Lenin forced his decision through. Take the government on the morning of November 7, and face the Soviet Congress with the *fait accompli*. Tell the assembled delegates, "Here is the power—what are you going to do about it?"

Early on the morning of the seventh a man, looking sixty beneath an ill-fitting wig, with a narrow line of mustache across his face, passed through the rear door of Smolny Institute, one of the better girls' schools, which the Bolsheviki were using as headquarters. Within six hours he was the government. Lenin's tactics on that day can serve as a model for those who would take a city by storm. The rank and file of the army were on his side; a Bolshevik guard had been training for several weeks. The officers, sons of the "better people," were opposed. A cruiser moved up the Neva River into the heart of the city, more as a threat than a weapon. The sailors had gone Bolshevik. In the morning the government buildings, the telegraph and the telephone offices, and the State bank were occupied, with very little resistance.

That night Lenin could spring to the platform of the Soviet Congress and announce that the Soviet was in power. He could have announced that, at last, the party which he had built in his mind in 1895 was in power. That night the first "laws" of the new government

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were proclaimed—the nationalization of the land, the control of production by labor. Lenin promised an immediate peace. These "laws" were merely proclamations of fact; they said nothing of the way in which they would be worked out. Their legal value, at the moment, was small; their propaganda value was infinite. It was with them that Lenin, having captured a city, won the provinces. They coincided with the wishes of the masses and the masses would see that they were carried out. Asked how he intended to execute the "laws," Lenin said, blandly, "We must give full freedom to the creative spirit of the masses." It was a bold bid for supporters. As anticlimax, incidentally, and probably as another bid for popular support, simple divorce for long-suffering couples was legalized.

The party had seized power with scarcely any bloodshed. That would come when the party tried to stay in power. On this November night there was no certainty that a few days would not find the Bolshevik leaders once more in flight to the huts of Finnish fishermen.

IX

In the following January Lenin said triumphantly, "We have been in power two months and fifteen days, five days longer than the Paris Commune." He said it in a tone that implied that the entire revolution had been arranged to enable the Bolsheviki to do that.

Whether Lenin expected to remain in power for a short time only is unknown; some of his remarks imply it. But he was surprised by the response to the Bolshevik coup throughout the country. The basic "laws" were being put into effect in summary fashion.

Villages everywhere were wiring: "We have formed a Soviet. Please tell us what to do with it." Others reported: "We have taken the land"; "We have seized and burned the factory."

The other parties were waiting around. The Mensheviki felt that it was a good thing that the Bolsheviki had seized power. When they were thrown out, a few weeks later, they would be forever discredited. The Constituent Assembly was to meet in January. Since the majority of the delegates were to come from outside the industrial regions, the Bolsheviki would have a minority in it. Then, various politicians reasoned, the Bolsheviki could be voted out of power. There is nothing as naive as a Russian politician who has lost one chance and awaits another. That Assembly was dismissed by weary night-watchmen after eighteen hours of unbroken oratory.

Lenin made no attempt to sit down and chart out a long-time course. He took things as they came. From the viewpoint of some people he was the great opportunist; from that of others, the great strategist. Everywhere in Russia the Soviets declared themselves the power. No one knew what that meant. But every one, except the bourgeoisie, knew that Soviet power meant permission to seize food supplies, clothing supplies, and the land. The bourgeoisie began to realize that this was a revolution with more than political significance when notices appeared in Petrograd newspapers three weeks after November 7: "Come to the safe deposit boxes to have them opened and their contents examined. Those not appearing will have their boxes opened in their absence."

This is not the place to write a history of the Russian revolution, although Lenin preferred to have his life written therein. But, in the course of the next four years, there were three times when his own personal decision saved the revolution and the party in power.

Immediately after November 7, reports came to the capital that the peasants, after seizing the estates, were dividing them up among themselves and setting themselves up as individual landholders. Many of the party leaders protested to Lenin. This was only changing the individuals holding land. It was not changing the system. Did not Marx say that the communal methods of holding land was best in a Socialist state? They demanded that pressure be put on the villages to hold the seized land collectively and to work it collectively. Lenin refused. He knew, perhaps, so much Marx that he knew when to deviate; and he knew the Russian peasant. "It must be demonstrated to the peasant that collectivization is best," he said calmly. A party fight arose, and died. Had Lenin agreed to put pressure on the villages, the entire peasantry would have been on the side of the White armies in the civil war that was to be.

The second decision came in February, 1918, with the problem of peace with Germany. To keep his promise, Lenin had commenced negotiations in December, hoping to drag them out, while revolutionary propaganda was spread in Germany. Again there were discordant views among the party leaders. There were those, like Trotsky, who favored a policy of "neither peace nor war," but a sort of guerrilla reprisal if the Germans should launch an offensive against Russia. There were others who believed the war should be carried on, as a revolutionary war, in the hope of setting Germany aflame. For Lenin there was but one solution—immediate peace, on any terms including the surrender of the Baltic provinces to Germany, to give Russia a breathing space.

"The peasants will not fight a guerrilla warfare," Lenin insisted. "They have voted against one."

"How?" some one asked. "No vote has been taken."

"They have voted with their legs, by running away."

The decision to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty was close. Four of the leaders, including Trotsky, abstained from voting. Had they voted, Lenin would have been defeated and would have resigned. "The signature of a treaty in defeat is a means of gathering strength," he said. Seven months later the obnoxious treaty was wiped out, in the general defeat of Germany. Whether Lenin foresaw this is uncertain. In June, 1917, however, he had written, apropos of the entry of America into the war, "Germany's position is quite hopeless."

He faced one other great decision, in March, 1921. The scheme, the adoption of which necessity had forced, of using the peasant to keep the city worker, had not succeeded. The plan had included the idea that the peasantry would hand over their surplus products to the state in exchange for articles which they needed which were to be made in government factories. It was a one-way exchange. There were no such articles.

A peasant revolt flared up in Tambov district, one of the most fertile in Russia. A naval mutiny broke out at Kronstadt, the great naval base. Immediately Lenin, defender of Marx, expositor of the Communal society, decreed the New Economic Policy, per-

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mitting private trade. Party leaders were shocked, not because they were better Marxians, but because they were theory-bound. Lenin knew instinctively when he was faced by a condition, not a theory; and he would not hesitate to throw Marx overboard to secure the main objective, to hold the party in power. He drove the new policy through by force. By doing so he kept the oncoming famine out of the cities, and he once again saved the party.

X

The Lenin of 1918 and 1921 was essentially the Lenin of 1903. He did not change his habits with his entrance to power. He lived in two small rooms in the Kremlin, unaffected by his change in circumstance. He protested, in the days of famine, when his stenographer secured a bit of meat and put it on his desk. Contributions of food and grain brought him by delegations he gave to children's homes and hospitals. He worked unsparingly and tried to secure the same kind of work from others.

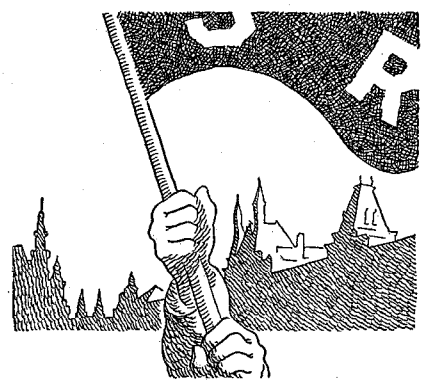
There was the problem of organization. He had sketched only the vaguest details of what a proletarian state would be like. "Let us first get into power," he said. He proposed no plan to which all events had to fit. Instead, he took the events as they came and fitted the plan accordingly, never once losing sight of the principles of a state-owned economy, a government controlled by a small group at the top, a nationally owned agriculture.

Events often forced him more to the "left" than he had foreseen. He was at first willing to admit other parties to the government; the Soviet constitution as first drawn included the left wing of the Social Revolutionaries. A few days before it was to be promulgated they revolted and for a very short moment seemed to be about to take power. That ended Democracy.

Events forced the closing of the Constituent Assembly, the suppression of the newspapers, even the Terror. None of these things was ordered in the first months; they came as a necessity, if the party was to stay in power. It was in March, 1918, incidentally, that Lenin "threw away the dirty shirt," that he discarded the name "Social Democrat," and the party became the "All-Russian Communist Party (Bolshevik)."

The first six months of Soviet rule were marked by increasing disorder everywhere; worse, there was increasing decentralization. Employers were sabotaging their factories. Peasants were seizing farm equipment and burning it, just because it had belonged to their landlords. Individual villages, with a Soviet established, promptly declared themselves sovereign and independent nations and chased every representative from the central government down the road.

The answer to this need for centralization was the Terror, just as it was the answer to the outbreak of counter-revo-



lutionary activity which was climaxed by the attempted assassination of Lenin in August, 1918. "Let them know that for each one of our heads we shall answer with hundreds of theirs," the Bolshevik newspaper screamed on the following morning.

To picture Lenin as a man thirsting for revenge and planning the Terror as soon as he came to power, is wrong. To picture him as eventually regretting the bloodshed and dying insane, while visions of bloody rivers stormed through his brain, is fantastic. The Terror was a weapon; events made it necessary. He had asked, "Is it possible to act humanely in a struggle of such unprecedented ferocity?" He summed it up best, perhaps, when he said to Gorki, "These children will have happier lives than we had. They will not experience much that we lived through. There will not be so much cruelty in their lives. Yet, I don't envy them. Our generation achieved something of amazing significance for history. The cruelty which the conditions of our life made necessary will be understood and vindicated."

Whether he knew the extent to which the Terror was being carried on is unimportant; any number of human beings could perish if thereby a better system of life for those who remained could be maintained.

He suffered from no sentiment or fantasies; he kept close to reality. He said to one Soviet congress, "The food supply has reached a position that is almost catastrophic." He joked about agricultural experts "who don't even know how to plant potatoes." The mobs that poured into the party in the first months after the Revolution were too often composed of adventurers. He did not deceive himself about their ambitions. "Among a hundred so-called Bolsheviki there is one genuine Bolshevik with thirty-nine criminals and sixty fools," he said. He turned to one eager group of economists with the question not always asked in Soviet Russia today, "Are these figures of yours facts or fantasies?" Of the Red Army he said, "The Red Army shares in common only a readiness to retreat before the enemy."

Yet, somehow, he held the nation together, the only individual who could do it, and he beat down a civil war; allied with Russia's greatest defenses, the climate and the winter, he defeated armies of England, France, United States, and Japan. He wrote most of the decrees and laws. He wrote the editorials for the leading newspapers. Peasant delegations came to him and he said to them, "Do what you want—you are the power." Often he eluded his secretaries and walked out into the waiting room to talk with any one who might happen to be there. Old men came with one request: "Give me proof that I have really talked to Lenin. Back in my village they won't believe me." Letters poured in: "Good Lenin, defender of the poor, some one stole a hundred rubles from me—" Most of them were answered.

The Lenin Institute has published, in good Soviet style, a detailed statistical account of Lenin's activity during one month, February, 1921. It reads appallingly. In conferences during that month he drew up plans on the bread movement, the fuel crisis, the unified economic plan, the preparations for the convention of electrical technicians, the unification of the offices of the various economic commissars, industrial concessions, raw materials, the educational reforms. He presided at forty meetings of commissars and assistants, some of

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them ten hours long. He gave sixty-eight interviews, wrote two articles, made four public addresses, read the daily papers, and asked for a selection of the latest books!

In the midst of the turmoil of 1919, he found time to draft the formation of the world Communist organization, Comintern. Accurate as he was in gauging the feelings of the Russian masses, he was over-optimistic in prophesying the reactions of the masses abroad. A revolutionary war seemed possible of success in 1919 and 1920, but, had Lenin lived, he would have shelved the idea faster than did his successors.

Through these years he avoided the gaudy faults that destroy dictators. He remained the little man, in a mussed suit of clothes, wearing a cap. After the attempted assassination he was kept in closely guarded seclusion; it irked him and at times he liked to elude his guards. He protested against changing the name of Petrograd. He laughed at the idea of holding Smolny Institute, from where the Revolution had been directed, with any reverence. "Smolny was sacred only because we occupied it. When we are in the Kremlin, the Kremlin will be quite as sacred." He laughed at all those things which make human beings human, even in himself. The only thing he valued was action based on rational thinking, taken to its end, no matter how ruthless the action which it might require. Action based on emotion was inactivity.

XI

In the winter of 1923 a doctor, famous for his work on paresis, was lecturing to his class in Moscow University. Several uniformed guards from the Secret Police entered the classroom and told him to close his lecture immediately and to come with them.

He turned white. "May I first phone my family?"

"We aren't going to harm you," they laughed. "But you must come with us." He was taken to an airfield and flown to an estate near Moscow.

On a simple narrow bed lay a man, paralyzed except for his hand muscles and unable to speak. Downstairs some of the highest officials were waiting. The doctor made his examination and said bluntly that there was little hope. Every few days thereafter he was brought by plane to the estate, sworn to secrecy never to reveal where he was going or who his patient was.

In the spring of 1922 it had been known that Lenin was sick. After a short time he returned to work and even appeared at the Congress of Soviets in November, 1922. That was his last public appearance.

Lenin lingered on, paralyzed, for more than a year. The mental agony was greater than the physical. He tried to force a pencil across the page and it seemed that there was something torturing him within that would only be relieved by being expressed. He could not communicate with the world in which he still lived. His wife by his side knew the festering ambitions that were waiting to break out after his death; but the couple were for the first time helpless and hopeless together. There was no successor whom they trusted completely, except the Party.

On a day in the coldest January that the vicinity of Moscow had known for many years, his wife read to him a story of Jack London's about the struggle of a lone man against the world of nature in the north. She began another one, but she saw that he was tired and she stopped.

At dusk on the following day a man passing the house, conscious only of the cold, the darkness, and the "fusss" of his felt boots on the snow, suddenly heard a shriek. Lenin had died.

Wreaths of flowers, wreaths of steel hammered out in Soviet factories, wreaths of grain poured into Moscow. His body was carefully preserved and, after a few months, against the wishes and the protest of his widow, it was put on exhibition in its underground mausoleum. It lies there today. It is Lenin and not plaster or wax. Four years ago a group of correspondents were taken into the mausoleum by day. The glass case over the body was removed and they were shown that it is flesh.

His widow might protest but her wishes were of no importance compared to the value which Lenin, now dead, had for the party in power. Alive, he loathed emotionalism; dead, he was to inspire it. Russia, which had never had a popular national hero in all its history, had one at last. And the nation which he created to exalt Class comes nightly to reverence the individual.

After death he is a paradox, as he was alive. He was an intellectual who despised intellectuals; a scholar who was even greater as a man of action; a man of faith with complete cynicism about the motives, the ambitions, and the abilities of men; a man with terrific self-confidence who negated everything including himself. His whole philosophy was the negation of the individual. On the belief of the unimportance of the individual he built a state. His career, the best example of the chance-given rôle of the individual in history, is the negation of his own philosophy. The paradox is almost complete.

As men wonder today about Soviet Russia, so they wonder what Lenin would have become if certain things within him and around him had not led him from his little Volga town into revolution. A schoolmaster, probably, who would slowly have worked his way through the red tape of civil service, damned by the ability to see finer things and the inability to break through a social system to reach them, who would have died and been buried beneath a wooden cross that would crumble in five years.

Yet it was with schoolmaster psychology that he directed Russia. He had learned a lesson and it must be taught to others, no matter what punishment they might have to undergo. All objections were childish, arising from mere stubbornness. The reward of the lesson learned, a classless society, would justify the hardships in learning it; except, as a last paradox, he could see no reason for needing justification.

And the lessons of this head-master on a world scale still go on, and the Soviet Union, good or bad, is both his valedictory and his epitaph.

Next month: The biography of Admiral Mahan, author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," by Louis M. Hacker.

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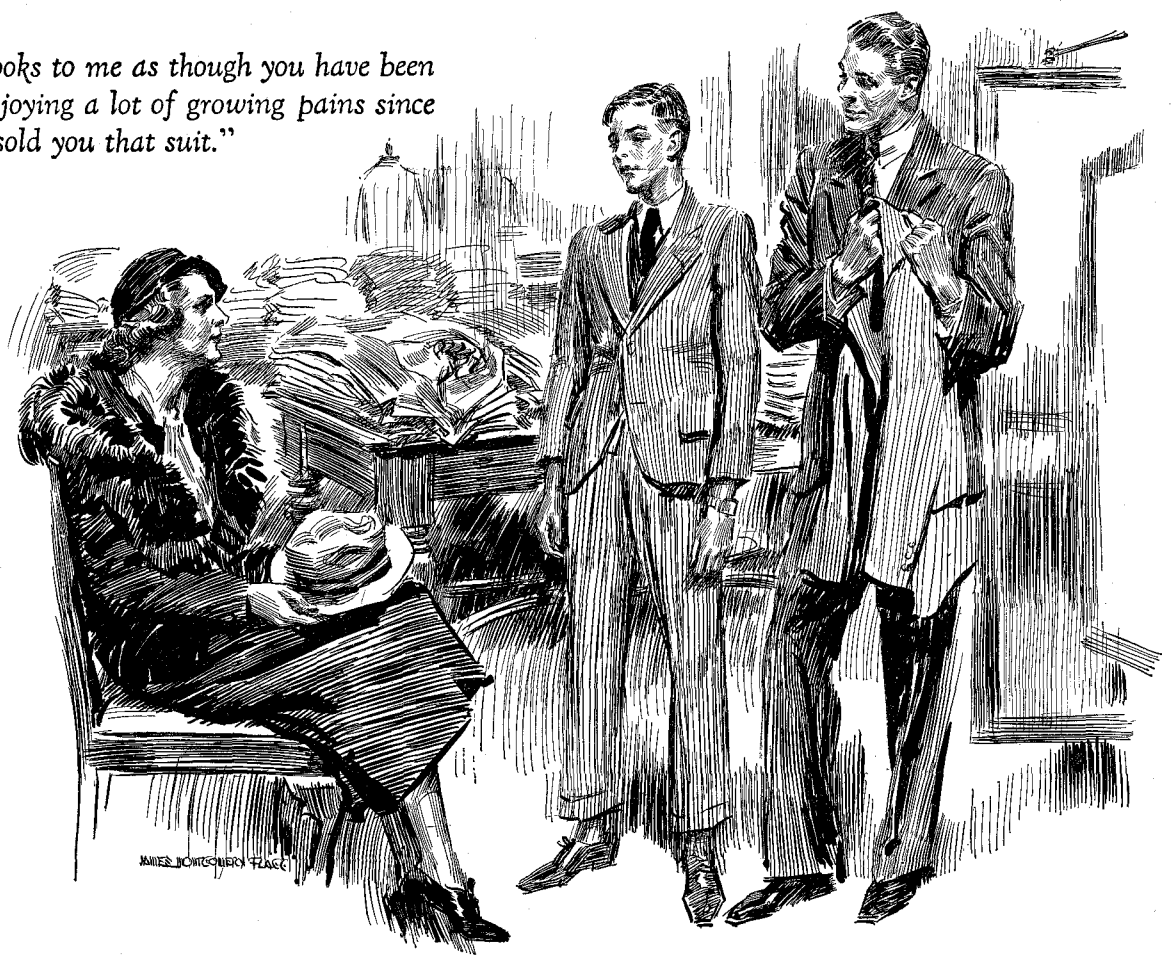
The "Growing Pains" Delusion



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician.

"Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection.

Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

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A Mild Reproof
The People Themselves
And More Inflation

Stuart Chase, who wrote, among other things, *The New Deal,* who lives in Georgetown, Conn., and who is connected with the Consumer's Research and Labor Bureau in New York, is eminently equipped to write on "Property in the Power Age," the subject of his present article. He is to publish a book within the next month on the larger aspects of the same question. It will be called *The Economy of Abundance* (Macmillan).

Robert Briffault wrote "Madness in Middle Europe" from first-hand observation of the situation in Vienna, where he has just finished giving a course of lectures. Mr. Briffault, who is one of the most distinguished of modern thinkers and whose book, *The Mothers,* has had wide social influence, believes that America is in the fortunate position of being able to exercise strong influence for peace in middle Europe without undertaking questionable interference in European intrigue. He is at present living in a little street on the left bank in Paris, where he is able to keep his finger on the European pulse.

In the first instalment of "Tender Is the Night," **F. Scott Fitzgerald** set his stage and introduced his characters. In the second instalment he revealed their individual problems and in this, the third section of the story, he swings into Fitzgerald at his best and indicates beyond question that this will be considered one of the most important of his novels.

William C. White wrote *These Russians* in 1930. It was translated into German, Swedish, Czech, and French and is one of the few Russian books which have lasted in this country. On the strength of it he has just been called to Hollywood as technical adviser on the newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Russian movie, "Soviet." He was born and brought up in Reading, Pa., and had an orthodox college course at Princeton. At the University of Pennsylvania, where he took his M.A. in 1925, he started his study of Russia and the Russian language, and received a scholarship to the University of Moscow, where he worked for four years. As a consequence he is one of the few non-Russians writing about Russia who can read the language of that country. This ability to consult Russian sources, and his first-hand knowledge of the country, make him peculiarly well fitted to write Lenin's biography.

The eminent critic, **Thomas Craven,** author of *Men of Art,* writes "Art and Propaganda" in this issue. His new book, *Modern Art* (Simon & Schuster), will be published in March.

Paul Sifton is probably best known as co-author with his wife of several plays, among them "1931——," "Midnight," and "Blood on the Moon." It is not so generally known that he was born in Rockford, Ill., went to public schools in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, working meanwhile on farms, in factories and stores as, he says, "was the general custom of the times and places." He started in as a reporter in Michigan in 1915, was in the army from 1919–20, studied journalism at the University of Missouri after that and attended the London School of Economic and Political Science in 1922–23. Starting in again as a reporter on *The Des Moines Register,* he drifted gradually east to the staff of *The New York World,* where he stayed from 1923–31. He now writes plays, contributes to magazines, lives in New York, and has one son six years old.

The anonymous author of "Indicted" has been practising law since 1921. An expert in Corporation Law, he has held several appointments under the governor of his state and was instrumental in reorganizing the Department of Investment of that state and in securing the passage of a new "blue sky" law by the legislature — reforms which had been sadly needed for a long time.

Edward Tuck's article "Honest Inflation," in the January issue, coincided

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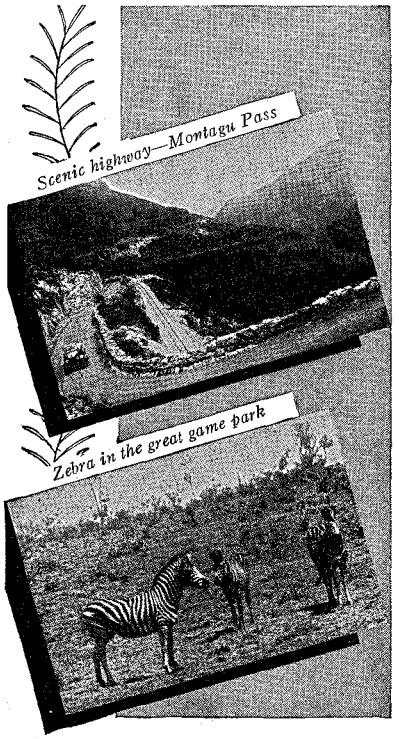

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

in point of time with the most vigorous campaign in Congress of the silver cohorts and met with wide editorial response from both the silver camp and its opponents. Senator Wheeler of Montana made it the basis for a national radio talk under the auspices of *The Washington Star,* and Senator Adams of Colorado read it into *The Congressional Record.* The comment among the financial writers of the Eastern seaboard was generally in opposition. Letters from our readers seemed to show a great revival of interest in the possibility of bi-metallism, which is likely to continue as a major problem in American politics.

POETRY EXCITEMENT

Sirs: The book reviews of the January issue are terse, punchy, and full of clean criticism. I could become a regular subscriber on that basis alone.

But, and this clinches my desire to be a reader of your magazine, the poem of one Madefry Odhner is to my mind the best thing in the January issue; notwithstanding that this issue has Lincoln Steffens and F. Scott Fitzgerald as features.

Madefry Odhner (man or woman?) has written the best piece of objective poetry in the Italian form that has ever been in your magazine. Of course this is my opinion. I read books to a great extent, and poetry to a greater degree. I hope that I may see this poet's work often.

DAYTON CRAIG.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A MILD REPROOF

Sirs: When I saw the review of H. M. Tomlinson's *The Snows of Helicon* in your November issue, I read it immediately, with the result that I am impelled to put myself on record as differing with your reviewer, Mr. Robert Briffault.

I am not familiar with his name, although the presence of his review in your pages presupposes his ability. Different people, however, have different standards of excellence, and I am inclined to believe from his closing comment about "the reader who is simple enough to mistake obscurity for profundity," that he was looking in the wrong direction.

Profundity, to me at least, implies depth and direction downward, and the Snows of Helicon are on the summit and the glow above that.

Reading the book was to me the mental sipping of an elixir which gave me a feeling of spiritual exaltation that I have seldom enjoyed, and would not have missed.

Perhaps Mr. Briffault is too modern, too pragmatic, and in too great haste to have heard the overtones of the melody of that book which I, who have never learned to hurry, took time to listen to, in the rarefied atmosphere to which it lifted me.

At any rate, I am indebted to Mr. Tomlinson not only for the pleasure of reading his book and of rereading the passages that charmed me most, but also for a feeling that has remained with me, of having become for a little while one of the pure in heart.

HILDEGARDE WALLS JOHNSON.
Lawrence, Kansas.

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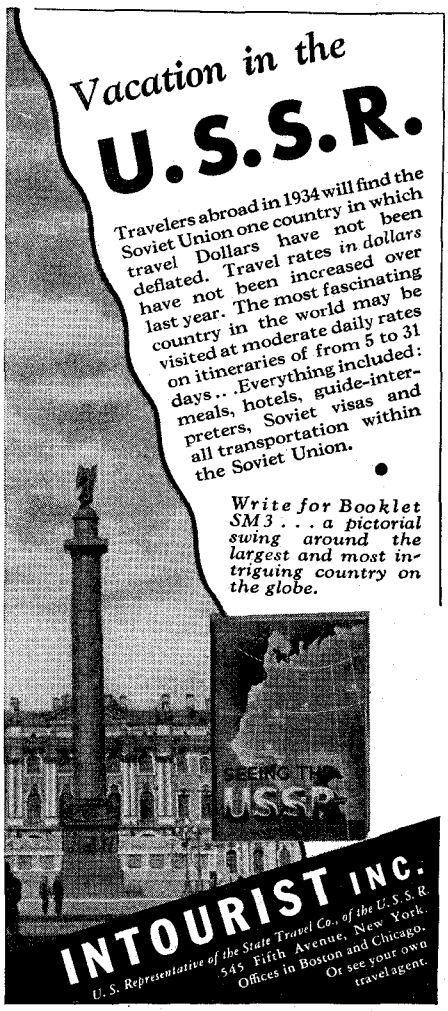
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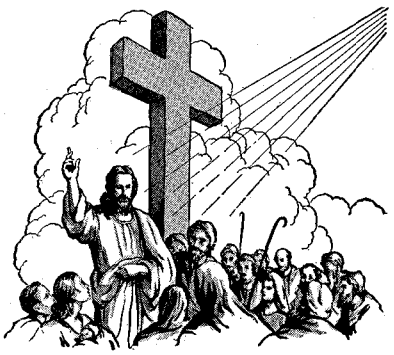

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EMMETT GOWEN.

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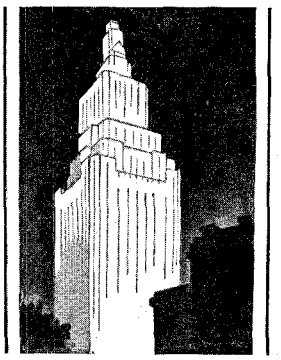

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taken and fused by a temperament that is old-fashioned and essentially American—by a kind of Artemus Ward with a social conscience. Like all great artists Young does not trouble to hide the influences that have made his work so full and mature and discerning. He does not have to. He has something in his own right. Who else, for example, by simply taking off people's clothes, could have so vigorously revealed how disgusting a crowded subway train essentially is?

HENRY HART.

THE REALER PARIS

Passion's Pilgrims. (Men of Good Will. Part II.) By Jules Romains. Knopf. $2.50.

Many people simultaneously go about their inward and outward business in *Passion's Pilgrims*. There is a murderer who enjoys his murder and is very logical about it; to him his murder was a job that had symmetry and charm. There is a capitalist bent on deceiving his fellow-capitalist both in love and business. There are two students, both keenly aware of flesh, conscience, and progress; and each envious of what he supposes to be the other's amorous history. There is a dog who is as human as he is allowed to be. There is a speech-making, weak member of the Chamber of Deputies, whose opposition to high capitalism has its reservations. And there are women with desires of all kinds, managing them in all kinds of ways. And there are real historical and literary characters of France and Paris, 1908—like radiantly honest Jean Juarès and the exquisitely suffering poet, Moréas.

It was a lovely sight in the past to see eight wilful horses driven at once by a cool and knowing coachman; and something like that sight is present when Romains makes his scenes and characters go through their psychical paces. For in his book Romains is at once poet, psychologist, and general. He has been interested in the changing shadows on a wall and the transmutations of twentieth-century industry. He has observed the stupefying manœuvres of sex and money. He has tried to get into the inside of a man meaning to make a million francs in real-estate and of a woman meaning to be correct in love. But Romains'

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ELI SIEGEL.

BIG STUFF

Passions Spin the Plot. By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

I suppose this is what you might call a monumental book, only the sculpture is bad. Mr. Fisher, who too often writes like Harold Bell Wright on all fours, has devoted the second novel of his projected tetralogy to the love life of Vridar, his neurotic young hero from Antelope, Idaho. Vridar has come up to Wasatch College, Salt Lake City, inspired with the local-boy-makes-good afflatus. But Wasatch gets under his skin pretty soon, and what college begins, the girls—or rather the lack of them—finish. Vridar's awful scared of girls. Nevertheless, upon returning home for his summer vacation, and after almost bursting with the effort, he manages to get himself engaged to Neloa Doole, the flame of his boyhood. For a while it's all hearts and flowers and sublimation, but when Vridar discovers that Neloa has already been "intimate" with three other men he goes plumb loco and Mr. Fisher, whose motto in this section seems to be Thomas Hardy or bust, pretty nearly does.

The theme song for the rest of the book is: You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied. Vridar wants to go to hell like a streak of greased lightning and this is pretty hard

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to do at Wasatch. He gets drunk, he swears something terrible, he even steals. No use; he's still afraid of the girls. In the end he goes back to Antelope and marries Neloa anyway. Alas! poor Vridar: "he looked into the future and saw there only loneliness and the dark."

Mr. Fisher's melodramatic and hysterical and much-padded book is notable chiefly for the character of Vridar's college mate, one A. M. (Forenoon) McClintock, a smalltown Casanova and scallawag of course, but convincing fibre. The rest is old, old stuff.

EDWIN SEAVER.

WORLD IN TURMOIL

The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today. By G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole. Knopf. $3.

This book should not be on every bookshelf. It should be ready to hand for constant reference on the desk of every person who is aware that he is living in a world in turmoil. It is a sublimated Statesman's Year Book, and contains all the dry facts, and more, of the political book of reference, set forth in the assimilable form in which they may be absorbed by the intelligent man when forming his judgment as to where the rapids of international political chaos are leading him.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, whose *Guide Through World Chaos* is the outstanding economic analysis of the crisis, has been assisted in this political supplement by Margaret Cole. The present volume is more sparing of argument and conclusions than its predecessor, and aims rather at a severely objective and judicial record of current history and of the factors, economic and others, which determine its course. Indeed the guarded restraint and caution in all matters of interpretation and forecast are such as are only to be found today in association with extreme radical opinion. For unbalanced vivacity of political judgment and violence of language one must turn to the Tories and conservatives. The authors premise their excessively cautious summing up with the remark that "so far, among those who have ventured upon prophecy since the world depression began, the pessimists have always been right." It depends, of course, on what one understands by pessimism. Even in their survey of the outlook, Mr. and Mrs. Cole scarcely venture beyond a drawing up of the balance-sheet of objective facts, and leave to the reader

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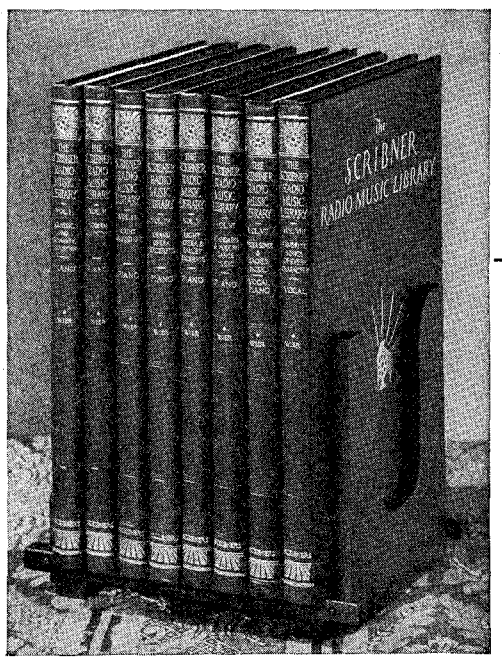

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Robert Briffault.

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Sea Level, by Anne Parrish. *Harper and Brothers.* $2.50.—This, a novel about a world cruise, is good Parrish, which is enough for a great many persons; but not even Parrish fans can surmount a difficulty which the author has created for herself. Too many characters people the book, and it is the least successful of Mrs. Parrish's offerings.

Roman Round About, by Amelie Posse-Brazdova. *E. P. Dutton.* $3.—Experiences of an artist, his wife, and their babies in Rome during the War years. (Their early adventures were told in *Sardinian Side Show.*) Bright, talky, intimate, sentimental, and lively reading.

Gentlemen—the Regiment! by Hugh Talbot. *Harpers.* $2.50.—Full-bodied novel of rival English county families and their Regiment in the days of the Crimean War. The battle pieces are fine, the rest rather heavy going.

Fireweed, by Mildred Walker. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50.—Good first novel, laid in a lumber town of Upper Michigan. The author lived there herself for three years as the wife of the company doctor. The result is a simple, sincere, dignified story of very real people in an environment which lives.

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The Cadaver of Gideon Wyck, by Alexander Laing. *Farrar and Rinehart.* $2.—Satisfactorily horrible goings-on in a hospital, with a murder, hideous "monsters" and much villainy. My, my, what odd things one learns from fiction nowadays.

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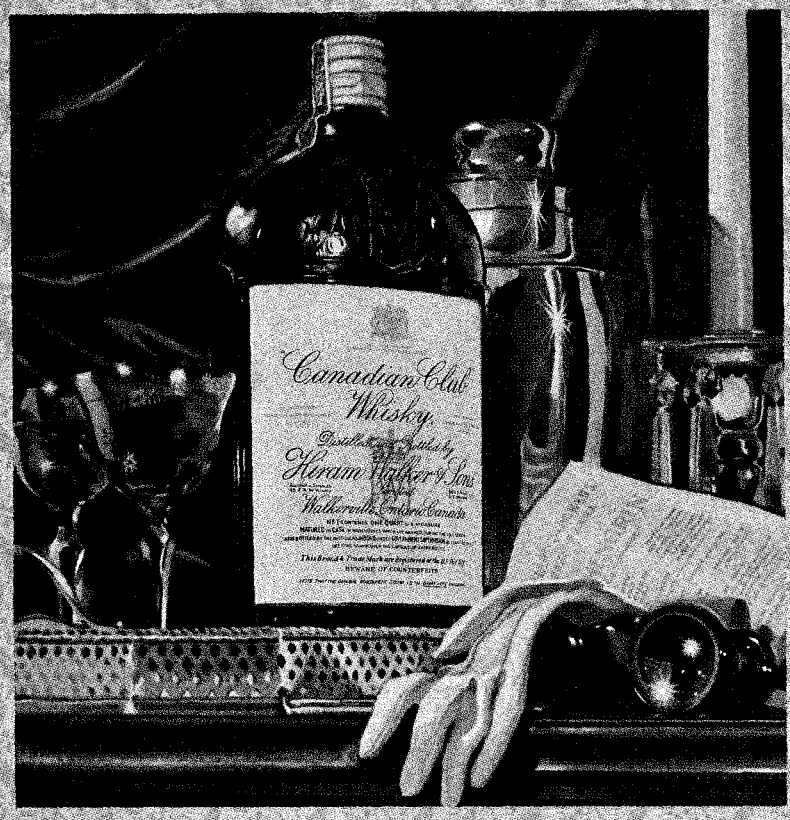

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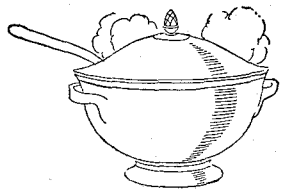

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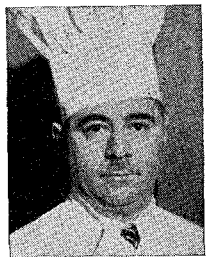
CHARLES SCOTTO, *Pierre*

● Not all doors lead into the hotel lobby. There is one, rather inconspicuous, modest little door which is guarded by neither awning nor doorman which leads into the secrets of the kitchen—the backdoor of the hotels.

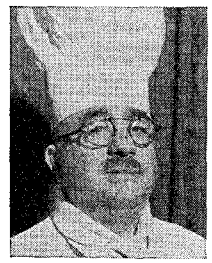
For three weeks I have been coming and going through these backdoors, and I feel now that I never again want to enter a hotel through the splendor of the lobby. I have met chefs who are artists and philosophers, wine stewards who are masters of their craft, and *maîtres d'hôtel* who have arranged dinners for the Kaiser. I have seen rows and rows of copper kettles and learned why they are always used by the best cooks. Feeling like Alice in Wonderland, I have opened innocent-looking drawers in huge cabinets and been rather unpleasantly surprised to discover them full of squirming lobsters waiting for your order. I have seen the little gadget that cooks your egg to the half-minute your taste requires by the simple setting of a lever, like an alarm clock. I have had a pastry cook fashion me an NRA eagle to the life, out of a bit of soft sugar and a paper cornucopia, in a mere second while I watched. I have seen an assistant cook take a block of ice and chisel out of it a slim and playful trout, lacking only the spark of frolicsome life and a spot or two to identify him with his elusive brothers in Vermont streams I know. No. The assistant cook had had no training for that sort of thing. Somebody had to make table decorations, and he just had the knack. So a cook is apt to be a sculptor too. . . .



CHARLES CHAMPION, *Savoy-Plaza*

● Monsieur Charles Scotto, chef at the **Pierre** was my first host, and most gracious he was and patient with my ignorance of his domain, and he the pupil of Auguste Escoffier, that chef of chefs, one of the two men in the world to receive the French Legion of Honor for the art of cooking. While we talked in M. Scotto's office, a distraught assistant hurried in, carrying two oranges in his hand. "Will these do, sir?"—in rapid French. "They're all I can get now." "But cut them open, cut them open," smiled M. Scotto. "How can I tell how an orange tastes from the outside?" A quick taste, a pause and then, "Too sour, much too sour. This salad needs a sweet orange." And that was that. The salad would be right. Everything at the **Pierre** is right the same way.

It was he who told me for the first time why copper kettles are used—resisting heat as they do, they will stay at a given temperature over a flame for an indefinite period, and not burn the contents; how they have to be lined with tin because copper itself is poison, and have to be watched carefully for wear, and constantly relined. He gave me my first lesson in hotel ice-boxes, explaining how different foods are kept in different boxes so as not to spoil the taste of other foods. His own boxes were beautifully neat—the chickens, ducks, guinea hens—all brought in fresh from the country every day—in one ice-box; vegetables in another—and he shook some dark Argentinian earth off the fresh asparagus so that I could see how white and fine it was; meats in another; and then one whole ice-box for cheeses alone. He whisked me into the hotel bakery where we were surrounded by that most delicious of odors—bread just out of the oven. I popped a thin cookie into my mouth and watched in awe while a little baker pushed a great tray of finger rolls far into an oven as big as a room, on a long wooden shovel, extricated the shovel, and somehow managed not to upset the tray of rolls in the process. "But it is so easy,



JOSEPH BOGGIA, *Plaza*

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CAFE
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Miss!" All I can say is that it made shuffle board look like child's play.

Back in his office he explained that he had thirty-six cooks in all, the majority French, but some Belgian, some German, some Italian and one English cook especially for the roasts.

Since this was my first kitchen, I had still one more question. What happens when an order comes down from the dining-room? "Ah! It comes to me, I stand there," indicating the centre of the kitchen, "and I call to the man at the soups, or to the oyster man, to the salads—and so on down the line, whatever the order may be. Then they all start to work. When the order is ready I check it over and make sure it is all as it should be. It is very simple." So then I understood why a hotel kitchen is like many little kitchens in one. One section labelled *Potages,* one arranged for salads and beverages, another for fish, another for roasts, and so on.

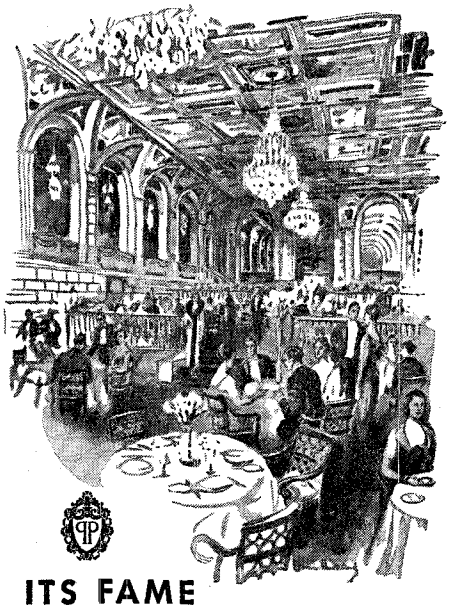
● When I got to the **Savoy Plaza** and the chef there, M. Charles Champion, my ground work was a little surer and I was better able to listen to stories. His kitchens are famous, among other things, for the beautiful table decorations which he makes in sugar—baskets and ships and even automobiles, done in white and colored sugars, incredibly solid to be fashioned in such fragile stuff. One of the assistants made the NRA bird for me while M. Champion told me the story that is the pride of the kitchen.

In 1928 when Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York, a reception was held for him at the **Savoy Plaza.** "We must make him one of our table decorations, a fine one—a basket, a ship, something good." So they set to work and though they did not then know the Governor's fondness for sailing vessels, they made a breezy clipper ship which stole the show. It turned out to be an almost exact replica of the clipper ship *Channing* which had belonged to Mrs. Roosevelt's grandfather, a picture of which is one of Mr. Roosevelt's prized possessions. He took the sugar ship home with him, and when he was elected to the Presidency, Mr. Champion made him another ship and asked if he might present it in person. So just after the nation-wide broadcast when the election returns were known, Mr. Roosevelt received M. Champion and his assistant at his home on 65th Street and talked with them cordially for several minutes. To be a cook one must, you see, be an artist in many mediums.

● At the **Plaza,** it was Mr. Thomas H. Pearson, wine steward there for twenty-seven years, who took me under his wing and helped me to my first view of an American wine cellar. Down a tortuous little stairway, thirty feet under the sidewalk, we came suddenly into a wide, white-washed passageway. We paced up and down under 59th Street and the subway, while he pointed out to me the incredibly neat bins, built to the ceiling, of clean new wood, where the reserve supply of wines is kept at an even temperature winter and summer by means of steam heat and a cooling system, so that the thermometer there never varies more than five degrees—something which Mr. Pearson assured me was never possible before Prohibition. Science has done things, these seventeen years.

On my way out I saw something else that never would have happened before Prohibition. Bottles of good old Jersey applejack complacently rubbing shoulders with some of the finest vintages. "It's good, too," said Mr. Pearson.

In the kitchens he introduced me to Joe. His other name is Boggia, though no one ever uses it. He is the chef, and he, too, has been at the **Plaza** as long as there has been any **Plaza.** Hearing them talk together was rather like hearing of the grandeur that was Rome. Particularly Joe seemed to feel the changing times. "We've been here since there were no shingles on the roof and we're the



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only two left. We came in 1907 in the spring and the hotel didn't open till the fall. But things aren't what they used to be. People don't care about eating any more." I ventured hopefully that now with Repeal perhaps people would again come to appreciate fine dining, and what did he think about it? He would not be persuaded. His is the artist's temperament.

"The new generation will *never* know how to eat. I know I should not say never, but it is true. The people since the war have no time for proper eating. Prohibition made it worse. Now they will never learn. It is too late, and soon there will be no fine cooks anywhere any more. It is no use to cook when there is no one to say 'It is good.' "

Still he goes on cooking his fine dinners, and any of you who enjoy your dining, just run over to the **Plaza** and give Joe your order. You won't be disappointed.

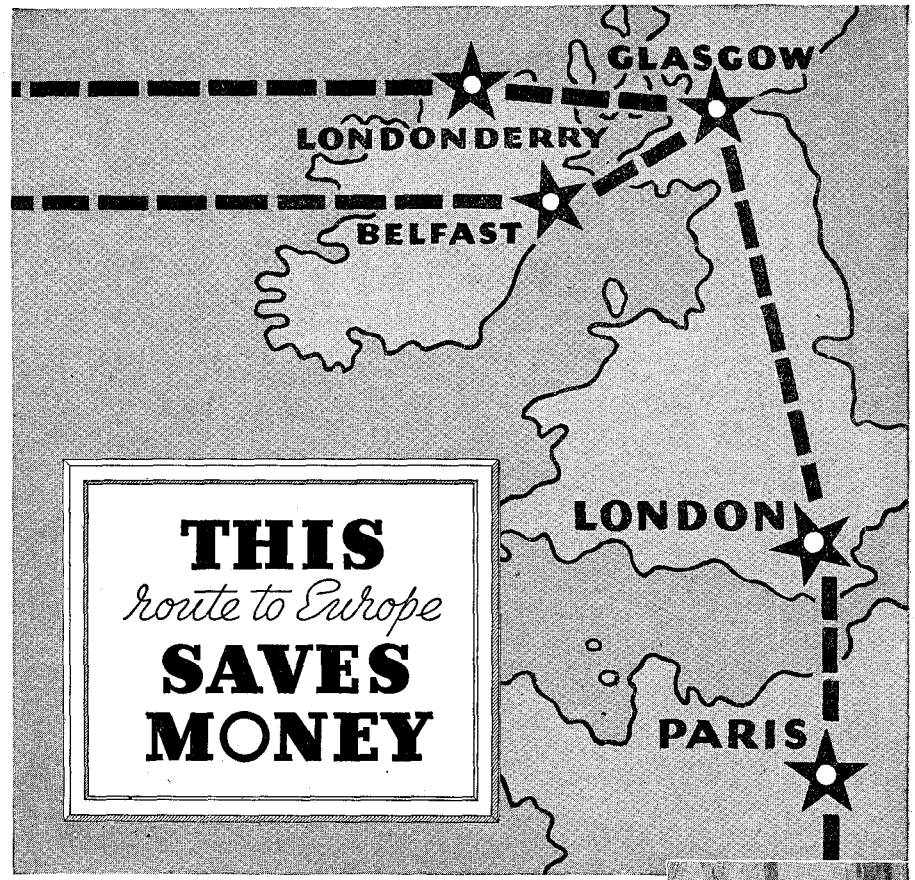
● I don't mind saying I felt depressed when I left there. I could see Joe's point. You spend your life becoming a great artist and then find that people no longer care about your art. Never mind what else they have found to care about, it must leave you pretty flat. But Otto Gentsch, Swiss chef at the **Ambassador,** cheered me a little. Yes, indeed, things would be better. Already people are beginning to ask for things they have not ordered for years—terrapin and fine foods like that. In his opinion it will not be long before venison and game of all kinds will find their way back to the menu. When that happens I'm heading for the **Ambassador.** I could see that already in his mind's eye he had visions of those sumptuous dainties prepared under his hand, and from his far look I know the mark of the artist will be upon them.

● Jules Prevost, at the **Brevoort** was more than optimistic. He was emphatic. "Why, this is only the beginning. Already people come in so much more than they used to to order *à la carte*. They are just *beginning* to appreciate good food. More and more they will." And with such **Brevoort** specialties to back him up as *Bouillabaisse Marseillaise, Filet de Sole Bonne Femme,* Boned Jumbo Squab *Strasbourgeoise,* and Lamb Steak *Bourguignone,* no wonder he feels confident. He gave me the menu of a dinner served on January 18, this year, duplicating a dinner which the **Brevoort** served for the Prince of Wales in 1860, and said that the guests of 1934 certainly seemed to enjoy it as much as those others must have in 1860.

Buffet à la Russe
Crème de Volaille Regence
Bass Rayée à la Chambord
Couronne de Ris de Veau Virginienne
Petits Pois Verts
Faisan Anglais Roti Strasbourgeoise
Gerbe d'Asperges Mousseline
Salad Clementine
Bombe Pralinée
Friandises Parisiennes
Café des Princes

● At the **Park Lane** when I first started talking with Georges Goneau I felt that he was nervous and anxious to get away. "Just another woman who wants my recipe for buttermilk pie," he was thinking, I knew. When I had assured him that I had not come to rob him of a single recipe, but that I did want to know how it happened that a chef from France, where they never eat pie, could become so famous for it over here. Then we understood each other. "But that is just it! To be a good cook, one must study the tastes of the people he cooks for, and adapt his skill to suit. That is what makes a good cook. There is no secret about my buttermilk pie. It is light, of course, and people like it. That is all."

To him the idea that fine dining would ever be a lost art was incredible. "One does not lose a taste for fine food any more than a



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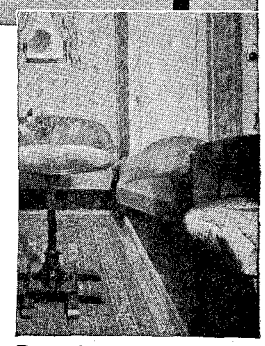
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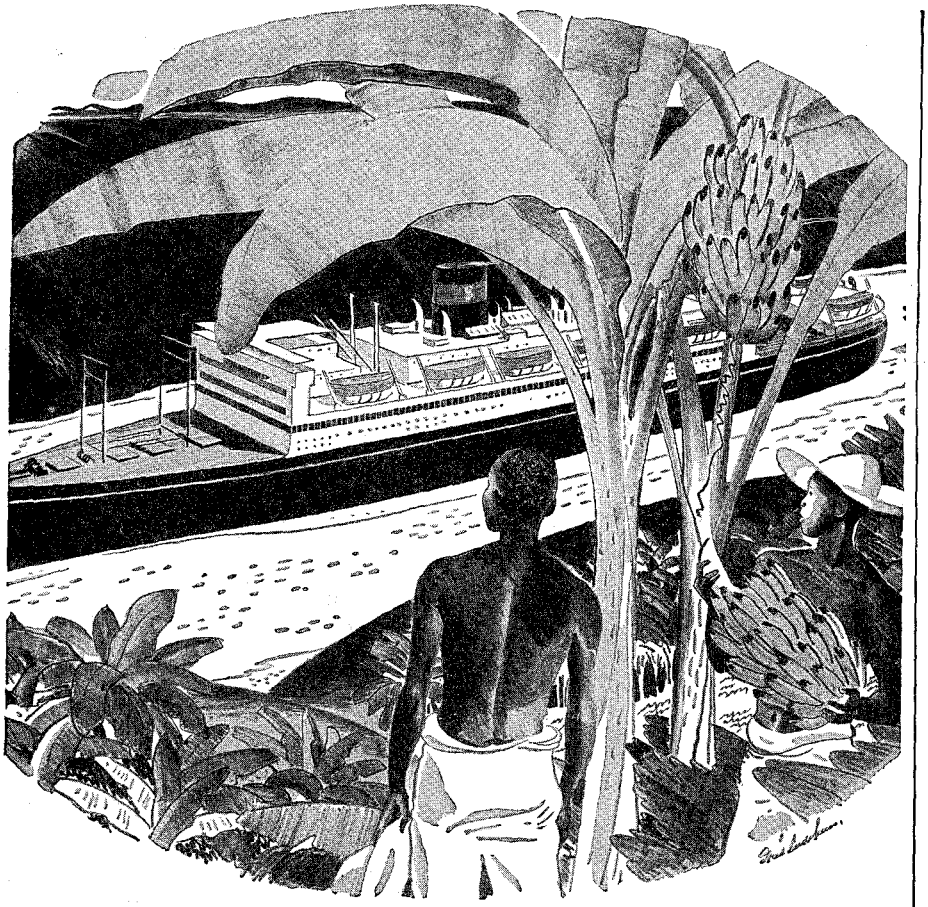

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woman ever loses her taste for fine clothes—if one has the money. When prosperity comes back so will the good cuisine." He told me about the American fondness for curry. On that very day he had served 250 orders of curried eggs to women who had lunched there! I smiled at my notebook. Curry is my weakness too, and I made a date with myself for lunch one day soon at the **Park Lane.**

● The **Gotham** has been revolutionized by Repeal. Directly across the street from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, it was, even before Prohibition, completely dry. No liquor served within 200 feet of a church, you remember. Now the place is humming with activity. A new Ladies' Bar, a brand-new wine cellar, a charming little wagon of solid silver, please, for the proper, tasteful, and convenient serving of liqueurs and cigarettes. The little wagon is the only one of its kind extant, designed as it is by Mr. Max Haering, manager of the hotel. It's worth a trip to see, particularly since it necessitates visiting that lovely old Renaissance Room which I think is as fine as any room in town. But as I say, the **Gotham** is so busy making itself over that I couldn't even get to see the chef, but didn't I want to see the wine cellars? And indeed I did. There were again the new, white-wood bins from floor to ceiling, of soft wood so that they would not scratch or mar the labels; the neatly arranged bottles, the cooler white wines lower down, the warmer red ones higher up. There were the ice-boxes at fixed temperatures for keeping the wines ready to serve. And what fascinated me was the artist's light on a pulley (*effect of daylight*) for testing the clarity of the wines. I pulled it around after me holding up one bottle after another, according to Mr. W. A. Maligan, the wine steward's, expert direction, so that I could see the jewel-like colors to my heart's content.

● There's one thing certain. However well or poorly Americans may have learned the art of dining, they are still eating, some of them, anyhow. The **Waldorf** in the month of December alone, used 9800 pounds of chicken, 11,500 pounds of fowl, 9500 pounds of turkey, 1350 pounds of duck, 300 pairs of guinea chickens, 2600 *dozen* oranges, and other things in proportion. There are three kitchens at the **Waldorf,** with M. Lugot as chef of the largest. His English is as faltering as my French but his little office told me a lot about him with its big map of France on one wall and five colored etchings of the French châteaux hung above his desk. . . . There is one kitchen at the **Waldorf** just for home cooking, so that if you're far from your own hearth and a little homesick for the particular dish that Mother used to make, the **Waldorf,** paradoxically enough, is the place to go. "Yankee pot roast and creamed potatoes as prepared by a rural housewife" is, for instance, one of the things appearing on the list. Just plain ham and eggs, is another; Philadelphia scrapple, mutton pudding, Maryland fried chicken. Another little note is, "In Kentucky they cook green beans with salt pork," and "Sweet potatoes southern style as prepared in Mississippi." And if there is something you have a special yen for, that doesn't appear on the menu, don't be bashful. If you name it, the **Waldorf** can fix it for you.

● No New Yorker needs to be told about Nicholas Sabatini, famous chef at Old **Delmonico's,** and now just as famous at the new, whose art, like tradition, has only grown richer with the years. His dishes, always original, are finer than ever served now with the best of wines and liquors. Even if you know Nicholas Sabatini, you may not have seen, as I hadn't, the new Byzantine Bar and Café. You'll find it on the lobby floor, and with its gaily painted walls and continental service, well worth a visit.

KAY JACKSON.

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